HUDIBRAS.

The First PART

Written in the time of the

Late Wars.

Corrected and Amended,

With several

Additions and Annotations.

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HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST *CANTO*.

Sir Hudibras *his paſſing worth,*
The manner how he ſally'd forth:
His Arms and Equipage are ſhown;
His Horſe's Vertues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear *and* Fiddle
Is ſung, but breaks off in the middle.

CANTO. I.

WHen *civil* Fury firſt grew high,
And Men fell out they knew not why;
When hard Words, *Jealouſies* and *Fears*,
Set Folks together by the Ears,
And made them fight like mad or drunk,
For Dame *Religion* as for Punk,

Whoſe honeſty they all durſt ſwear for,
Though not a Man of them know wherefore.
When *Goſpel-Trumpeter*, ſurrounded
With long-ear'd Rout, to Battel ſounded,
And Pulpit, Drum Eccleſiaſtick,
Was beat with Fiſt, inſtead of a Stick:
Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a Colonelling.

A Wight he was whoſe very ſight wou'd
Entitle him *Mirror of Knight-hood*;
That never bent his ſtubborn Knee
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up Blow, but that which laid
Right Worſhipful on Shoulder-blade:
Chief of Domeſtick Knights and Errant,
Either for Chartel or for Warrant:
Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as ſwaddle.
Mighty he was at both of theſe,
And ſtyl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.

(So

(So some Rats of Amphibious Nature,
Are either for the Land or Water.)
But here our Authors make a Doubt,
Whether he were more wise, or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other:
But howsoe'er they make a Pother,
The difference was so small, his Brain
Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain:
Which made some take him for a Tool
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool;
And offer to lay Wagers, that
As *Mountaigne*, playing with his Cat,
Complains she thought him but an Ass,
Much more she would Sir *Hudibras*,
(For that's the Name our valiant Knight
To all his Challenges did write.)
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such,
We grant although he had much Wit,
H' was very shie of using it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about.

Unleſs on Holy-Days, or ſo,
As Men their beſt Apparel do.
Beſide 'tis known he could ſpeak *Greek*,
As naturally as Pigs ſqueek:
That *Latine* was no more difficile,
Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whiſtle.
Being rich in both he never ſcanted
His Bounty unto ſuch as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one Word.
For *Hebrew* Roots, although th' are found
To flouriſh moſt in barren Ground,
He had ſuch Plenty, as ſuffic'd
To make ſome think him circumcis'd:
And truly ſo, perhaps, he was,
'Tis many a pious Chriſtian's caſe.

He was in *Logick* a great Critick,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytick.
He could diſtinguiſh, and divide
A Hair 'twixt *South* and *South Weſt* ſide:
On either which he would diſpute,

Confute,

Confute, change hands, and ſtill confute.
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of Argument, a Man's no Horſe.
He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
And that a *Lord* may be an Owl;
A Calf an *Alderman*, a Gooſe a *Juſtice*,
And Rooks *Committee-Men* and *Truſtees*.
He'd run in Debt by Diſputation,
And pay with Ratiocination.
All this by Syllogiſm, true
In Mood and Figure, he would do.

For *Rhetorick*, he could not ope
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope:
And when he hapned to break off
I' th' middle of his Speech, or cough,
H' had hard Words, ready to ſhew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by.
Elſe when with greateſt Art he ſpoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.
For all a *Rhetorician*'s Rules
Teach nothing but to name his Tools.

His ordinary Rate of Speech
In loftineſs of ſound was rich,
A *Babyloniſh* Dialect,
Which learned Pedants much affect.
It was a Parti-colour'd Dreſs
Of patch'd and Pye-ball'd Languages:
'Twas *Engliſh* cut on *Greek* and *Latin*,
Like Fuſtian heretofore on Sattin.
It had an odd promiſcuous Tone,
As if h' had talk'd three Parts in one,
Which made ſome think when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three Labourers of *Babel*;
Or *Cerberus* himſelf pronounce
A Leaſh of Languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his ſtock would ne'er be ſpent:
And truly to ſupport that Charge
He had Supplies as vaſt and large.
For he could coyn or counterfeit
New Words with little or no Wit;
Words ſo debas'd and hard, no ſtone
Was hard enough to touch them on.

And when with haſty noiſe he ſpoke 'em,
The Ignorant for currant took 'em.
That had the Orator who once
Did fill his Mouth with Pebble ſtones
When he harang'd; but known his Phraſe,
He would have us'd no other ways.

In *Mathematicks* he was greater
Then *Tycho Brahe*, or *Erra Pater*:
For he by *Geometrick* Scale
Could take the Size of *Pots of Ale*;
Reſolve by Signs and Tangents ſtraight,
If *Bread* or *Butter* wanted weight;
And wiſely tell what hour o' th' day
The Clock does ſtrike by *Algebra*.

Beſide he was a ſhrewd *Philoſopher*;
And had read every Text and Gloſs over:
What e'er the crabbed'ſt Author hath
He underſtood b'implicit Faith,
What ever *Sceptick* could inquire for;
For every *why* he had a *wherefore*:

Knew

Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as Words and Terms could go.
All which he underſtood by Rote,
And as occaſion ſerv'd, would quote;
No matter whether right or wrong:
They might be either ſaid or ſung.

His Notions fitted things ſo well,
That which was which he could not tell;
But oftentimes miſtook the one
For th' other, as Great Clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to Acts,
And knew their Natures by Abſtracts,
Where Entity and Quiddity
The Ghoſt of defunct Bodies fly;
Where Truth in Perſon does appear,
Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.
He knew *what*'s *what*, and that's as high
As *Metaphyſick* Wit can fly.
In *School-Divinity* as able
As he that hight *Irrefragable*;

Profound in all the Nominal
And real ways beyond them all,
And with as delicate a Hand
Could twiſt as tough a Rope of Sand;
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Skull
That's empty when the Moon is full;
Such as take Lodgings in a Head
That's to be let unfurniſhed.
He could raiſe Scruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve 'em in a trice:
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, of purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And ſtab her ſelf with Doubts profound,
Only to ſhew with how ſmall pain
The Sores of Faith are cur'd again;
Although by woful Proof we find,
They always leave a Scar behind.
He knew the Seat of Paradiſe,
Could tell in what Degree it lies:
And, as he was diſpos'd, could prove it,
Below the Moon, or elſe above it.

What

What *Adam* dreamt of when his Bride
Came from her Closet in his side:
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a *High-Dutch* Interpreter:
If either of them had a Navel;
Who first made Musick malleable:
Whether the Serpent at the Fall
Had cloven Feet, or none at all.
All this without a Gloss, or Comment,
He would unriddle in a moment
In proper terms, such as Men smatter
When they throw out and miss the Matter.

For his *Religion* it was fit
To match his Learning and his Wit;
'Twas *Presbyterian* true Blew,
For he was of that stubborn Crew
Of Errant Saints, whom all Men grant
To be the true Church *Militant*:
Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of *Pike* and *Gun*;

Decide

Decide all Controverſies by
Infallible *Artillery*;
And prove their Doctrine Orthodox
By Apoſtolick *Blows* and *Knocks*;
Call Fire and Sword and Deſolation;
A *godly-thorough-Reformation*,
Which always muſt be carry'd on,
And ſtill be doing, never done:
As if Religion were intended
For nothing elſe but to be mended.
A Sect, whoſe chief Devotion lies
In odd perverſe Antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding ſomewhat ſtill amiſs:
More peeviſh, croſs, and ſpleenetick,
Than Dog diſtract, or Monky ſick.
That with more care keep Holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way:
Compound for Sins, they are inclin'd to,
By damning thoſe they have no mind to;
Still ſo perverſe and oppoſite,
As if they worſhip'd God for ſpight.

The

The ſelf-ſame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way diſavow,
Another, nothing elſe allow.
All Piety conſiſts therein
In them, in other Men all Sin,
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love moſt tenderly,
Quarrel with *Mine'd Pies*, and diſparage
Their beſt and deareſt Friend *Plum-Porridge*;
Fat *Pig* and *Gooſe* it ſelf oppoſe,
And blaſpheme *Cuſtard* through the *Noſe*.
Th' Apoſtles of this fierce Religion,
Like *Mahomet*'s, were Aſs and Widgeon,
To whom our Knight by faſt Inſtinct
Of Wit and Temper was ſo linkt,
As if Hypocriſie and Non-ſence
Had got th' Advowſon of his Conſcience.

Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inſide, not the outward:

That

That next of all we ſhall diſcuſs;
Then liſten, Sirs, it follows, thus.

His tawny *Beard* was th' equal Grace
Both of his *W*iſdom and his Face;
In Cut and Dye ſo like a Tile,
A ſudden View it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was VVhey,
The nether Orange mixt with Grey.
This hairy Meteor did denounce
The Fall of Sceptres and of Crowns;
VVith grizly Type did repreſent
Declining Age of Government;
And tell with Hieroglyphick Spade,
Its own Grave and the State's were made.
Like *Sampſon*'s Heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a Nation rue;
Though it contributed its own Fall,
To wait upon the publick Downfall.
It was Canonick, and did grow
In holy Orders by ſtrict Vow;

Of Rule as ſullen and ſevere,
As that of rigid *Cordeliers*:
'Twas bound to ſuffer Perſecution
And Martyrdom with Reſolution;
T' oppoſe it ſelf againſt the Hate
And Venegeance of th' incenſed State:
In whoſe defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
Reviv'd, and ſpit upon, and Martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to ſtand faſt,
As long as Monarchy ſhould laſt.
But when the State ſhould hap to reel,
'Twas to ſubmit to fatal Steel,
And fall, as it was conſecrate
A Sacrifice to fall of State;
Whoſe Thred of Life the fatal Siſters
Did twiſt together with its Whiskers,
And twine ſo cloſe, that time ſhould never,
In Life or Death, their Fortunes ſever;
But with his ruſty Sickle mow
Both down together at a Blow.

So

So learned *Taliacotius* from
The brawny part of Porter's Bum,
Cut ſupplemental Noſes, which
Would laſt as long as Parent Breech:
But when the Date of *Nock* was out,
Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout.

His *Back*, or rather Burthen, ſhow'd
As if it ſtoop'd with its own Load.
For as *Æneas* bore his Sire
Upon his Shoulders through the Fire:
Our Knight did bear no leſs a Pack
Of his own Buttocks on his Back:
Which now had almoſt got the Upper-
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.
To poize this equally, he bore
A *Paunch* of the ſame Bulk before:
Which ſtill he had a ſpecial Care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty Fare;
As White-pot, Butter-milk, and Curds,
Such as a Country-houſe affords;

With other Victual, which anon
We further ſhall dilate upon,
When of his Hoſe we come to treat,
The Cup-board where he kept his Meat.

His *Doublet* was of ſturdy Buff,
And though not Sword, yet Cudgel-proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his uſe,
That fear'd no Blows but ſuch as bruiſe.

His *Breeches* were of rugged Woollen,
And had been at the Siege of *Bullen*;
To old King *Harry* ſo well known,
Some Writers held they were his own.
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of Ammunition-Bread and Cheeſe,
And fat Black-Puddings, proper Food
For Warriers that delight in Blood.
For, as we ſaid, He always choſe
To carry Vittle in his Hoſe,
That often tempted Rats, and Mice,
The Ammunition to ſurprize:

And

And when he put a Hand but in
The one or th' other Magazine,
They ſtoutly in defence on't ſtood,
And from the wounded Foe drew Blood,
And till th' were ſtorm'd, and beaten out,
Ne'er left the Fortify'd Redoubt;
And though Knights Errant, as ſome think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Becauſe when thorough Deſarts vaſt
And Regions deſolate they paſt,
Where Belly-Timber above Ground,
Or under was not to be found,
Unleſs they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their Proviſion on Record:
Which made ſome confidently write,
They had no Stomachs, but to fight.
'Tis falſe: for *Arthur* wore in Hall
Round Table like a Farthingal,
On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before his good Knights din'd.
Though 'twas no Table ſome ſuppoſe,
But a huge Pair of round Trunk Hoſe;

In which he carry'd as much Meat
As he and all his Knights could eat,
When laying by their Swords and Truncheons,
They took their Breakfasts, or their Nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digrest;
As Learned Authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
His puissant *Sword* unto his side
Ne'er his undaunted Heart was ty'd,
With Basket-hilt, that would hold Broth,
And serve for Fight and Dinner both.
In it he melted Lead for Bullets,
To shoot at Foes, and sometimes Pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a Grutch,
He ne'er gave Quarter t' any such.
The trenchant Blade, *Toledo* trusty,
For want of Fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into it self, for lack
Of some Body to hew and hack.
The peaceful *Scabbard* where it dwelt,
The Rancor of its Edge had felt:

For

For of the lower End two Handful;
It had devoured, 'twas ſo Manful;
And ſo much ſcorn'd to lurk in Caſe,
As if it durſt not ſhew its Face.
In many deſperate Attempts,
Of Wars, of Exigents, Contempts,
It had appear'd with Courage bolder
Than Sergeant *Bum*, invading Shoulder.
Oft had it ta'en poſſeſſion,
And Pris'ners too, or made them run.

This Sword a *Dagger* had his Page,
That was but little for his Age:
And therefore waited on him ſo,
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
It was a ſerviceable Dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging,
When it had ſtabb'd, or broke a Head,
It would ſcrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,
Toaſt Cheeſe or Bacon, though it were
To bait a Mouſe-trap, 'twould not care.

'Twould make clean Shoes, and in the Earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and ſo forth.
It had been 'Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this and more it did endure.
But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done on the ſame Score.

In th' Holſters, at his Saddle-bow,
Two aged Piſtols he did ſtow,
Among the Surplus of ſuch Meat
As in his Hoſe he could not get.
They were upon hard Duty ſtill,
And every night ſtood Centinel,
To guard the Magazine i' th' Hoſe
From two-legg'd and from four legg'd Foes.
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
From peaceful home ſet forth to fight.
But firſt with nimble, active Force
He got on th' outſide of his *Horſe*.
For having but one Stirrup ty'd
T' his Saddle on the further ſide,

It was ſo ſhort, h' had much ado
To reach it with his deſperate Toe.
But after many ſtrains and heaves,
He got up to his Saddle Eaves.
From whence he vaulted into th' Seat
With ſo much Vigour, Strength, and Heat,
That he had almoſt tumbled over
With his own Weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on Tayl and Mayn,
Which of the us'd inſtead of Reyn.
But now we talk of mounting Steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to ſay ſomething,
Of that which bore our Valiant *Bumkin.*
The Beaſt was ſturdy, large, and tall,
With Mouth of Meal and Eyes of Wall:
I would ſay Eye, for h' had but one,
As moſt agree, though ſome ſay none.
He was well ſtay'd, and in his Gate
Preſerv'd a Grave, Majeſtick State.
At Spur or Switch no more he skipt,
Or mended Pace, than *Spaniard* whipt:

And yet ſo fiery he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground:
That *Cæſar*'s Horſe, who, as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,
Was not by half ſo tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the Ground ſo ſoft.
And as that Beaſt would kneel and ſtoop,
(Some write) to take his Rider up:
So *Hudibras* his (*'tis well known*)
Would often do, to ſet him down.
We ſhall not need to ſay what lack
Of Leather was upon his Back:
For that was hidden under Pad,
And Breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His ſtrutting Ribs on both ſides ſhow'd
Like Furrows he himſelf had plow'd:
For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,
'Twixt every two there was a Channel.
His dragling Tayl hung in the Dirt,
Which on his Rider he would flurt,
Still as his tender Side he prickt,
With arm'd Heel, or with unarm'd, kickt:

For

For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
As wiſely knowing, could he ſtir
To active trot one ſide of's Horſe,
The other would not hang an Arſe.

A *Squire* he had, whoſe Name was *Ralph*,
That in th' Adventure went his half.
Though Writers, for more ſtately Tone,
Do call him *Ralpho*, 'tis all one:
And when we can with Meeter ſafe,
We'll call him ſo, if not, plain *Raph*:
For Rhyme the Rudder is of Verſes,
With which, like Ships, they ſteer their Courſes.)
An equal ſtock of Wit and Valour
He had laid in, by Birth a Taylor.
The mighty *Tyrian* Queen that gain'd
With ſubtle Shreds, a Tract of Land,
Did leave it with a Caſtle fair
To his great Anceſtor, her Heir:
From his deſcended croſs-legg'd Knights,
Fam'd for their Faith and Warlike Fights

Againſt the bloudy Canibal,
Whom they deſtroy'd both great and ſmall.
This ſturdy Squire that had as well
As the bold *Trojan* Knight, ſeen Hell,
Not with a counterfeited Paſs
Of Golden Bough, but true Gold-Lace.
His *Knowledge* was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by't,
Some call it *Gifts*, and ſome *New Light*,
A liberal Art, that coſts no Pains
Of Study, Induſtry, or Brains.
His Wits were ſent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crackt and broken.
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crookt
With to and from my Love, it lookt,
He ne'er conſider'd it, as loth
To look a Gift-Horſe in the Mouth;
And very wiſely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, ſo
He ſpent it frank and freely too.

For

For Saints themſelves will ſometimes be
Of Gifts that coſt them nothing, free.
By means of this, with *Hem* and *Cough*,
Prolongers to enlightned Snuff,
He could deep Myſteries unriddle,
As eaſily as thread a Needle;
For as of Vagabonds we ſay,
That they are ne'er beſide their Way:
What-e'er Men ſpeak by this *New Light*,
Still they are ſure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a *dark-Lanthorn* of the Spirit,
Which none ſee by but thoſe that bear it.
A Light that falls down from on high,
For Spiritual Trades to cozen by:
An *Ignis Fatuus* that bewitches
And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,
To make them *dip* themſelves, and ſound
For Chriſtendom in dirty Pond;
To dive, like Wild-fowl, for Salvation,
And fiſh to catch Regeneration.
This Light inſpires, and plays upon
The Noſe of Saint, like Bag-pipe Drone,

And

And ſpeaks through hollow empty Soul,
As through a Trunk, or whiſp'ring Hole,
Such Language as no mortal Ear
But Spiritual Eaves-droppers can hear.
So *Phœbus*, or ſome Friendly Muſe
Into ſmall Poets Song infuſe;
Which they at ſecond-hand reherſe
Through Reed or Bag-Pipe, Verſe for Verſe.

Thus *Ralph* became infallible,
As three or four-legg'd Oracle,
The Ancient Cup, or modern Chair;
Spoke Truth point-blank, though unaware:

For Myſtick Learning, wondrous able
In Magick *Taliſman*, and *Cabal*,
Whoſe primitive Tradition reaches
As far as *Adam*'s firſt green Breeches:
Deep ſighted in intelligences;
Idea's, Atomes, Influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' Intelligible World could ſay;

A deep Occult Philoſopher,
As learn'd as the *Wild-Iriſh* are,
Or Sir *Agrippa*, for profound
And ſolid Lying much renown'd:
He *Anthropoſophus*, and *Floud*,
And *Jacob Behmen* underſtood;
Knew many an Amulet and Charm;
That would do neither good nor harm:
In *Roſy-Crucian* Lore as Learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned.
He underſtood the Speech of Birds
As well as they themſelves do Words:
Could tell what ſubtleſt *Parrots* mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean,
What *Member* 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry *Rope*, and *Walk, Knave, Walk*.
He'd extract Numbers out of Matter,
And keep them in a Glaſs, like VVater,
Of Sov'raign Pow'r to make Men wiſe;
For dropt in blear, thick-ſighted Eyes,
They'd make them ſee in darkeſt Night,
Like Owls, though pur-blind in the Light.

By

By help of theſe (as he profeſt)
He had *Firſt Matter* ſeen undreſt:
He took her naked all alone,
Before one *Rag* of *Form* was on.
The *Chaos* too he had deſcry'd,
And ſeen quite through, or elſe he ly'd:
Not that of Paſt-board, which Men ſhew
For Groats at Fair of *Bartholmew*;
But its great Grandſire, firſt o' th' Name,
Whence that and *Reformation* came
Both Couſin Germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
But *Reformation* was ſome ſay,
O' th' younger Houſe to *Puppet-play*.
He could foretel whatſ'ever was
By conſequence to come to paſs.
As Death of Great Men, Alterations,
Diſeaſes, Battels, Inundations.
All this without th' Eclipſe of Sun,
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done
By inward Light, a way as good,
And eaſie to be underſtood.

But

But with more lucky hit than thoſe
That uſe to make the Stars depoſe,
Like Knights o' th' Poſt, and falſly charge
Upon themſelves what others forge:
As if they were conſenting to
All miſchief in the World Men do:
Or, like the Dev'l, did tempt and ſway 'em
To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll ſearch a Planet's Houſe, to know
Who broke and robb'd a Houſe below:
Examine *Venus*, and the *Moon*
Who ſtole a Thimble or a Spoon:
And though they nothing will confeſs,
Yet by their very Look can gueſs,
And tell what guilty Aſpect bodes,
Who ſtole, and who receiv'd the Goods.
They'll queſtion *Mars*, and by his look
Detect who 'twas that nim'd a Cloke:
Make *Mercury* confeſs, and Peach
Thoſe Thieves which he himſelf did teach.
They'll find i' th' Phyſiognomies
O' th' Planets, all Mens Deſtinies.

Like

Like him that took the Doctor's *Bill*,
And ſwallow'd it inſtead o' th' *Pill*.
Caſt the Nativity o' th' Queſtion,
And from Poſitions to be gueſt on,
As ſure as if they knew the Moment
Of Natives Birth, tell what will come on't,
They'll feel the pulſes of the Stars,
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
And tell what *Criſis* does Divine
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine;
In Men what gives or Cures the Itch,
VVhat make them Cuckolds, poor or rich:
VVhat gains or loſes, hangs or ſaves;
What makes Men great, what Fools or Knaves;
But not what VViſe, for only of thoſe
The Stars (they ſay) cannot diſpoſe,
No more than can the Aſtrologians,
There they ſay right, and like true *Trojans*.
This *Ralpho* knew, and therefore took
The other Courſe, of which we ſpoke.

Thus

Thus was th' Accompliſh'd Squire endu'd
With Gifts and Knowledge, per'lous ſhrewd.
Never did truſty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire jump more right.
Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
As well as Vertues, Parts, and Wit,
Their Valours too were of a Rate,
And out they ſally'd at the Gate.
Few Miles on Horſeback had they jogged,
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged.
For they a ſad Adventure met,
Of which we now prepare to Treat:
But e'er we venture to unfold
Atchievements ſo reſolv'd and bold,
We ſhould, as learned Poets uſe,
Invoke th' Aſſiſtance of ſome *Muſe*;
However Criticks count it ſillier
Than Juglers talking t' a Familiar.
We think 'tis no great Matter which,
They're all alike, yet we ſhall pitch
On one that fits our purpoſe moſt,
Whom therefore thus do we accoſt.

Thou that with Ale or viler Liquors,
Didſt inſpire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickars*,
And force them, though it were in ſpight
Of Nature, and their Stars, to write;
Who, as we find in ſullen Writs,
And croſs-grain'd Works of Modern Wits,
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
The Wonder of the Ignorant,
The Praiſes of the Author, Pen'd
By himſelf, or Wit-enſuring Friend,
The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't,
All that is left o'th' forked Hill
To make Men ſcribble without Skill,
Canſt make a Poet ſpight of Fate,
And teach all People to tranſlate;
Though out of Languages in which
They underſtand no Part of Speech.
Aſſiſt me but this once, I'mplore,
And I ſhall trouble thee no more.

In

In VVeſtern Clime there is a Town
To thoſe that dwell therein well known;
Therefore there needs no more be ſed here,
We unto them refer our Reader:
For brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not underſtood.
To this Town People did repair
On Days of Market, or of Fair
And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarſe Tabor,
In Merriment did drudge and labor:
But now a Sport more formidable
Had rak'd together Village Rabble.
'Twas an old Way of Recreating,
Which learned Butchers call *Bear-Baiting*:
A bold advent'rous Exerciſe,
With ancient *Hero's* in high Prize;
For Authors do affirm it came
From *Iſthmian*, or *Nemæan* Game.
Others derive it from the *Bear*
That's fixt in Northern Hemiſphere,

And round about the Pole does make
A Circle like a Bear at Stake,
That at the Chain's End wheels about,
And over-turns the Rabble-Rout,
For after Solemn Proclamation
In the Bear's Name (as is the Faſhion,
According to the Law of Arms,
To keep Men from inglorious Harms)
That none preſume to come ſo near
As forty Foot of Stake of Bear;
If any yet be ſo fool-hardy,
T' expoſe themſelves to vain Jeopardy;
If they come wounded off and lame,
No Honour's got by ſuch a Maim.
Although the Bear gain much, b'ing bound
In Honour to make good his Ground.
When he's engag'd and take no notice,
If any preſs upon you, who 'tis,
But let them know at their own Coſt
That he intends to keep his Poſt.
This to prevent, and other Harms,
Which always wait on Feats of Arms,

(For

(For in the Hurry of a Fray
'Tis hard to keep out of Harm's way)
Thither the *Knight* his courſe did ſtear,
To keep the Peace 'twixt *Dog* and *Bear*;
As he believ'd he was bound to do
In Conſcience and Commiſſion too.
And therefore thus beſpoke the Squire;

We that are wiſely mounted higher
Than Conſtables, in Curule Wit,
When on Tribunal Bench we ſit,
Like Speculators ſhould foreſee,
From *Pharos* of Authority,
Portended Miſchiefs farther then
Low Proletarian Tithing Men.
And therefore being inform'd by Brute,
That *Dog* and *Bear* are to diſpute;
For ſo of late Men fighting name,
Becauſe they often prove the ſame;
(For where the firſt does hap to be,
The laſt does *coincidere*)

Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To ſave th' Expence of Chriſtian Blood,
And try if we by Mediation
Of Treaty and Accommodation
Can end the Quarrel, and compoſe
The bloudy Duel, without Blows.
Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
The Laws, Religion, and our Wives,
Enough at once to lye at ſtake
For *Cov'nant* and the *Cauſe's* Sake?
But in that Quarrel *Dogs* and *Bears*,
As well as we muſt venture theirs?
This Feud by *Jeſuits* invented,
By *evil Counſel* is fomented,
There is a *Machiavilian* Plot,
(Though ev'ry *Nare olfact* it not)
A deep Deſign in't to divide
The well-affected that confide,
By ſetting Brother againſt Brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not Enemies *plùs ſatis*,
That *Cane & Angue pejus* hate us?

And

And ſhall we turn our Fangs and Claws
Upon our own ſelves without Cauſe?
That ſome occult Deſign doth ly
In bloudy *Cynarctomachy*,
Is plain enough to him that knows
How Saints lead Brothers by the Noſe.
I wiſh my ſelf a Pſeudo-Prophet,
But ſure ſome Miſchief will come of it?
Unleſs by Providential Wit,
Or Force, we averruncate it.
For what Deſign, what Intereſt
Can Beaſt have to encounter Beaſt?
They fight for no eſpouſed *Cauſe*,
Frail *Priviledge*, *Fundamental Laws*;
Nor for a *thorough Reformation*,
Nor *Covenant*, nor *Proteſtation*;
Nor *Liberty of Conſciences*,
Nor Lords and Commons *Ordinances*;
Nor for the *Church*, nor for *Church-Lands*,
To get them in their own no Hands;
Nor *evil Conſellours* to bring
To Juſtice that ſeduce the King;

Nor for the Worſhip of us Men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th' *Ægyptians* worſhip'd *Dogs* and, for
Their Faith made fierce and zealous War,
Others ador'd a *Rat*, and ſome
For that Church, ſuffer'd Martyrdome.
The *Indian* fought for the Truth
Of th' *Elephant*, and *Monkey*'s Tooth:
And many, to defend that Faith,
Fought it out *mordicus* to Death.
But no Beaſt ever was ſo ſlight,
For Man, as for his God to fight.
They have more Wit, alas! and know
Themſelves and us better than ſo.
But we, we only do infuſe
The Rage in them like *Boute-feus*.
'Tis our Example that inſtills
In them th' Infection of our Ills.
For as ſome late Philoſophers
Have well obſerv'd, Beaſts that converſe
With Man, take after him, as Hogs
Get Pigs all th' Year, and Bitches Dogs.

Juſt

Juſt ſo, by our Example, Cattel
Learn to give one another Battel.
We read, in *Nero's* time, the Heathen,
When they deſtroy'd the *Chriſtian Brethren*,
They ſow'd them in the Skins of Bears,
And then ſet Dogs about their Ears:
From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd Antichriſtian Game.
To this, quoth *Ralpho*, Verily,
The Point ſeems very plain to be.
It is an Antichriſtian Game,
Unlawful both in Thing and Name.
Firſt for the *Name*, the word *Bear-baiting*
Is carnal, and of Man's creating:
For certainly there's no ſuch Word
In all the *Scripture* on Record.
Therefore unlawful, and a Sin;
And ſo is (ſecondly) the *Thing*.
A vile *Aſſembly*'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture than
Provincial, Claſſick National;
Mere Humane Creature-Cobwebs all.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, It is Idolatrous.
For when Men run a-whoring thus
With their Inventions, whatſoe'er
The thing be, whether *Dog* or *Bear*,
It is Idolatrous and *Pagan*,
No leſs than worſhiping of *Dagon*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I ſmell a *Rat*;
Ralpho, thou doſt prevaricate.
For though the *Theſis* which thou lay'ſt,
Be true *ad amuſſim* as thou ſay'ſt,
(For that *Bear-baiting* ſhould appear
Jure Divino lawfuller
Than *Synods* are, thou doſt deny,
Totidem verbis, ſo do I)
Yet there's a Fallacy in this
For if by ſly *Homœoſis*,
Thou wouldſt Sophiſtically imply
Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth *Ralpho*) do not doubt
But *Bear-baiting* may be made out

In

In Goſpel-times, as lawful as is
Provincial or *Parochial Claſſis*:
And that both are ſo near of Kin,
And like in all as well as Sin,
That put them in a Bag and ſhake 'em,
Your ſelf o' th' ſudden would miſtake 'em,
And not know which is which, unleſs
You meaſure by their Wickedneſs:
For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether
O' th' two is worſt, though I name neither.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou offer'ſt much,
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' Adage,
Id eſt, to make a Leek a Cabbage,
Thou canſt at beſt but overſtrain
A Paradox and th' own hot Brain,
For what can *Synods* have at all
With *Bears* that's Analogical?
Or what relation has debating
Of Church-Affairs with *Bear-baiting*?

A juſt Compariſon ſtill is,
Of things *ejuſdem generis.*
And then what *Genus* rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both?
If *Animal*, both of us may
As juſtly paſs for *Bears* as they.
For we are Animals no leſs,
Although of different *Specieſes.*
But, *Ralpho*, this is no fit Place,
Nor Time to argue out the Caſe:
For now the Field is not far off,
Where we muſt give the World a Proof
Of Deeds, not Words, and ſuch as ſute
Another manner of Diſpute.
A Controverſy that affords
Actions for Arguments, not Words:
VVhich we muſt manage at a Rate
Of Proweſs and Conduct adæquate
To what our Place and Fame doth promiſe,
And all the godly expect from us.
Nor ſhall they be deceiv'd, unleſs
VV'are ſlurr'd and outed by Succeſs:

Succeſs,

Succeſs, the mark no mortal Wit,
Or ſureſt hand can always hit:
For whatſoe'er we perpetrate,
VVe do but row, w'are ſteer'd by Fate,
VVhich in Succeſs oft diſinherits,
For ſpurious Cauſes, nobleſt Merits.
Great Actions are not always true Sons
Of great and mighty Reſolutions:
Nor do the bold'ſt Attempts bring forth
Events ſtill equal to their VVorth;
But ſome times fail, and in their ſtead
Fortune and Cowardice ſucceed.
Yet we have no great Cauſe to doubt
Our Actions ſtill have born us out.
VVhich though th' are known to be ſo ample,
VVe need no Copy from Example,
VVe'are not the only perſon durſt
Attempt this Province, nor the firſt.
In Northern Clime a Val'rous Knight
Did whilom kill his *Bear* in Fight,
And wound a Fidler: we have both
Of theſe the Objects of our VVroth,

And equal Fame and Glory from
Th' Attempt of Victory to come.
'Tis ſung, there is a Valiant *Mamaluke*
In foreign Land, yclep'd-----
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For Perſon, Parts, Addreſs, and Beard;
Both equally reputed ſtout,
And in the ſame Cauſe both have fought,
He oft in ſuch Attempts as theſe
Came off with Glory and Succeſs.
Nor will we fail in th' Execution,
For want of equal Reſolution.
Honour is, like a VVidow, won
VVith brisk Attempt and putting on:
VVith entring manfully, and urging;
Not ſlow Approaches, like a Virgin.

This ſaid, as once the *Phrygian* Knight,
So ours with ruſty Steel did ſmite
His *Trojan* Horſe, and juſt as much
He mended Pace upon the Touch;

But from his empty Stomach groan'd
Juſt as that hollow Beaſt did ſound,
And angry anſwer'd from behind,
With brandiſh'd Tail and blaſt of VVind.
So have I ſeen with armed Heel,
A VVight beſtride a *Common-weal*;
VVhile ſtill the more he kick'd and ſpurr'd,
The leſs the ſullen Jade has ſtirr'd.

THE

The ARGUMENT of the SECOND *CANTO.*

The Catalogue and Character
Of th' Enemies beſt Men of War;
Whom, in a bold Herangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' incounters Talgol, *routs the* Bear,
And takes the Fidler *Priſoner;*
Conveys him to enchanted Caſtle,
There ſhuts him faſt in Wooden Baſtile.

CANTO. II.

THere was an ancient ſage *Philoſopher*,
That had read *Alexander Roſs* over,
And ſwore the World, as he could prove,
Was made of *Fighting* and of *Love*:
Juſt ſo *Romances* are, for what elſe
Is in them all, but *Love* and *Battels*?
O' th' firſt of theſe w' have no great Matter
To treat of, but a World o' th' latter:
In which to do the injur'd Right,
We mean in what concerns juſt fight.

Certes

Certes our Authors are too blame,
For to make ſome well-ſounding Name,
A Pattern fit for modern Knights
To copy out in Frays and Fights,
(Like thoſe that a whole ſtreet do raze,
To build a Palace in the Place.)
They never care how many others
They kill without regard of Mothers,
Or Wives, or Children, ſo they can
Make up ſome fierce dead-doing Man,
Compos'd of many Ingredient Valors
Juſt like the Manhood of nine Taylors.
So a wild *Tartar* when he ſpies
A Man that's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit:
As if juſt ſo much he enjoy'd
As in another is deſtroy'd.
For when a Giant's ſlain in Fight,
And mow'd o'rthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy Caſe, no doubt,
A Man ſhould have his Brains beat out,

Becauſe he's tall, and has large Bones;
As Man kill Beavers for their Stones.
But as for our Part, we ſhall tell
The naked Truth of what befell;
And as an equal Friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither Faction ſhall take part,
But give to each his due Deſart:
And never coin a formal Lie on't,
To make the *Knight* o'ercome the *Giant*.
This b'ing profeſt, we hope's enough,
And now go on where we left off.

They rode, but Authors having not
Determin'd whether Pace or Trot,
That is to ſay, whether *Tollutation*,
As they do term't, or *Succuſſation*)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no matter how.
Yet ſome from ſubtile Hints have got
Myſterious Light, it was a Trot.

But let that pass: They now begun
To spur their living Engines on.
For as whipp'd Tops and bandy'd Balls,
The learned hold are Animals:
So Horses they affirm to be
Mere Engines made be Geometry,
And were invented first from Engins,
As *Indian Britains* were from *Penguins*.
So let them be, and as I was saying,
They their live Engines ply'd, not staying
Until they reach'd the fatal Champain,
Which the Enemy did then Incamp on,
The dire *Pharsalian* Plain, where Battel
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant Cattel,
And fierce Auxiliary Men,
That came to aid their Brethren:
Who now began to take the Field
As from his Steed the Knight beheld:
For as our modern Wits behold,
Mounted a Pick-back on the Old,
Much further off, much further he
Rais'd on his aged Beast could see:

Yet not ſufficient to deſcry
All Poſtures of the Enemy.
And therefore orders the bold Squire
T' advance, and view their Body nigher,
That when their Motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Mean while he ſtopp'd his willing Steed,
To fit himſelf for Martial Deed:
Both kinds of Metal he prepar'd,
Either to give Blows, or to ward,
Courage within, and Steel without,
To give, or to receive a Rout.
His Death-charg'd Piſtols he did fit well,
Drawn out from Life-preſerving Vittel.
Theſe being prim'd, with Force he labour'd
To free's Sword from retentive Scabbard:
And after many a painful Pluck,
He clear'd at length the rugged Tuck.
Then ſhook himſelf to ſee that Proweſs
In Scabbard of his Arms ſate looſe;
And rais'd upon his deſperate Foot,
On Stirrup ſide he gaz'd about,

Portending

Portending Bloud, like Blazing Star,
The Beacon of approaching War.
The Squire advanc'd with greater Speed
Than could b' expected, from his Steed;
But far more in returning made,
For now the Foe he had ſurvey'd,
Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
With *Van*, *main Battel*, *Wings* and *Rear*.

In th' Head of all this Warlike Rabble
Crowdero march'd, expert and able:
Inſtead of Trumpet and of Drum,
That makes the Warriors Stomach come,
Whoſe Noiſe whets Valour ſharp like Beer
By thunder turn'd to Vineger.
(For if a Trumpet ſound or Drum beat,
Who has not a Month's Mind to combat?)
A ſqueaking Engine he apply'd
Unto his Neck, on North-Eaſt ſide,
Juſt where the Hangman does diſpoſe
To ſpecial Friends the fatal Nooſe;

For 'tis *Great Grace* when *Stateſmen* ſtraight
Diſpatch a Friend, let others wait.
His warped *Ear* hung o'er the Strings,
Which was but *Souce* to *Chitterlings*:
For Guts, ſome write, e'er they are ſodden,
Are fit for Muſick, or for Pudden:
From whence Men borrow ev'ry kind
Of Minſtrelſy, by String or Wind.
His grizly *Beard* was long and thick,
With which he ſtrung his Fiddle-ſtick:
For he to Horſe-Tayl ſcorn'd to owe,
For what on his own Chin did grow,
Chiron, the four-legg'd Bard, had both
A Beard and Tail of his own Growth;
And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
He made uſe only of his Beard.
In *Staffordſhire* where Vertuous Worth
Does raiſe the Minſtrelſy, not Birth;
Where Bulls do chuſe the boldeſt King
And Ruler, o'er the Men of String;
(As once in *Perſia*, 'tis ſaid,
Kings were Proclaim'd by a Horſe that neigh'd)

He

He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
By Chance of War was beaten down,
And wounded ſore: his *Leg* then broke,
Had got a Deputy of Oke:
For when a Skin in Fight is cropt,
The Knee with one of Timber's propt;
Eſteem'd more Honourable than the other,
And takes Place, though the younger Brother.

Next march'd brave *Orſin*, famous for
Wiſe Conduct, and Succeſs in War:
A skilful Leader, ſtout, ſevere,
Now Marſhal to the Champion Bear,
With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron-Head,
The Warrior to the Liſts he led;
With ſolemn March, and ſtately Pace,
But far more grave and ſolemn Face:
Grave as the Emperor of *Pegu*,
Of *Spaniſh* Potentate *Don Diego*.
This Leader was of Knowledge great,
Either for Charge, or for Retreat.

Knew when t' ingage his *Bear* Pell-mell,
And when to bring him off as well.
So Lawyers, left the *Bear* Defendant,
And Plantff *Dog* ſhould make an end on't,
Do ſtave and tail with *Writs of Error*,
Reverſe of Judgment, and *Demurrer*,
To let them breath a while, and then
Cry whoop, and ſet them on agen.
As *Romulus* a Wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd Prey
Of many a fierce and bloudy Fray;
Bred up, where Diſcipline moſt rare is,
In Military *Garden-Paris*.
For Soldiers heretofore did grow
In Gardens, juſt as Weeds do now;
Until ſome ſplay-foot Politicians
T' *Apollo* offer'd up Petitions,
For licenſing a new Invention
Th''ad found out of an Antique Engine,
To root out all the Weeds that grow
In publick Garden at a Blow,

And

And leave th' Herbs ſtanding. Quoth Sir *Sun*,
My Friends, that is not to be done,
Not done? quoth *Stateſmen*; yes, an't pleaſe ye,
When 'tis once known you'll ſay 'tis eaſy.
Why then let's know it, quoth *Apollo*,
We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow.
A Drum (quoth *Phœbus*) troth that's true,
A pretty Invention quaint and new.
But though of Voice and Inſtrument
We are (*'tis true*) chief Preſident;
We ſuch loud Muſick do not profeſs,
The Devil's Maſter of that Office,
Where it muſt paſs, if 't be a Drum,
He'll ſign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*
To him apply your ſelves, and he
Will ſoon diſpatch you for his Fee,
They did ſo, but it prov'd ſo ill,
Th' had better have let them grow there ſtill.
But to reſume what we diſcourſing
Were on before, that is, ſtout *Orſin*:
That which ſo oft by ſundry Writers
Has been apply'd t' almoſt all Fighters,

More

More juſtly may b' aſcrib'd to this,
Than any other Warrior (*viz.*)
None ever acted both Parts bolder,
Both of a Chieftain and Soldier,
He was of great Deſcent, and high,
For Splendor and Antiquity,
And from Cœleſtial Origine
Deriv'd himſelf in a right Line.
Not as the ancient *Heroes* did,
VVho, that their baſe Births might be hid,
(Knowing they were of doubtful Gender,
And that they came in at a VVindor)
Made *Jupiter* himſelf, and others
O' th' Gods, Gallants to their own Mothers,
To get on them a Race of Champions,
(Of which old *Homer* firſt made *Lampoons*)
Arctophylax in Northern Sphere
VVas his undoubted Anceſtor:
From him his Great Fore-fathers came,
And in all Ages bore his Name.
Learned he was in Med'c'nal Lore,
For by his Side a Pouch he wore

Replete

Replete with ſtrange Hermetick Powder,
That Wounds 6 Miles point-blank would ſolder,
By skilful *Chymiſt* with great Coſt
Extracted from a Rotten Poſt;
But of a Heav'nlier Influence
Than that which Mountebanks diſpenſe;
Though by *Promethean* Fire made,
As they do quack that drive that Trade.
For as when Slovens do amiſs
At others Doors by Stool or Piſs,
The Learned write, a Red-hot Spit
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
VVill convey miſchief from the Dung
Unto the part that did the wrong:
So this did healing, and as ſure
As that did miſchief, this would cure.

Thus vertuous *Orſin* was endu'd
VVith Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
Incomparable: and as the Prince
Of Poets, *Homer*, ſung long ſince,

A skilful Leech is better far
Than half a hundred Men of War;
So he appear'd, and by his skill,
No leſs than Dint of Sword could kill.

The Gallant *Bruin* marcht next him,
With Viſage formidably grim,
And rugged as a *Saracen*,
Or *Turk* of *Mahomet's* own Kin;
Clad in a Mantle *della Guer*
Of rough impenetrable Fur;
And in his Noſe, like *Indian* King,
He wore for Ornament a Ring;
About his Neck a three-fold Gorget,
As tough as trebled leathern Target;
Armed, as Heraulds *cant*, and *langued*,
Or, as the Vulgar ſay, *ſharp fanged*.
For as the Teeth in Beaſts of Prey
Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray;
So Swords in Men of War, are Teeth,
Which they do eat their Vittle with.

He was by Birth, ſome Authors write,
A *Ruſſian*, ſome a *Muſcovite*,
And 'mong the *Coſſacks* had been bred,
Of whom we in *Diurnals* read,
That ſerve to fill up Pages here,
As with their Bodies Ditches there.
Scrimansky was his Couſin-German,
With whom he ſerv'd, and fed on Vermin:
And when theſe fail'd he'd ſuck his Claws,
And quarter himſelf upon his Paws.
And though his Countrey-Men the *Huns*,
Did uſe to ſtew between their *Bums*,
And their warm Horſes Backs, their Meat,
And ev'ry Man his Saddle eat:
He was not half ſo nice as they,
But eat it raw when't came in's Way.
He had trac'd Countries far and near,
More than *Le Blanc* the Traveller;
Who writes, He Spous'd in *India*,
Of Noble Houſe, a Lady gay,
And got on her a Race of Worthies
As ſtout as any upon Earth is.

Full

Full many a Fight for him between
Talgol and *Orſin* oft had been;
Each ſtriving to deſerve the Crown
Of a ſav'd Citizen; the one
To guard his *Bear*, the other fought,
To aid his *Dog*; both made more ſtout
By ſev'ral Spurs of Neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-membership, and Blood;
But *Talgol*, mortal Foe to Cows,
Never got ought of him but Blows;
Blows hard and heavy, ſuch as he
Had lent, repay'd with Uſury.

Yet *Talgol* was of Courage ſtout,
And vanquiſh'd oftner than he fought:
Inur'd to labour, ſweat, and toyl,
And, like a Champion, ſhone with Oyl.
Right many a Widow his keen Blade,
And many a Fatherleſs, had made.
He many a *Boar* and huge *Dun Cow*
Did, like another *Guy*, o'erthrow.

But

But *Guy* with him in Fight compar'd,
Had like the *Boar* or *Dun Cow* far'd.
With greater Troops of Sheep h' had fought
Than *Ajax*, or bold *Don Quixot*;
And many a Serpent of fell Kind,
With Wings before and Stings behind,
Subdu'd: as Poets ſay, long agone
Bold *Sir George*, *Saint George* did the *Dragon*.
Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,
Diſeaſe, nor Doctor Epidemick,
Though ſtor'd with Deletery Med'cines,
(Which whoſoever took is Dead ſince)
E'er ſent ſo vaſt a Colony
To both the under Worlds as he,
For he was of that noble Trade
That *Demi-Gods* and *Heroes* made,
Slaughter and knocking on the Head;
The Trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but baſe if mean.
The former rides in Triumph for it,
The latter in a two-weel-wheel'd Chariot,

For

For daring to prophane a thing
So Sacred, with vile Bungling.

Next these the brave *Magnano* came
Magnano great in Martial Fame.
Yet when with *Orsin* he wag'd Fight,
'Tis sung he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as Forest-Bore,
Whose Spoils upon his Back he wore,
As thick as *Ajax* seven fold Shield,
Which o'er his Brazen Arms he held.
But Brass was feeble to resist
The Fury of his armed Fist:
Nor could the hardest Ir'n hold out
Against his Blows, but they would through't.

In *Magick* he was deeply read,
As he that made the *Brazen-Head*;
Profoundly skill'd in the Black Art,
As *English Merlin* for his Heart;
But far more skilful in the Sphears
Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.

He

He could transform himſelf in Colour
As like the Devil as a Collier;
As like as Hypocrites in Show
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.
Of Warlike Engines he was Author,
Deviſ'd for quick Diſpatch of Slaughter:
The *Cannon*, *Blunder-buſs*, and *Saker*
He was th' Inventor of and Maker:
The *Trumpet*, and the *Kettle-Drum*
Did both from his Invention come.
He was the firſt that e'er did teach
To make, and how to ſtop a Breach.
A Lance he bore, with Iron Pike,
Th' one half would thruſt, the other ſtrike:
And when their Forces he had join'd,
He ſcorn'd to turn his Parts behind.

He *Trulla* lov'd, *Trulla* more bright
Than burniſh'd Armour of her Knight:
A bold *Virago* ſtout and tall
As *Joan* of *France*, or *Engliſh Mall*.

Through Perils both of Wind and Limb,
Through thick and thin ſhe follow'd him,
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forſook.
At Breach of Wall, or Hedge ſurprize:
She ſhar'd in th' Hazard and the Prize:
At beating Quarters up, or Forage,
Behav'd her ſelf with matchleſs Courage,
And laid about in Fight more buſily,
Than th' *Amazonian* Dame, *Pentheſile*.

And though ſome Criticks here cry Shame,
And ſay our Authors are to blame,
That ſpight of all Philoſophers,
Who hold no Females ſtout, but Bears,
And heretofore did ſo abhor
Their Women ſhould pretend to War.
They would not ſuffer the ſtout'ſt Dame
To ſwear by *Hercules* his Name,
Make feeble Ladies in their Works,
To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks*;

To

To lay their native Arms aſide,
Their Modeſty, and ride a-ſtride;
To run a-Tilt at Men, and wield
Their naked Tools in open Field;
As ſtout *Armida*, bold *Thaleſtris*,
And ſhe that would have been the Miſtriſs
Of *Gundibert*, but he had Grace,
And rather took a Country Laſs:
They ſay 'tis falſe, without all ſenſe,
But of pernicious Conſequence
To Government, which they ſuppoſe
Can never be up-held in Proſe:
Strip Nature naked to the Skin,
You'll find about her no ſuch thing.
It may be ſo, yet what we tell
Of *Trulla*, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by thoſe have ſeen't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in Print:
And if they will not take our Word,
We'll prove it true upon Record.

The upright *Cerdon* next advanc't,
Of all his Race the Valiant'ſt;
Cerdon the Great, renow'd in Song,
Like *Herc'les*, for Repair of Wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak againſt the ſtrongeſt Side,
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him in Muſes deathleſs Writ.
He had a Weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bull hide Shield would pierce
And cut it in a thouſand Pieces,
Though tougher than the Kinght of *Greece* his;
With whom his black-thumb'd Anceſtor
Was Comerade in the ten Years War:
For when the reſtleſs *Greeks* ſate down
So many Years before *Troy* Town,
And were Renown'd, as *Homer* writes,
For *well-ſoal'd Boots*, no leſs than Fights?
They ow'd that Glory only to
His Anceſtor, that made them ſo.

Faſt

Faſt Friend he was to *Reformation*,
Until 'twas worn quite out of a Faſhion.
Next Rectifier of Wry *Law*,
And would make three to cure one Flaw.
Learned he was and could take Note,
Tranſcribe, Collect, Tranſlate and Quote.
But *Preaching* was his chiefeſt Talent,
Or Argument, in which b'ing valiant,
He us'd to lay about and ſtickle,
Like Ram, or Bull, at *Conventicle*:
For Diſputants like *Rams* and *Bulls*,
Do fight with *Arms* that ſpring from *Skulls*.

Laſt *Colon* came, bold Man of War,
Deſtin'd to Blows by Fatal Star;
Right expert in Command of Horſe,
But cruel, and without Remorſe.
That which of *Centaure* long ago,
Was ſaid, and has been wreſted to
Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his *Horſe* were of a piece.

One Spirit did inform them both,
The self-same Vigour, Fury, Wroth:
Yet he was much the rougher Part,
And always had a harder Heart;
Although his Horse had been of those
That fed on Man's Flesh, as Fame goes,
Strange Food for Horse! and yet alas,
It may be true, for *Flesh is Grass*.
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than *Hercules* to cleanse a Stable;
As great a Drover, and as great
A Critick too in Hog or Neat.
He ripp'd the Womb up of his Mother,
Dame *Tellus*, 'cause she wanted Fother,
And Provender wherewith to feed
Himself, and his less cruel Steed.
It was a Question whether He
Or's Horse were of a Family
More worshipful: till Antiquaries
(After th'ad almost por'd out their Eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The Business on the Horse's side,

And prov'd not only Horſe, but Cows,
Nay Pigs, were of the elder Houſe:
For Beaſts, when Man was but a piece
Of Earth himſelf, did th' Earth poſſeſs.

Theſe Worthies were the Chief that led
The Combatants each in the head.
Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,
Ready and longing to engage.
The numerous Rabble was drawn out
Of ſeveral Countries round about,
From Villages remote, and Shires,
Of Eaſt and Weſtern Hemiſpheres:
From foreign Pariſhes and Regions,
Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,
Came Men and Maſtiffs; ſome to fight
For Fame and Honour, ſome for ſight.
And now the Field Death, the Liſts,
Were entred by Antagoniſts,
And Bloud was ready to be broached;
When *Hubibras* in haſte approached,

With Squire and Weapons to attack them:
But first thus from his *Horse* bespake them.

What Rage, O Citizens, what Fury
Doth you to these dire Actions hurry?
What *Oestrum*, what Phrenetick Mood
Makes you thus lavish of your Blood,
While the proud *Vies* your Trophies boast,
And unreveng'd walks---Ghost?
What Towns, what Garrisons might you
With Hazard of this Bloud subdue,
Which now y'are bent to throw away
In vain, Untriumphable Fray?
Shall *Saints* in civil Bloudshed wallow
Of *Saints*, and let the *Cause* lie fallow?
The *Cause*, for which we fought and swore
So boldly, shall we now give o're?
Then because Quarrels still are seen
With Oaths and Swearing to begin,
The *Solemn League* and *Covenant*
Will seem a meer *God-dam me* Rant;

And

And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.
For as we make War *for the King*
Againſt himſelf, the ſelf-ſame thing.
Some will not ſtick to ſwear we do
For *God* and for *Religion* too.
For if *Bear-beating* we allow,
What good can *Reformation* do?
The Blood and Treaſure that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are theſe the Fruits o' th' *Proteſtation*,
The Prototype of *Reformation*.
Which all the *Saints*, and ſome, ſince *Martyrs*,
Wore in their Hats like Wedding-Garters,
When 'twas reſolv'd by either Houſe
Six Members Quarrel to eſpouſe?
Did they, for this, draw down the Rabble,
With Zeal and Noiſes formidable;
And make all *Cries* about the Town
Join Throats to cry the *Biſhops* down?
Who having round begirt the Palace,
(As once a month they do the *Gallows*)

As

As Members gave the Sign about,
Set up their Throats with hideous Shout.
When *Tinkers* bawl'd aloud, to settle
Church-Discipline, for patching *Kettle*.
No *Sow-gelder* did blow his Horn
To geld a Cat, but cry'd *Reform*.
The *Oyster-Women* lock'd their Fish up,
And trudg'd away to cry *No Bishop*.
The *Mouse-Trap-Men* laid *Save-alls* by,
And 'gainst *Evil Counsellors* did cry.
Botchers left old Cloaths in the Lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the *Church*.
Some cry'd the *Covenant* instead
Of *Pudding-pies* and *Gingerbread*:
And some for *Broom*, *old Boots* and *Shoes*,
Baul'd out to *purge the Common's House*:
Instead of *Kitchin-stuff*, some cry,
A *Gospel-preach-Ministry*;
And some for *Old Suits*, *Coats*, or *Cloak*,
No *Surplices*, nor *Service-Book*.
A strange harmonious Inclination
Of all Degrees to *Reformation*.

And is this all? Is this the End
To which these *Curr'ings on* did tend?
Hath *Publick Faith* like a young Heir
For this tak'n up all sorts of Ware,
And run int' ev'ry Tradesman's Book,
Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke?
Did *Saints* for this bring in their *Plate*,
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the *Cause* had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coin *Pis-pots*, *Bouls*, and *Flaggons*,
Int' Officers of Horse, and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Musqueteers
Stamp't *Beakers*, *Cups*, and *Porringers*?
A *Thimble*, *Bodkin*, and a *Spoon*
Did start up living Men, as soon
As in the Furnace they were thrown,
Just like the *Dragon's Teeth* b'ing sown.
Then was the *Cause* all Gold and Plate,
The *Brethrens* Off'rings, consecrate
Like th' *Hebrew-Calf*, and down before it
The *Saints* fell prostrate, to adore it.

So

So say the *Wicked*---and will you
Make that Sarcaſmous Scandal true,
By runing after Dogs and Bears,
Beaſts more unclean than Calves or Steers?
Have *pow'rful Preachers* ply'd their Tongues,
And *laid* themſelves *out* and their Lungs:
Us'd all Means, both direct and ſiniſter,
I' th' Power of *Goſpel-Preaching Miniſter*?
Have they invented *Tones* to win
The *Women*, and make them draw in
The Men, as *Indians* with a Female
Tame Elephant inveigle the Male?
Have they told *Prov'dence* what it muſt do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to truſt to?
Diſcover'd th' *Enemy*'s Deſign,
And which way beſt to countermine;
Preſcribd what ways he hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the *Kirk*;
Told it the *News* o'th' laſt Expreſs,
And after good or bad Succeſs
Made Prayers, not ſo like *Petitions*,
As *Overtures* and *Propoſitions*,

(Such

(Such as the *Army* did preſent
To their Creator th' *Parliament*)
In which they freely will confeſs,
They will not, cannot *acquieſce*,
Unleſs the *Work* be carry'd on
In the ſame way they have begun,
By ſetting Church and Common-weal
All on a Flame bright as their Zeal,
On which the Saints were all-a-gog,
And all this for a *Bear* and *Dog*?
The Parliament drew up *Petitions*
To't ſelf, and ſent them, like Commiſſions,
To *Well-affected* Perſons down,
In ev'ry City and great Town;
With Pow'r to levy Horſe and Men,
Only to bring them back agen:
For this did many, many a Mile,
Ride manfully in Rank and File,
With *Papers* in their Hats, that ſhow'd
As if they to the *Pillory* rode.
Have all theſe Courſes, theſe Efforts,
Been try'd by People of all Sorts,

Velis,

Velis, & Remis, omnibus Nervis,
And all t' advance the *Cause*'s Service?
And shall all now be thrown away
In petulant inteſtine Fray?
Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* ſwore,
Each Man of us to run before
Another ſtill in *Reformation*,
Give *Dogs* and *Bears* a Diſpenſation?
How will *diſſenting Brethren* reliſh it?
What will *Malignants* ſay? *Videlicet*,
That each Man ſwore to do his beſt,
To damn and perjure all the reſt:
And bid *the Devil take the hindmoſt*,
Which at this Race is like to win moſt.
They'll ſay our Bus'neſs to *reform*
The Church and State, is but a Worm;
For to ſubſcribe, unſight, unſeen,
T' an unknown Church Diſcipline,
What is it elſe, but before-hand,
T' ingage, and after underſtand?
For when we ſwore to carry on
The preſent *Reformation*,

According

According to the pureſt Mode
Of Churches, beſt Reform'd abroad.
What did we elſe but make a Vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what Churches theſe ſhould be.
And is indeed the ſelf-ſame Caſe
With theirs that ſwore t' *Et cætera's*;
Or the *French League*, in which Men vow'd
To fight to the laſt Drop of Blood.
Theſe Slanders will be thrown upon
The *Cauſe* and *Work* we carry on,
If we permit Men to run headlong
T' Exorbitancies fit for *Bedlam*,
Rather than *Goſpel-walking* times,
When ſlighteſt Sins are greateſt Crimes.
But we the Matter ſo ſhall handle,
As to remove that odious Scandal,
In Name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment.
This feud, but keep the Peace between
Your Brethren and your Country-Men;

And

And to thoſe Places ſtraight repair
Where your reſpective dwellings are.
But to that purpoſe firſt ſurrender
The *Fidler*, as the Prime offender,
Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and Enginier of miſchief;
That makes diviſion between Friends,
For prophane and malignant ends.
He and that Engine of vile noiſe,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall (*dictum factum*) both be *brought*
To condign Puniſhment as they ought.
This muſt be done, and I would fain ſee
Mortal ſo ſturdy as to gain-ſay:
For then I'll take another courſe,
And ſoon *Reduce* you all by force.
This ſaid, he clapt his Hand on Sword,
To ſhew he meant to keep his word.

But *Talgol* who had long ſuppreſt
Enflamed Wrath in glowing Breaſt,

Which

Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as Flame in Furnace,
Thus anſwer'd him. Thou Vermin wretched,
As e'er in Meazel'd Pork was hatched;
Thou Tail of Worſhip that doſt grow
On Rump of Juſtice as of Cow;
How dar'ſt thou with that ſullen Luggage
O' th' thy ſelf, old Ir'n and other Baggage,
With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather
Has broke his Wind in halting hither;
How durſt thee, I ſay, adventure thus
T' oppoſe thy Lumber againſt us?
Could thine Impertinence find out
No Work t' employ it ſelf about,
Where thou, ſecure from Wooden Blow,
Thy buſy Vanity might'ſt ſhow?
Was no Diſpute a-foot between
The *Caterwauling Brethren?*
No ſubtle Queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe *out-o'-their Wits*, and thoſe i' th' Wrong?
No Prize between thoſe Combatants
O' th' time, the Land and Water-*Saints*;

Where thou might'ſt *ſtickle without Hazard*
Of Outrage to thy Hide and Mazzard,
And not for want of buſ'neſs come
To us to be thus troubleſome,
To interrupt our better Sort
Of Diſputants, and ſpoil our Sport?
Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
Cut-purſe, nor Burglary abroad?
No *Stollen Pig*, nor *Plunder'd Gooſe*,
To tye thee up from breaking looſe?
No Ale unlicens'd broken hedge,
For which thou Statute might'ſt alledge,
To keep thee buſie from foul evil,
And ſhame due to thee from the Devil?
Did no Committee ſit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee;
And ſet th' a task, with ſubornation,
To ſtitch up *ſale* and *ſequeſtration*;
To *cheat* with *Holineſs* and *Zeal*
All Parties, and the Common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;

Or ſent th' on bus'neſs any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th' haſt Brain enough in Skull
To keep within it's lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of Stones
And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;
Tremble, and vaniſh while thou may'ſt
Which I'll not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.
At this the *Knight* grew high in wroth,
And *lifting Hands* and *Eyes up* both
Three time he ſmote on ſtomach ſtout,
From whence at length theſe words broke out:
Was I for this entit'led *Sir*,
And girt with truſty Sword and Spur,
For Fame and Honour to wage Battel,
Thus to be brav'd by Foe to Cattel?
Not all that Pride that makes thee ſwell
As big as thou doſt blown-up Veal;
Nor all thy tricks and ſlights to cheat,
And ſell thy Carrion for good meat;
Not all thy Magick to repair
Decay'd old Age in tough lean ware,

Make Natural Death appear thy Work,
And ſtop the Gangreen in ſtale Pork;
Not all that Force that makes thee proud,
Becauſe by Bullock ne'er withſtood;
Though arm'd with all thy Clevers, Knives,
And Axes made to hew down Lives;
Shall ſave or help thee to evade
The hand of Juſtice, or this Blade,
Which I, her Sword-Bearer, do carry,
For civil Deed and Military.
Nor ſhall theſe Words of Venom baſe,
Which thou haſt from their Native place,
Thy Stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreng'd, though I am free.
Thou down the ſame Throat ſhalt devour 'em,
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor ſhall it e'er be ſaid, that Wight
With Gantlet blue and Baſes white,
And round blunt Dudgeon by his ſide,
So great a Man at Arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than Wormwood,
That would in *Job* or *Grizel* ſtir mood.

Dogs

Dogs with their Tongues their wounds do heal;
But Men with hands, as thou ſhalt feel.
This ſaid, with haſty rage he ſnatch'd
His Gun-ſhot, that in Holſters watch'd;
And bending Cock, he level'd full
Againſt the outſide of *Talgol*'s Skull;
Vowing that he ſhould ne'er ſtir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murther.
But *Pallas* came in ſhape of Ruſt,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thruſt
Her *Gorgon*-ſhield, which made the Cock
Stand ſtiff as if 'twere turn'd t' a ſtock.
Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,
With rugged Truncheon charg'd the *Knight*.
And he his ruſty Piſtol held
To take the blow on, like a Shield;
The Gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to ſuch a kind of fight,
And ſhrunk from its great Maſter's gripe,
Knock'd down and ſtunn'd with mortal ſtripe.
Then *Hudibras* with furious haſte
Drew out his Sword; yet not ſo faſt,

But *Talgol* firſt with hardy thwack
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.
But when his nut-brown Sword was out,
Couragiouſly he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal Foe the Truncheon,
The truſty Cudgel did oppoſe
It ſelf againſt dead-doing blows,
To guard its Leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd it ſelf again.
And though the Sword (ſome underſtood)
In force had much the odds of Wood;
'Twas nothing ſo, both ſides were ballanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'ſt.
For Wood with Honour b'ing engag'd,
Is ſo implacably enrag'd,
Though Iron hew and mangle ſore,
Wood wounds and bruiſes Honour more.
And now both *Knights* were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot purſuit of Death;
While all the reſt amaz'd ſtood ſtill,
Expecting which ſhould take, or kill.

This

This *Hudibras* obſerv'd, and fretting
Conqueſt ſhould be ſo long a getting,
He drew up all his force into
One Body, and that into one Blow.
But *Talgol* wiſely avoided it
By cunning ſlight; for had it hit,
The Upper part of him the Blow
Had ſlit, as ſure as that below.

Mean while th' incomparable *Colon*,
To aid his Friend began to fall on,
Him *Ralph* encountred, and ſtraight grew
A fierce Diſpute betwixt them two:
Th'one arm'd with Metal, th'other with Wood;
This fit for bruiſe, and that for blood.
With many a ſtiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang;
While none that ſaw them could divine
To which ſide Conqueſt would encline:
Until *Magnano* did envy
That

By ſubtle ſtratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap having found
Where Thiſtles grew on barren ground,
In haſte he drew his weapon out
And having crop'd them from the Root
He clapp'd them under th' Horſe's Tail
With prickles ſharper than a Nail.
The angry Beaſt did ſtraight reſent
The wrong done to his Fundament,
Begun to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beſide his ſenſe,
Striving to diſingage from Smart,
And raging Pain, th' afflicted Part;
Inſtead of which he threw the pack
Of *Squire* and Baggage from his back;
And blundring ſtill with ſmarting rump,
He gave the Champions Steed a thump,
That ſtagger'd him. The *Knight* did ſtoop
And ſate on further ſide aſlope.
This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
By flight eſcap'd the fatal blow

He

He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For catching him by nearer foot,
He lifted with ſuch might and ſtrength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And daſh'd his brains (if any) out.
But *Mars* that ſtill protects the ſtout,
In Pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the *Bear* convey'd;
The *Bear*, upon whoſe ſoft Fur-Gown
The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.
The Friendly Rug preſerv'd the ground,
And headlong *Knight* from bruiſe or wound:
Like Feather-bed betwixt a Wall,
And heavy brunt of Cannon ball.
As *Sancho* on a Blanket fell,
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty Spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not ſo well bear it.
The *Bear* was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worſted by the *Knight*.
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To ſhake off bondage from his ſnout.

His wrath enflam'd boil'd o'r, and from
His jaws of Death he threw the ſome.
Fury in ſtranger poſtures threw him,
And more than ever Herauld drew him.
He tore the Earth, which he had ſav'd
From ſquelch of *Knight*, and ſtorm'd and rav'd;
And vext the more, becauſe the harms
He felt were 'gainſt the *Law of Arms*:
For Men he always took to be
His Friends, and Dogs the Enemy:
Who never ſo much hurt had done him,
As his own ſide did falling on him.
It griev'd him to the Guts, that they
For whom h' had fought ſo many a Fray,
And ſerv'd with Loſs of Bloud ſo long,
Should offer ſuch inhumane wrong;
Wrong of unſoldier-like Condition:
For which he flung down his Commiſſion:
And laid about him, till his Noſe
From Thrall of Ring and Cord broke looſe.
Soon as he felt himſelf enlarg'd,
Through thickeſt of his Foes he charg'd,

And made way through th' amaz'd Crew,
Some he o'er-ran, and ſome o'er-threw,
But took none; for by haſty Flight
He ſtrove t'avoid the Conquering *Knight*,
From whom he fled with as much Haſte
And Dread as he the Rabble chac'd.
In Haſte he fled, and ſo did they,
Each and his Fear a ſev'ral Way.

Crowdero only kept the Field,
Not ſtirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down and wounded ſore
I' th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
One ſide of him, not that of Bone,
But much its betters, th' wooden one.
He ſpying *Hudibras* lye ſtrow'd
Upon the Ground like Log of Wood,
With fright of Fall ſuppoſed Wound,
And loſs of Urine, in a Swound,
In haſte he ſnatch'd the wooden Limb
That hurt in th' Ankle lay by him,

And fitting it for ſudden Fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the *Knight*.
For getting upon Stump and Huckle,
He with the Foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of Crowd and Shin upon the wretch,
Sole Author of all Detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
T' adventure reſurrection
From heavy ſqueich, and had got up
Upon his Legs with ſprained Crup)
Looking about beheld the Bard
To charge the *Knight* intranc'd prepar'd,
He ſnatch't his Whiniard up, that fled
When he was falling off his Steed,
(As Rats do from a falling Houſe,)
To hide it ſelf from rage of blows;
And wing'd with ſpeed and fury, flew
To reſcue *Knight* from black and blew.
Which e'er he could Atchieve, his Sconce
The Leg encounter'd twice and once;

And

And now 'twas rais'd to ſmite agen,
When *Ralpho* thruſt himſelf between.
He took the Blow upon his Arm,
To ſhield the *Knight* from further Harm;
And joying Wrath with Force, beſtow'd
On th' Wooden Member ſuch a Load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it prop'd before.
To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,
And ſetting his bold Foot upon
His Trunk, thus ſpoke: What *deſp'rate Frenzy*
Made thee, (thou Whelp of Sin) to fancy
Thy ſelf and all that Coward Rabble
T' incounter us in Battle able?
How durſt th', I ſay, oppoſe thy Curſhip
'Gainſt Arms, Authority, and Worſhip?
And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,
Though all thy Limbs were Heart of Oke,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out Blows as that of Wood?
Could not the Whipping-Poſt prevail
With all its Rhet'rick, nor the Gaol,

To

To keep from flaying Scourge thy Skin,
And Ankle free from Iron Gin?
Which now thou ſhall---but firſt our care
Muſt ſee how *Hudibras* doth fare.
This ſaid, he gently rais'd the *Knight*,
And ſet him on his Bum upright:
To rouze him from Lethargick Dump,
He tweak'd his Noiſe with gentle Thump,
Knock'd on his Breaſt, as if t' had been
To raiſe the Spirits lodg'd within.
They, wakened with the Noiſe, did fly
From inward Room to Window Eye,
And gently op'ning Lid, the Caſement,
Look out, but yet with ſome Amazement.
This gladded *Ralpho* much to ſee,
Who thus beſpoke the *Knight*: quoth he,
Tweaking his Noſe, you are, great Sir,
A *Self-denying* Conqueror;
As high, victorious and great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give your ſelf but leave
To make out what y' already have;

That's

That's Victory the Foe, for dread
Of your Nine-Worthineſs, is fled,
All, ſave *Crowdero*, for whoſe ſake
You did th' eſpous'd *Cauſe* undertake:
And he lies Pris'ner at your Feet,
To be diſpos'd as you think meet.
Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,
The Gallows, or perpetual Jayl.
For one wink of your pow'rful Eye
Muſt ſentence him to live, or dye.
His Fiddle is your proper purchace,
Won in the Service of the *Churches*;
And by your doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a *Crowd*.
For though ſucceſs did not confer
Juſt Title on the Conquerer;
Though *diſpenſations* were not ſtrong
Concluſions whether right or wrong;
Although *Out-goings* did not confirm,
And *Owing* were but a meer term:
Yet as the *wicked* have no *right*
To th' Creature, though uſurp'd by might,

The

The property is in the *Saint*,
From whom th' injuriouſly detain't;
Of him they hold their Luxuries,
Their Dogs, their Horſes, Whores and Dice,
Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,
Pimps, Buffoons, Fidlers, Paraſites:
All which the *Saints* have *Title* to,
And ought t' injoy, if th' had their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before.
For we are their true *Landlords* ſtill,
And they our *Tenants* but at Will.

At this the *Knight* begun to rouſe,
And by degrees grow valorous.
He ſtar'd about, and ſeeing none
Of all his Foes remain, but one,
He ſnatcht his Weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay
For all the reſt that ran away.

But *Ralpho* now in colder Blood,
His Fury mildly thus withstood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit
Is rais'd too high, this Slave does merit
To be the Hangman's Bus'ness, sooner
Than from your hand to have the Honour
Of his Destruction, I that am
So much below in Deed and Name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit Carcass,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Case.
Will you, Great Sir, that Glory blot
In cold Bloud, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your Conqu'ring Sword,
To break a Fiddle and your VVord?
For though I fought, and overcame,
And Quarter gave, 'twas in your Name.
For Great Commanders always own
What's prosperous by the Soldier done.
To save, where you have Power to kill,
Argues your Pow'r above your Will?
And that your Will and Pow'r have less
Than both might have of Selfishness.

This Pow'r which now alive with Dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the Slave in Awe
Than if you were a Knight of Straw:
For Death would then be his Conqueror:
Not you, and free him from that Terror.
If Danger from his Life accrue,
Or Honour from his Death to you;
'Twere Policy and Honour too,
To do as you resolv'd to do,
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your Valour much,
To say it needs or fears a Crutch.
Great Conquerors greater Glory gain
By Foes in Triumph led, than slain:
The Laurels that adorn their Brows
And pull'd from living, not dead Boughs,
Are living Foes the greatest Fame
Of Cripple slain can be but lame.
One half of him's already slain,
The other is not worth your Pain.
Th' Honour can but on one side light,
As Worship did when y' were dubb'd *Knight*.

Where-

Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him Priſoner of War;
And let him faſt in Bonds abide,
At *Court of Juſtice* to be try'd:
Where if h' appear ſo bold or crafty,
There may be Danger in his Safety;
If any Member there diſlike
His Face, or to his Beard have Pike;
Or if his Death will ſave, or yield,
Revenge or Fright, it is *reveal'd*,
Though he has Quarter, ne'ertheleſs
Y' have Pow'r to hang him when you pleaſe.
This hath been often done by ſome
Of our great Conquerors, you know whom;
And has by moſt of us been held
Wiſe Juſtice, and to ſome *reveal'd*.
For Words and Promiſes that yoke
The Conqueror, are quickly broke,
Like *Sampſon*'s Cuffs, though by his own
Direction and Advice put on.
For if we ſhould fight for the *Cauſe*
By Rules of Military Laws,

And only do what they call juſt,
The *Cauſe* would quickly fall to Duſt.
This we among our ſelves may ſpeak,
But to the *Wicked* or the *Weak*
VVe muſt be cautious to declare
Perfection-Truths, ſuch as theſe are.
This ſaid, the high, outragious Mettle
Of *Knight*, began to cool and ſettle.
He lik'd the *Squire*'s Advice, and ſoon
Reſolv'd to ſee the Buſ'neſs done:
And therefore charg'd him firſt to bind
Crowdero's Hands on Rump behind,
And to its former Place and Uſe
The VVooden Member to reduce:
But force it take an *Oath* before,
Ne'er to bear Arms againſt him more.

Ralpho diſpatch'd with ſpeedy haſte,
And having ty'd *Crowdero* faſt,
He gave Sir *Knight* the End of Cord,
To lead the Captive of his Sword

In Triumph, while the Steeds he caught,
And them to further Service brought.
The *Squire* in State, rode on before,
And on his nut-brown VVhiniard bore
The Trophee-*Fiddle* and the *Caſe*,
Plac'd on his Shoulder like a Mace.
The *Knight* himſelf did after ride,
Leading *Crowdero* by his ſide,
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind;
Like Boat againſt the Tide and VVind.
Thus grave and ſolemn they march on,
Until quite through the Town th' had gone,
At further end of which there ſtands
An ancient Caſtle, that commands
Th' adjacent Parts; in all the Fabrick
You ſhall not ſee one Stone nor a Brick,
But all of VVood, by pow'rful Spell
Of Magick made impregnable,
There's neither Iron-Bar, nor Gate,
Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate:
And yet Men durance there abide,
In Dungeon ſcarce three Inches wide;

With Roof ſo low, that under it,
They never ſtand, but lye, or ſit;
And yet ſo foul, that whoſo is in,
Is to the Middle-leg in Priſon,
In Circle Magical confin'd,
With Walls of ſubtle Air and Wind,
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until th' are freed by Head of Borough.
Thither arriv'd th' advent'rous *Knight*
And bold *Squire* from their Steeds alight,
At th' outward Wall, near which there ſtands
A Baſtile, built t' impriſon Hands;
By ſtrange Enchantment made to fetter
The leſſer Parts, and free the greater.
For though the Body may creep through,
The Hands in Grate are faſt enough.
And when a Circle 'bout the Wriſt
Is made by Beadle Exorciſt,
The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
As if 'twere ridden Poſt by 'witch
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er ſtirs out of the place,

On top of this there is a Spire,
On which Sir *Knight* firſt bids the *Squire*
The *Fiddle*, and its Spoils, the *Caſe*,
In manner of a Trophy, place.
That done, they ope the Trap-door-gate,
And let *Crowdero* down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like Hermit poor in penſive Place,
To Dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the ſurvivor of his feet:
But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they releaſe,
Though a *Delinquent* falſe and forged,
Yet b'ing a Stranger he's enlarged;
While his Comrade that did no hurt,
Is clapt up faſt in Priſon for't.
So Juſtice, while ſhe winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence ſometimes.

The ARGUMENT of the THIRD *CANTO.*

The ſcatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround the Place; the Knight *does ſally,*
And is made Pris'ner: Then they ſeize
Th' Inchanted Fort by Storm, releaſe
Crowdero, *and put the* Squire *in's Place.*
I ſhould have firſt ſaid, Hudibras.

CANTO III.

AY me! VVhat Perils do inviron
The Man that meddles with cold Iron!
VVhat plaguy Miſchiefs and Miſhaps
Do dog him ſtill with After-Claps!
For though Dame Fortune ſeem to ſmile
And leer upon him for a while;
She'll after ſhew him, in the nick
Of all his Glories, a Dog-trick.
This any Man may ſing or ſay
I' th' Ditty call'd, *What if a Day*;

For

For *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won
The Field as certain as a Gun,
And having routed the whole Troop,
With Victory was Cock-a-hoop;
Think h' had done enough to purchaſe
Thinkſgiving-day among the *Churches*,
Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth
Might be explain'd by *Holder-forth*,
And Regiſter'd by Fame Eternal,
In Deathleſs Pages of *Diurnal*?
Found in few minutes to his Coſt,
He did but *Count without his Hoſt*?
And that a *Turn-ſtile* is more certain,
Than in events of War Dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted Rout,
O'erthrown and ſcatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the Horror of their Fear
From bloudy Fray of *Knight* and *Bear*,
(All but the Dogs who in purſuit,
Of the *Knight*'s Victory ſtood to't,

And most ignobly sought to get
The Honour of his Bloud and Sweat)
Seeing the Coast was free and clear
O'th' Conquer'd and the Conquerer,
Took heart again and fac'd about,
As if they meant to stand it out:
For now the half defeated Bear
Attack'd by th' Enemy i' th' Rear,
Finding their number grow too great
For him to make a safe retreat,
Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about;
But wisely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haste
Fac'd the proud Foe, and fled, and fac'd,
Retiring still, until he found
H' had got th' advantage of the Ground;
And then as valiantly made head,
To check the Foe, and forthwith fled;
Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick
Of Warriour stout and Politick;
Until in spight of hot pursuit,
He gain'd a Pass, to hold dispute,

On better terms, and ſtop the courſe
Of the proud Foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Fore'd their whole Body to recoil:
But ſtill their numbers ſo increaſt
He found himſelf at length oppreſt,
And all evaſions ſo uncertain,
To ſave himſelf for better fortune,
That he reſolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And ſell his Hide and Careaſs at
A price as high and deſperate
As e'er he could. This Reſolution
He forthwith put in Execution,
And bravely threw himſelf among
The Enemy i' th' greateſt throng.
But what could ſingle Valour do
Againſt ſo numerous a Foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds was ſuch:
But one againſt a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good.

For while one party he oppos'd,
His Rear was ſuddainly enclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight againſt a Foe ſo great.
For now the Maſtives charging home
To Blows and Handy-Gripes were come:
While manfully himſelf he bore,
And ſetting his right-foot before,
He rais'd himſelf to ſhew how tall
His Perſon was above them all.
This equal Shame and Envy ſtirr'd
In th' Enemy, that one ſhould beard
So many Warriors and ſo ſtout
As he had done and ſtand it out,
Diſdaining to lay down his Arms,
And yield on honourable Terms.
Enraged thus ſome in the Rear
Attack'd him and ſome ev'ry where,
Till down he fell, yet falling fought,
And being down ſtill laid about:
As *Widdrington* in doleful dumps
Is ſaid to fight upon his Stumps.

But

But all, alas! Had been in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,
If *Trulla* and *Cerdon* in the nick
To reſcue him had not been quick.
For *Trulla* who was light of Foot,
As Shafts which long-field *Parthians* ſhoot
(But not ſo light as to be born
Upon the Ears of ſtanding Corn,
Or tript it o'er the Water quicker
Than Witches when their Staves they liquor.
As ſome report) was got among
The formoſt of the Martial Throng:
Where pity the vanquiſht *Bear*,
She call'd to *Cerdon* who ſtood near,
Viewing the bloudy fight, to whom
Shall we (quoth ſhe) ſtand ſtill *hum drum*,
And ſee ſtout *Bruin* all alone
By numbers baſely over-thrown?
Such feats already he has atchiev'd,
In ſtory not to be believ'd:
And 't would to us be ſhame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would (quoth he) venture a Limb
To ſecond thee, and reſcue him:
But then we muſt about it ſtraight,
Or elſe our aid will come too late.
Quarter he ſcorns, he is ſo ſtout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This ſaid, they wav'd their Weapons round
About their heads, to clear the ground;
And joining Forces laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and ſtraight begun,
As if *the Devil drove*, to run. (*Bruin*
Mean while th' approach'd the place where
Was now engag'd to mortal ruine:
The Conquering Foe they ſoon aſſail'd;
Firſt *Trulla* ſtav'd, and *Cerdon* tail'd,
Until their Maſtives loos'd their hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worſted *Bear* came off with ſtore
Of bloudy wounds, but all before.

For as *Achilles* dipt in Pond,
Was *Anabaptiz'd* free from wound,
Made proof againſt dead-doing ſteel
All over but the Pagan heel:
So did our Champion's Arms defend
All of him but the other end:
His Head and Ears, which in the Martial
Encounter loſt a Leathern Parcel:
For as an *Auſtrian Archduke* once
Had one Ear, (which in *Ducatoons*
Is half the Coin) in Battel par'd
Cloſe to his Head; ſo *Bruin* far'd:
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other ſide,
Like Scriv'ner newly crucify'd;
Or like the late-corrected Leathern
Ears of the *circumciſed Brethern.*
But gentle *Trulla* into th' Ring
He wore in's Noſe convey'd a String,
With which She marcht before, and led
The Warrior to a graſſy Bed,
As Authors write, in a cool ſhade,
Which Eglantine and Roſes made,

Cloſe

Close by a softly murmuring Stream
Where Lovers use to loll and dream.
There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of Foes,
And wanting nothing but a Song,
And a well-tun'd *Theorbo* hung
Upon a Bough to ease the Pain
His tugg'd Ears suffer'd, with a strain,
They both drew up to march in quest
Of his great Leader, and the rest.

For *Orsin* (who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his Ground
In standing Fights than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursu'd the Chace,
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind;
Griev'd to behold his *Bear* pursu'd
So basely by a multitude,

And

And like to fall not by the proweſs,
But numbers of his Coward Foes.
He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout *Hercules* for loſs of *Hylas*,
Forcing the Vallies to repeat
The Accents of his ſad regret.
He beat his Breaſt, and tore his Hair,
For loſs of his dear Crony *Bear*:
That Echo from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did reſound
More wiſtfully, by many times,
Than in ſmall Poets ſplay-foot rhimes,
That make her, in their ruthful ſtories,
To anſwer to Inter'gatories,
And moſt unconſcionably depoſe
To things of which ſhe nothing knows:
And when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can ſay,
'Tis wreſted to the Lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked *Bruin*,
Art thou fled to my----Echo, *ruine*?

I thought th' hadſt ſcorn'd to budge a ſtep,
For fear. (Quoth Echo) *Marry guep.*
Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy ſtubborn heart?
Have theſe Bones ratled, and this Head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it.
For thy dear ſake. (Quoth ſhe) *Mum budget,*
Think'ſt thou 'twill not be laid i' th' diſh,
Thou turn'd thy back? Quoth Echo, *Piſh.*
To run from thoſe th' hadſt overcome
Thus Cowardly? Quoth Echo, *Mum.*
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine Enemy?
Or if thou haſt no thought of me
Nor what I have endur'd for thee.
Yea Shame and Honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning Tail:
For who would grutch to ſpend his Bloud in
His Honour's cauſe? Quoth ſhe *a Puddin.*
This ſaid, his Grief to Anger turn'd,
Which in his manly Stomach burn'd;

Thirſt

Thirſt of Revenge and Wrath, in place
Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the Authors of his Woe
Should equal Vengeance undergo;
And with their Bones and Fleſh pay dear
For what he ſuffer'd and his *Bear*.
This being reſolv'd with equal ſpeed
And Rage he haſted to proceed
To Action ſtraight, and giving o'er
To ſearch for *Brain* any more,
He went in queſt of *Hudibras*,
To find him out, where'er he was:
And if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.

But ſcarce had he a furlong on
This reſolute Adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that Crew
Whom *Hudibras* did late ſubdue.
Honour, Revenge, Contempt and Shame,
Did equally their Breaſts enflame.

'Mong these the fierce *Magnano* was,
And *Talgol* Foe to *Hudibras*:
Cerdon and *Colon*, Warriors stout
And Resolute as ever fought:
Whom furious *Orsin* thus bespoke,

Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
The vile affront, that paultry Ass
And feeble *Scoundrel Hudibras*,
With that more paultry *Ragamuffin*
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame Cattel,
As if th' had routed us in Battel?
For my part, it shall ne'er be said,
I for the washing gave my Head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
Of them, but losing of my *Bear*,
Which now I'm like to undergo:
For whether these fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my skin can foretel.

Nor do *I know* what is become
Of him, *more than the Pope of Rome.*
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it, (as I ſhall no doubt,
Where e'er th' in Hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handy-work;
And wiſh that they had rather dar'd,
To *pull the Devil by the Beard.*

Quoth *Cerdon*, Noble *Orſin*, th' haſt
Great reaſon to do as thou ſay'ſt,
And ſo has ev'ry Body here
As well as thou haſt or thy *Bear.*
Others may do as they ſee good;
But if this twig be made of Wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the Fur
Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur,
And th' other mungrel Vermin, *Ralph*,
That brav'd us all in his behalf.
Thy Bear is ſafe and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill.

My ſelf and *Trulla* made a ſhift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's ſafe enough:
There let him reſt; for if we ſtay,
The Slaves may hap to get away.

This ſaid they all engag'd to joyn
Their Forces in the ſame Deſign:
And forthwith put themſelves in ſearch
Of *Hudibras* upon their March.
Where leave we them a while to tell
What the Victorious *Knight* befel:
For ſuch, *Crowdero* being faſt
In Dungeon ſhut, we left him laſt.
Triumphant Laurels ſeem'd to grow
No where ſo green as on his Brow:
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With Conquering toil he now retir'd
Unto a Neighbouring Caſtle by,
To reſt his Body and apply

Fit Med'cines to each glorious Bruiſe
He got in fight, *Reds*, *Blacks*, and *Blues*;
To mollify th' uneaſie pang
Of ev'ry honourable Bang.
Which b'ing by skilful Midwife dreſt,
He laid him down to take his reſt.

But all in vain. H' had got a hurt
O' th' inſide, of a deadlier ſort,
By *Cupid* made, who took his ſtand
Upon a Widow's Jointure-Land,
(For he, in all his amorous Battels,
No 'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels)
Drew home his Bow, and aiming right,
Let fly an Arrow at the *Knight*;
The ſhaft againſt a Rib did glance,
And gall him in the *Purtenance*.
But time had ſomewhat ſwag'd his pain,
After he found his ſuit in vain.
For that proud Dame, for whom his Soul
Was burnt in's Belly like a coal,

(That Belly that ſo oft did ake
And ſuffer griping for her ſake,
Till purging Comfits and Ants Eggs
Had almoſt brought him off his Legs)
Us'd him ſo like a baſe *Raſcallion*,
That old Pyg- (what d'y' call him) *malion*,
That cut his Miſtreſs out of ſtone,
Had not ſo hard-a-hearted one.
She had a thouſand jadiſh tricks,
Worſe than a Mule that flings and kicks:
'Mong which one croſs-grain'd Freak ſhe had,
As inſolent as ſtrange and mad:
She could Love none but only ſuch
As ſcorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a ſtrange Riddle of a Lady;
Not Love, if any Lov'd her? Ha day!
So Cowards never uſe their might,
But againſt ſuch as will not fight.
So ſome Diſeaſes have been found
Only to ſeize upon the ſound.
He that gets her by heart muſt ſay her
The back-way, like a Witch's Prayer.

Mean

Mean while the *Knight* had no ſmall Task,
To compaſs what he durſt not ask.
He Loves, but dares not make the Motion;
Her *Ignorance* is his *Devotion*.
Like Caitiff vile, that for miſdeed
Rides with his Face to rump of Steed.
Or rowing Scull he's fain to Love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a Tumbler that does play
His game, and look another way,
Until he ſeize upon the Coney:
Juſt ſo does he by Matrimony.
But all in vain: Her ſubtile Snout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which ſhe return'd with too much Scorn,
To be by Man of Honour born.
Yet much he bore, till the Diſtreſs,
He ſuffer'd from his ſpightful Miſtreſs,
Did ſtir his Stomach, and the Pain
He had endur'd, from her Diſdain,
Turn'd to regret, ſo reſolute
That he reſolv'd to wave his Suit,

And

And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play leaſt in ſight.
This reſolution b'ing put on,
He kept ſome Months, and more had done;
But being brought ſo nigh by Fate,
The Victory he atchiev'd ſo late,
Did ſet his Thoughts agog, and ope
A Door to diſcontinu'd Hope,
That ſeem'd to promiſe he might win
His Dame too, now his hand was in;
And that his Valour and the Honour
H' had newly gain'd might work upon her,
Theſe Reaſons made his Mouth to water
With amorous Longings to be at her.

Thought he unto himſelf, Who knows
But this brave Conqueſt o'er my Foes
May reach her Heart, and make that ſtoop,
As I but now have forc'd the Troop?
If nothing can oppugn Love,
And Vertue invious ways can prove,

What

What may not he confide to do
That bring both Love and Vertue too?
But thou bring'ſt Valour too and Wit,
Two things that ſeldom fail to hit.
Valour's a Mouſe-trap, With a Gin,
Which Women oft are taken in.
Then, *Hudibras*, why ſhouldſt thou fear
To be, thou art a Conquerer.
Fortune th' Audacious doth *juvare*,
But lets the timidous miſcarry.
Then while the Honour thou haſt got
Is ſpick and ſpan-new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadſt beſt,
And truſt thy fortune with the reſt.
Such thoughts as theſe the *Knight* did keep,
More than his Bangs or Fleas, from ſleep.
And as an Owl that in a Barn
Sees a Mouſe creeping in the Corn,
Sits ſtill and ſhuts his round blue Eyes,
As if he ſlept until he ſpies
The little Beaſt within his reach,
Then ſtarts and ſeizes on the Wretch.

So

So from his Couch the *Knight* did ſtart,
To ſeize upon the Widow's Heart;
Crying with haſty tone and hoarſe.
Ralpho diſpatch, To Horſe, to Horſe.
And 'twas but time, for now the Rout
We left engag'd to ſeek him out,
By ſpeedy Marches were advanc'd
Up to the Fort where he enſconc'd,
And had all th' Avenues poſſeſt
About the place, from Eaſt to Weſt.
That done, a while they made a Halt,
To view the Ground, and where t' aſſault:
Then call'd a Councel which was beſt,
By Siege or Onſlaught to inveſt
The Enemy: And 'twas agreed,
By Storm and Onſlaught to proceed.
This b'ing reſolv'd, in comely ſort,
They now drew up t' attack the Fort.
When *Hudibras*, about to enter
Upon another Gate's adventure,
To *Ralpho* call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching ſtorm.

Whether

Whether Dame Fortune, or the Care
Of Angel bad, or Tutelar,
Did arm, or thruſt him on a Danger,
To which he was an utter Stranger;
That Foreſight might, or might not blot
The Glory he had newly got;
Or to his ſhame it might be ſed,
They took him napping in his Bed:
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in Sciences profound.

His Courſer ſcarce he had beſtrid,
And *Ralpho* that on which he rid,
When ſetting ope the Poſtern Gate,
To take the Field, and ſally at,
The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the Field.
This ſomewhat ſtartled the bold *Knight*,
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected ſight.
The Bruiſes of his Bones and Fleſh
He thought began to ſmart afreſh:

Till recollecting wonted Courage,
His Fear was ſoon converted to Rage.
And thus he ſpoke. The Coward Foe,
Whom we but now gave Quarter to,
Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,
As if they had out-run their Fears,
The Glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat.
And to their Will we muſt ſuccumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.
This is the ſame numerick Crew
Which we ſo lately did ſubdue,
The ſelf-ſame Individuals that
Did run as Mice do from a Cat,
When we Couragiouſly did wield
Our Martial Weapons in the Field
To tug for Victory: And when
We ſhall our ſhining Blades agen
Brandiſh in terrour o'er our Heads,
They'll ſtraight reſume their wonted Dreads,
Fear is an Ague, that forſakes
And haunts by fits thoſe whom it takes,

And

And they'll opine they feel the Pain
And Blows they felt to day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.

This ſaid, his Courage to enflame,
He call'd upon his *Miſtreſs* name.
His Piſtol next he cockt anew,
And out his nut-brown Whiniard drew:
And placing *Ralpho* in the front,
Reſerv'd himſelf to bear the brunt;
As expert Warriors uſe: Then ply'd
With Iron heel his Courſer's ſide,
Conveying Sympathetick ſpeed
From heel of *Knight* to heel of Steed.

Mean while the Foe with equal Rage,
And ſpeed advancing to engage,
Both Parties now were drawn ſo cloſe,
Almoſt to come to handy-Blows.
When *Orſin* firſt let fly a Stone
At *Ralpho*; not ſo huge a one

As

As that which *Diomed* did maul
Æneas on the Bum withal
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another World;
Whether above Ground or below,
Which *Saints twice dipt* are destin'd to.
The Danger startled the bold *Squire*,
And made him some few Steps retire.
But *Hudibras* advanc'd to's Aid,
And rouz'd his Spirits half dismay'd;
He wisely doubting lest the Shot
Of th' Enemy now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, prest close,
To come, pell-mell, to handy-Blows,
And that he might their Aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique Line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till Breast to Breast he had got nigher:
As expert Warriors use to do,
When hand to hand they charge the Foe.
This Order the advent'rous *Knight*
Most Soldier-like observ'd in fight,

When

When Fortune (as ſhe's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the Foe began to ſtickle.
The more ſhame for her *goody-ſhip*,
To give ſo near a Friend the ſlip.
For *Colon* chuſing out a ſtone,
Level'd ſo right it thumpt upon
His Manly Paunch with ſuch a Force,
As almoſt beat him off his Horſe.
He loos'd his Weapon, and the Reyn;
But laying faſt hold on the Mane,
Preſerv'd his Seat: And as a Gooſe
In death contracts his Talons looſe;
So did the *Knight*, and with one Claw
The Tricker of his Piſtol draw.
The Gun went off: And as it was
Still fatal to ſtout *Hudibras*,
In all his Feats of Arms, when leaſt
He dreamt of it, to proſper beſt;
So now he far'd: The ſhot let fly
At random 'mong the Enemy,
Pierc'd *Talgol*'s Gabberdine, and grazing
Upon his Shoulder, in the paſſing

Lodg'd in *Magnano*'s brass Habergeon,
Who straight *A Surgeon* cry'd, *a Surgeon*:
He tumbled down and as he fell,
Did *Murther, murther, murther* yell.
This startled their whole Body so,
That if the *Knight* had not let go
His Arms, but been in Warlike Plight,
H'had won (the second time) the fight.
As if the *Squire* had but faln on,
He had inevitably done:
But he diverted with the care
Of *Hudibras* his Wound, forbare
To press th' Advantage of his Fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten.
He had with *Cerdon* been engag'd
In close encounter, which both wag'd
So desp'rately, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busie Work of Death
Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breath,
Preparing to renew the Fight;
When th' hard disaster of the *Knight*

And

And th' other Party did divert,
And force their ſullen Rage to part.
Ralpho preſt up to *Hudibras*.
And *Cerdon*, where *Magnano* was;
Each ſtriving to confirm his Party
With ſtout Encouragements and Hearty.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let Revenge and Honour ſtir
Your Spirits up, once more fall on,
The ſhatter'd Foe begins to run:
For if but half ſo well you knew
To uſe your Victory as ſubdue,
They durſt not after ſuch a Blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now;
But from ſo formidable a Soldier
Had fled like Crows when they ſmell Powder.
Thrice have they ſeen your Sword aloft,
Wav'd o'er their Heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their Spirits, now diſmay'd and checkt,
You'll have a harder game to play,
Than yet y' have had to get the Day.

Thus ſpoke the ſtout *Squire*; but was heard
By *Hudibras* with ſmall regard.
His thoughts were fuller of the bang
He lately took, than *Ralph*'s harangue;
To which he anſwer'd, Cruel fate
Tells me thy Counſel comes too late.
The knotted bloud within my hoſe,
That from my wounded Body flows,
With mortal *Criſis* doth portend
My days to appropinque an end.
I am for my action now unfit,
Either of Fortitude or Wit.
Fortune my foe begins to frown,
Reſolv'd to pull my ſtomach down.
I am not apt upon a Wound,
Or trivial Baſting to deſpond:
Yet I'd be loth my Days to curtal,
For if I thought my Wounds not mortal;
Or that we'd time enough as yet
To make an honourable Retreat,

Twere

'Twere the best course: But if they find
We fly and leave our Arms behind,
For them to seize on, the Dishonour
And Danger too is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly and take quarter,
To let them see I am no Starter.
In all the trade of War no Feat
Is nobler than a brave Retreat,
For those that run away, and fly,
Take Place at least of th' Enemy.
This said, the *Squire* with active speed
Dismounted from his bonny steed
To seize the Arms which by mischance
Fell from the bold *Knight* in a Trance.
These being found out, and restor'd
To *Hudibras*, their natural Lord,
The active *Squire* with might and main,
Prepar'd in hast to mount again.
Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft;
But by his weighty Bum as oft
He was pull'd back: till having found
Th' advantage of the rising Ground,

Thither he led his Warlike Steed,
And having plac'd him right with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the Beast.
When *Orsin* who had newly dreſt
The bloudy Scar upon the Shoulder
Of *Talgol* with *Promethean* Powder,
And now was ſearching for the Shot
That laid *Magnano* on the Spot,
Beheld the ſturdy *Squire* aforeſaid
Preparing to climb up his Horſe-ſide.
He left his Cure, and laying hold
Upon his Arms with Courage bold,
Cry'd out, 'tis now no time to dally,
The Enemy begins to rally:
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy Man be's Dole.

This ſaid, like to a Thunderbolt
He flew with Fury to th' Aſſault,
Striving the Enemy to attack
Before he reacht his Horſe's back.

Ralpho

Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his Beaſt with Active vauting,
Wrigling his Body to recover
His ſeat, and caſt his right Leg over;
When *Orſin* ruſhing in beſtow'd
On Horſe and Man ſo heavy a load,
The Beaſt was ſtartled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough *Squire* like a Sack,
Or ſtout King *Richard*, on his back:
Till ſtumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and caſt into a ſwound.
Mean while the *Knight* began to rowſe
The ſparkles of his wonted proweſs;
He thruſt his Hand in to his Hoſe,
And found both by his Eyes and Noſe,
'Twas only Choler, and not Bloud,
That from his wounded Body flow'd.
This, with the hazard of the *Squire*,
Inflam'd him with deſpightful Ire;
Couragiouſly he fac'd about,
And drew his other Piſtol out;

And now had half-way bent the Cock,
When *Cerdon* gave so fierce a Shock,
With sturdy Truncheon, thwart his Arm,
That down it fell and did no Harm;
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his Steed.
The *Knight* his Sword had only left
With which he *Cerdon*'s Head had cleft,
Or at the least cropt off a Limb,
But *Orsin* came and rescu'd him.
He with his Launce attack the *Knight*
Upon his Quarters opposite:
But as a Barque that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse Winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And know not which to turn him to:
So far'd the *Knight* between two Foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose.
Till *Orsin* charging with his Launce
At *Hudibras*, by spightful Chance,
Hit *Cerdon* such a Bang, as stunn'd
And laid him flat upon the Ground.

As

At this the *Knight* began to chear up,
And raising up himself on Stirrup,
Cry'd out *Victoria*; lie thou there,
And I shall straight dispatch another,
To bear thee Company in death:
But first halt a while and breath.
As well he might: For *Orsin* griev'd
At th' Wound that *Cerdon* had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his Lore,
And cure the Hurt he made before.
Mean while the *Knight* had wheel'd about,
To breath himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest.
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his Steed,
To run at *Orsin* with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of *Cerdon*'s wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy;
And seeing th' Enemy prepar'd,
Drew up, and stood upon his guard.

Then

Then like a Warrior right expert
And skillful in the martial Art,
The ſubtle *Knight* ſtreight made a halt,
And judg'd it beſt to ſtay th' aſſault,
Until he had reliev'd the *Squire*,
And then (in order) to retire;
Or, as occaſion ſhould invite;
With Forces join'd renew the fight;
Ralpho by this time diſentrane'd,
Upon his Bum himſelf advanc'd,
Though ſorely bruis'd; his Limbs all o'er
With ruthleſs bangs were ſtiff and ſore.
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone;
When *Hudibras* to aid him came.

Quoth he, (and call'd him by his name)
Courage, the day at length is ours,
And we once more as Conquerours,
Have both the Field and Honour won,
The Foe is profligate and run,

I mean all ſuch as can, for ſome
This hand hath ſent to their long home;
And ſome lie ſprauling on the ground
With many a gaſh and bloudy wound.
Cæſar himſelf could never ſay
He got two Victories in a Day;
As I have done that can ſay, twice I
In one Day, *Veni, vidi, vici,*
The Foe's ſo numerous, that we
Cannot ſo often *vincere,*
As they *perire,* and yet enough
Be left to ſtrike an after-Blow,
Then leſt they rally and once more
Put us to fight the Bus'neſs o'er,
Get up, and mount thy Steed, diſpatch,
And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth *Ralph,* I ſhould not, If I were
In Caſe for Action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An Arſe, for fear of being bang'd:

It

It was for you I got these Harms,
Advent'ring to fetch Off your Arms.
The Blows and Drubs I have receiv'd
Have bruis'd my Body, and bereav'd
My Limbs of Strength: unless you stoop
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I shall lie here, and be a Prey
To those who now are run away.

That shalt thou not (quoth *Hudibras*:)
We read, the Ancients held it was
More Honourable far *Servare*
Civem, than slay an Adversary,
The one we oft to day have done;
The other shall dispatch anon,
And though th' art of a diff'rent Church,
I will not leave the in the lurch.
This said, he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,
And steer'd him gently toward the *Squire*.
Then bowing down his Body stretcht
His Hand out, and at *Ralpho* reacht;

When

When *Trulla*, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like Lightning behind.
She had been long in ſearch about
Magnano's wound, to find it out:
But could find none, nor where the ſhot
That had ſo ſtartled him was got.
But having found the worſt was paſt,
She fell to her own work at laſt,
The pillage of the Priſoners,
Which all in feat of Arms was hers:
And now to plunder *Ralph*, ſhe flew,
When *Hudibras* his hard fate drew
To ſuccor him; for as he bow'd
To help him up, ſhe laid a load
Of Blows ſo heavy, and plac'd ſo well,
On th' other ſide, that down he fell.

Yield, *Scoundrel* baſe, (quoth ſhe) or dye;
Thy Life is mine and Liberty.
But if thou think'ſt I took thee tardy,
And dar'ſt preſume to be ſo hardy,

To

To try thy Fortune o'er a freſh,
I'll wave my Title to thy fleſh,
Thy Arms and Baggage, now my right:
And if thou haſt the heart to try't,
I'll lend thee back thy ſelf a while,
And once more for that carcaſs vile,
Fight upon tick—Quoth *Hudibras*,
Thou offer'ſt nobly, valiant Laſs,
And I ſhall take thee at thy word,
Firſt let me riſe, and take my Sword,
That Sword which has ſo oft this day
Through Squadrons of my Foes made way,
And ſome to other Worlds diſpatcht,
Now with a feeble Spinſter matcht,
Will bluſh with Bloud ignoble ſtain'd,
By which no Honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Conſider while thou mayſt what 'tis
To interrupt a Victor's Courſe,
B' oppoſing ſuch a trivial Force:

For

For if with Conqueſt I come off,
(And that I ſhall do ſure enough)
Quarter thou canſt not have, nor Grace,
By law of Arms in ſuch a Caſe;
Both which I now do offer freely.

I ſcorn (quoth ſhe) thou Coxcomb ſilly,
(Clapping her hand upon her Breech,
To ſhew how much ſhe priz'd his Speech)
Quarter, or Counſel from a Foe:
If thou canſt force me to it, do.
But leſt it ſhould again be ſed,
When I have once more won thy Head,
I took thee napping unprepar'd,
Arm and be take thee to thy Guard.

This ſaid, ſhe to her Tackle fell,
And on the *Knight* let fall a peal
Of Blows ſo fierce, and preſt ſo home,
That he retir'd and follow'd's Bum.
Stand to't (quoth ſhe) or yield to Mercy,
It is not fighting *Arſie-verſie*

Shall

Shall ſerve thy turn.—This ſtirr'd his Spleen
More than the Danger he was in.
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel.
Honour, deſpight, revenge and ſhame,
At once unto his ſtomach came;
Which fir'd it ſo, he rais'd his Arm
Above his Head, and rain'd a ſtorm
Of blows, ſo terrible and thick,
As if he meant to haſh her quick.
But ſhe upon her Truncheon took them,
And by oblique diverſion broke them;
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with uſury.
Which long ſhe fail'd not of, for now
The *Knight* with one dead-doing blow
Reſolving to decide the fight,
And ſhe with quick and cunning ſlight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was ſo great,
As almoſt ſway'd him to the ground.
No ſooner ſhe th' advantage found,

But

But in ſhe flew, and ſeconding
With home-made thruſt the heavy ſwing,
She laid him flat upon his ſide,
And mounting on his Trunk a-ſtride,
Quoth ſhe, I told thee what would come
Of all thy vapouring, baſe Scum.
Say, will the Law of Arms allow
I may have Grace, and Quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And ſtain thine Honour, than thy Sword.
A Man of War to damn his Soul,
In baſely breaking his Parole,
And when before the Fight, th' hadſt vow'd
To give no Quarter in cold bloud:
Now thou haſt got me for a *Tartar*,
To make m' againſt my will take quarter:
Why doſt not put me to the Sword,
But Cowardly fly from thy word?
Quoth *Hudibras*, the day's thine own;
Thou and thy Stars have caſt me down:
My Laurels are tranſplanted now,
And flouriſh on thy Conqu'ring Brow:

My Loſs of Honour's great enough.
Thou need'ſt not brand it with a Scoff:
Sarcaſmes may Eclipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt Renown:
I am not now in Fortune's Power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The Ancient *Heroes* were illuſtrious
For b'ing benign, and not bluſtrous,
Againſt a vanquiſht Foe; their Swords
Were ſharp and trencheant, not their Words;
And did in Fight but cut Work out
T' imploy their Courteſies about.

Quoth ſhe, although thou haſt deſerv'd,
Baſe *Slubberdegullion*, to be ſerv'd
As thou didſt vow to deal with me,
If thou hadſt got the Victory;
Yet I ſhall rather act a part
That ſuits my Fame, than thy deſert.
Thy Arms, thy Liberty, beſide
All that's on the outſide of thy Hide,

Are mine by Military Law,
Of which I will not bate one ſtraw:
The reſt, thy Life and Limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I reſtore.

Quoth *Hudibras*, it is too late
For me to treat or ſtipulate;
What thou Commandſt I muſt obey,
Yet thoſe whom I expugn'd to day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them life and freedom too,
Both *Dogs* and *Bear*, upon their parol,
Whom I took Pris'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth *Trulla*, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave *Crowdero* quarter too?
Crowdero, whom in Irons bound,
Thou baſely threw'ſt into *Lob*'s *Pound*
Where ſtill he lies, and with regret
His generous Bowels rage and fret.

But now thy Carcaſs ſhall redeem,
And ſerve to be exchange for him.

This ſaid, the *Knight* did ſtraight ſubmit,
And laid his Weapons at her Feet.
Next he diſrob'd his Gaberdine,
And with it did himſelf reſign.
She took it, and forthwith deveſting
The Mantle that ſhe wore, ſaid jeſting.
Take that, and wear it for my ſake;
Then thew it o'er his ſturdy-back.
And as the *French* we Conquer'd once,
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,
The length of Breeches, and the gathers.
Port-Cannons, Perriwigs, and Feathers;
Juſt ſo the proud inſulting Laſs
Array'd and dighted *Hudibras*.

Mean while the other Champions, yerſt
In hurry of the fight diſperſt,
Arriv'd, when *Trulla* 'd won the day,
To ſhare in th' Honour and the Prey.

And

And out of *Hudibras* his Hide
With vengeance to be ſatisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden ſhowr.
But *Trulla* thruſt her ſelf between,
And ſtriding o'er his back agen,
She brandiſh'd o'er her Head his Sword,
And vow'd they ſhould not break her word;
Sh' had given him quarter, and her bloud
Or theirs ſhould make their quarter good.
For ſhe was bound by Law of Arms,
To ſee him ſafe from further harms.
In Dungeon deep *Crowdero* caſt
By *Hudibras*, as yet lay faſt;
Where to the hard and ruthleſs ſtones
His great Heart made perpetual mones.
Him ſhe reſolv'd that *Hudibras*
Should ranſome, and ſupply his place.

This ſtopt their fury, and the baſting
Which toward *Hudibras* was haſting.

They thought it was but juſt and right,
That what ſhe had atchiev'd in fight
She ſhould diſpoſe of how ſhe pleas'd:
Crowdero ought to be releas'd;
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this ſhe pitcht upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they reſolv'd t' engage in.
The *Knight*, and *Squire*, firſt they made
Riſe from the ground where they were laid;
Then mounted both upon their Horſes,
But with their Faces to the *Arſes*.
Orſin led *Hudibras*'s beaſt
And *Talgol* that which *Ralpho* preſt,
Whom ſtout *Magnano*, valiant *Cerdon*
And *Colon* waited as a guard on,
All uſh'ring *Trulla*, in the reer
With th' Arms of either Priſoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themſelves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' *inchanted Caſtle*,
Where ſtout *Crowdero* in durance lay ſtill.

Thither

Thither with greater ſpeed, than ſhows
And Triumphs over Conquer'd Foes
Do uſe t' allow, or than the *Bears*
Or *Pageants* born before *Lord-Mayors*
Are wont to uſe, they ſoon arriv'd,
In order Soldier-like contriv'd,
Still marching in a Warlike poſture,
As fit for Battel as for Muſter.
The *Knight* and *Squire* they firſt unhorſe,
And bending 'gainſt their Fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the *Magical Redoubt*.
Magnan' led up in this adventure,
And made way for the reſt to enter.
For he was skilful in *Black Art*
No leſs than he that built the Fort;
And with an Iron Mace laid flat
A breach, which ſtraight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden Dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.
Him they releaſe from durance baſe,
Reſtor'd t' his *Fiddle* and his *Caſe*,

And liberty, his thirſty rage
With luſcious vengeance to aſſwage.
For he no ſooner was at large,
But *Trulla* ſtraight brought on her charge,
And in the ſelf-ſame *Limbo*, put
The *Knight* and *Squire* where he was ſhut.
Where leaving them i' th' wretched hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted manſion, to know ſorrow;
In the ſame order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.

But *Hudibras* who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To Fortune, or be ſaid to droop,
Chear'd up himſelf with ends of Verſe,
And Sayings of Philoſophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of Man, his mind
Is *ſui juris*, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
What e'er the other moiety feels.

'Tis

'Tis not Reſtraint or Liberty
That makes Men Priſoners or free;
But perturbations that poſſeſs
The Mind or Æquanimities.
The whole World was not half ſo wide
To *Alexander*, when he cry'd
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a Paultry narrow Tub to
Diogenes, who is not ſed
(For ought that ever I could read)
To whine, put Finger i' th' Eye and ſob,
Becauſe h' had ne'er another *Tub*.
And Ancients make two ſeveral kinds
Of Proweſs in Heroick minds,
The *Active* and the *Paſſive* valiant;
Both which are *pari libra* gallant:
For both to give blows and to carry,
In fights are equeneceſſary;
But in defeats, the *Paſſive* ſtout
Are always found to ſtand it out
Moſt deſp'rately, and to outdoe
The Active, 'gainſt a Conqu'ring Foe.

Though

Though we with Blacks and Blues are ſuggil'd,
Or as the vulgar ſay, are *cudgel'd*:
He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can loſe no honour by't.
Honour's *a Leaſe for Lives to come*,
And cannot be *extended* from
The legal Tenant: 'Tis a Chattel,
Not to be forfeited in Battel.
If he that in the Field is ſlain,
Be in the *Bed of Honour* lain,
He that is beaten may be ſed
To lie in Honour's *Truckle-Bed*.
For as we ſee th' Eclipſed Sun
By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Than when adorn'd with all his light
He ſhines in Serene Sky moſt bright:
So Valour in a low eſtate
Is moſt admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth *Ralph*, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;

But none that ſee how here we ſit,
Will judge us overgrown with Wit.
As *gifted Brethren* preaching by
A *Carnal Hour-Glaſs*, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to ſay,
But not how much; ſo well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off,
For who without a *Cap* and *Bauble*
Having ſubdu'd a *Bear* and *Rabble*,
And might with Honour have come off,
Would put it to a ſecond proof:
A politick exploit, right fit
For *Presbyterian Zeal* and *Wit*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That Cuckow's tone,
Ralpho, thou always harp'ſt upon:
When thou at any thing wouldſt rail,
Thou mak'ſt *Presbytery* thy ſcale
To take the height on't and explain
To what degree it is prophane,

Whats'ever

Whats'ever will not with thy (*what d' ye call*)
Thy *light Jump* right thou call'ſt *Synodical.*
As if *Presbytery* were a Standard
To ſize whats'ever's to be ſlander'd.
Doſt not remember how this day
Thou to my Beard waſt bold to ſay,
That thou couldſt prove *Bear-baiting* equal
With *Synods*, Orthodox and Legal?
Do, if thou canſt, for I deny't,
And dare thee to't with all thy *Light.*

Quoth *Ralpho*, Truly that is no
Hard Matter for a Man to do,
That has but any *Guts in's Brains*,
And could believe it worth his pains.
But ſince you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are myſtical *Bear-Gardens*,
Where *Elders*, *Deputies*, *Church-wardens*,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the *Babyloniſh* ſport.

For

For *Prolocutor*, *Scribe*, and *Bearward*,
Do differ only in a mere word.
Both are but ſev'ral Synagogues
Of *Carnal Men*, and *Bears* and *Dogs*:
Both *Antichriſtian Aſſemblies*,
To miſchief bent as far's in them lies:
Both ſtave and tail, with fierce conteſts,
The one with Man, the other Beaſts.
The diff'rence is, The one fights with
The Tongue, the other with the Teeth;
And that they bait but *Bears* in this,
In th' other *Souls* and *Conſciences*,
Where *Saints* themſelves are brought to ſtake
For *Goſpel-Light* and *Conſcience* ſake;
Expos'd to *Scribes* and *Presbyters*,
Inſtead of *Maſtive Dogs* and *Curs*;
Than whom th' have leſs humanity,
For theſe at Souls of Men will fly.
This to the *Prophet* did appear,
Who in a Viſion ſaw a *Bear*,
Prefiguring the beaſtly rage
Of *Church-rule* in this latter Age:

As

As is demonſtrated at full
By him that baited the *Pope's Bull.*
Bears naturally are Beaſts of prey,
That live by Rapine, ſo do they,
What are their *Orders*, *Conſtitutions*,
Church-Cenſures, *Curſes*, *Abſolutions*,
But ſev'ral myſtick chains they make,
To tye poor Chriſtians to the ſtake?
And then ſet heathen *Officers*,
Inſtead of *Dogs*, about their Ears.
For to prohibit and diſpence,
To find out or to make offence,
Of Hell and Heaven to diſpoſe,
To play with Souls at faſt and looſe;
To ſet what Characters they pleaſe,
And mulcts on Sin or Godlineſs,
Reduce the Church to *Goſpel-Order*,
By *Rapine*, *Sacriledge*, and *Murther*;
To make *Presbytery* ſupream,
And *Kings* themſelves ſubmit to them;
And force all People, though againſt
Their Conſciences, to turn *Saints*,

Muſt

Muſt prove a pretty thriving Trade,
When *Saints* Monopolifts are made.
When *Pious* frauds and *Holy* ſhifts
Are *Diſpenſations* and *Gifts*,
There *Godlineſs* becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry *Synod* but a Fair.

Synods are Whelps of th' *Inquiſition*,
A mungrel breed of like Pernition,
And growing up became the Sires
Of *Scribes*, *Commiſſioners*, and *Triers*;
Who bus'neſs is, by cunning ſlight
To caſt a figure for Mens *Light*
To find in lines of Beard and Face,
The Phyſiognomy of *Grace*;
And by the ſound and *twang of Noſe*,
If all be ſound within diſcloſe,
Free from a crack or flaw of ſinning,
As Men try *Pipkins* by the ringing.
By *Blacks Caps*, underlaid with *White*,
Give certain gueſs at inward *Light*;

Which

Which *Serjeants at the Gospel* wear,
To make the *Spiritual Calling clear.*
The *Handkerchief* about the Neck
(Cononical *Crabat* of *Smeck*,
From whom the Institution came,
When Church and State they set on flame,
And worn by them as badges then
Of *Spiritual Warfaring* Men)
Judge rightly if *Regeneration*
Be of the *newest Cut* in Fashion.
Sure 'tis an Orthodox Opinion
That *Grace is founded in Dominion.*
Great *Piety* consists in Pride;
To *rule* is to be *sanctify'd*:
To domineer, and to controul
Both o'er the Body and the Soul,
Is the most perfect *discipline*
Of Church-rule and by *right divine.*
Bel and the *Dragon*'s Chaplains were
More moderate than these by far:
For they (Poor Knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their Wives and Children meat;

But

But theſe will not be fobb'd of ſo,
They muſt have Wealth and Power too,
Or elſe with bloud and deſolation
They'll tear it out o' th' Heart o' th' Nation.
Sure theſe themſelves from Primitive
And Heathen Prieſthood do derive,
When *Butchers* were the only *Clerks*,
Elders and *Presbyters* of *Kirks*,
Whoſe *Directory* was to *kill*;
And ſome believe it is ſo ſtill.
The only diff'rence is, that then
Thy ſlaughter'd only *Beaſts*, now *Men*.
For then to Sacrifice a Bullock,
Or now and then a Child to *Moloch*,
They count a vile Abomination,
But not to ſlaughter a whole *Nation*.
Presbytery does but tranſlate
The Papacy to a *Free State*,
A *Common-wealth of Popery*,
Where ev'ry Village is a *See*
As well as *Rome*, and muſt maintain
A *Tithe-Pig Metropolitan*:

Where ev'ry *Prebyter* and *Deacon*
Commands the *Keys* for Cheese and Bacon;
And ev'ry Hamlets governed
By's *Holiness*, the *Church*'s *head*,
More haughty and severe in's place
Than *Gregory* and *Boniface*.
Such Church must (surely) be a Monster
With many heads: For if we conster
What in th' *Apocalypse* we find,
According to th' Apostles mind,
'Tis that the *Whore of Babylon*
With many heads did ride upon;
Which Heads denote the sinful Tribe
Of *Deacon*, *Priest*, *Lay-Elder*, *Scribe*.

Lay-Elder, *Simeon* to *Levi*,
Whose little Finger is as heavy
As loins of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,
Archbishop-secular. This Zelot
Is of a mungrel, divers kind,
Clerick before, and *Lay* behind;

A Lawleſs *Linſy-woolſy Brother*,
Half of one Order, half another;
A Creature of Amphibious nature,
On Land a Beaſt, a Fiſh in Water;
That always preys on Grace, or Sin;
A Sheep without, a Wolf within.
This fierce Inquiſitor has chief
Dominion over Mens Belief.
And Manners; can pronounce a *Saint*
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When ſuperciliouſly he ſifts
Through courſeſt Boulter others *gifts*.
For all Men live and judge amiſs
Whoſe *Talents* jump not juſt with his.
He'll lay on *Gifts* with hands, and place
On dulleſt noddle *light* and *grace*,
The manufacture of the *Kirk*,
Whoſe Paſtors are but th' Handy work
Of his Mechanick Paws, inſtilling
Divinity in them by feeling.
From whence they ſtart up *choſen Veſſels*,
Made by Contact, as Men get *Meazles*.

So *Cardinals*, they ſay, do grope
At th' other end the new made *Pope*.

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras*, *Soft fire*,
They ſay, *does make ſweet Malt*. Good *Squire*,
Feſtina lente, not too faſt;
For *haſt* (the Proverb ſays) *makes waſte*.
The Quirks and Cavils thou doſt make
Are falſe, and built upon miſtake.
And I ſhall bring you, with your pack
Of *Fallacies*, t' *Elenchi* back;
And put your Arguments in mood
And Figure, to be underſtood.
I'll force you by right ratiocination
To leave your *Vitilitigation*,
And make you keep to th' queſtion cloſe,
And argue *Dialecticos*.

The Queſtion then, to ſtate it firſt,
Is which is *better*, or which *worſt*,
Synods or *Bears*. *Bears* I avow
To be the worſt, and *Synods* thou.

But

But to make good th' Aſſertion,
Thou ſay'ſt th' are really *all one.*
If ſo, not *worſt*; for if th' are *idem,*
Why then *Tantundem dat tantidem.*
For if they are the *ſame,* by courſe
Neither is *better,* neither *worſe.*
But I deny they are the *ſame,*
More than a *Maggot* and *I* am.
That both are *Animalia,*
I granted, but not *Rationalia*:
For though they do agree in kind,
Specifick difference we find,
And can no more make *Bears* of theſe,
Than prove *my Horſe is Socrates.*

That *Synods* are *Bear-Gardens* too,
Thou do affirm; but I ſay no:
And thus I prove it, in a word,
Whats'ever *Aſſembly*'s not impowr'd
To *cenſure, curſe, abſolve,* and *ordain,*
Can be no *Synod:* But *Bear-garden*

Has no ſuch pow'r, *Ergo* 'tis none,
And ſo thy Sophiſtry's o'erthrown.

But yet we are beſide the Queſtion
Which thou didſt raiſe the firſt conteſt on;
For that was, Whether *Bears* are *better*
Than *Synod-men?* I ſay *Negatur.*
That *Bears* and *Beaſts*, and *Synods-men*,
Is held by all: They'r *better* then.
For *Bears* and *Dogs* on *four* Legs go,
As *Beaſts*, but *Synod-men* on *Two.*
'Tis true, they all have *Teeth* and *Nails*;
But prove that *Synod-men* have *tails*;
Or that rugged, ſhaggy *fur*
Grows o'er the Hide of *Presbyter*;
Or that his *ſnout* and *ſpacious Ears*
Do hold proportion with a *Bear's.*
A *Bear's* a ſavage Beaſt, of all
Moſt ugly and unnatural,
Whelpt without form, until the Dam
Have lickt him into ſhape and frame;

But all thy *light* can ne'er evict
That ever *Synod-man* was *lickt*;
Or brought to any other Faſhion
Than his own Will and Inclination.

But thou doſt further yet in this
Oppugn thy ſelf and ſenſe, that is,
Thou would have *Presbyter* to go
For *Bears* and *Dogs* and *Bearwards* too.
A ſtrange *Chimera* of Beaſts and Men,
Made up of pieces Heterogene,
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem Subjecto yet.

Thy other Arguments are all
Suppoſures, Hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuſe
Either to grant them, or refuſe.
Much thou haſt ſaid; which I know when,
And where, thou ſtol'ſt from other Men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy *light* and *gifts*
Are all but plagiary ſhifts;)

And is the ſame that *Ranter* ſed,
And arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my Beard:
The ſelf-ſame Cavils then I heard,
When b'ing in hot diſpute about
This Controverſie, we fell out;
And what thou know'ſt I anſwer'd then,
Will ſerve to anſwer thee agen.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Nothing but th' abuſe
Of *Humane Learning* you produce;
Learniug that Cobweb of the Brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade of Knowledge as repleat
As others are with fraud and cheat;
An Art t' incumber *Gifts* and Wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes *light* unactive, dull and troubled,
Like little *David* in *Saul*'s Doublet:
A cheat that Scholars put upon
Other Mens reaſon and their own;
A Fort of Error, to enſconce
Abſurdity and Ignorance;

That

That renders all the avenues
To Truth impervious and obſtruſe,
By making plain things, in debate,
By Art, perplext and intricate:
For nothing goes for Senſe or *Light*
That will not with old rules jump right.
As if Rules were not in Schools
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.

This *Pagan, Heatheniſh* invention
Is good for nothing but Contention.
For as in a Sword-and-Buckler Fight,
All blows do on the Target light:
So when Men argue, the great'ſt part
O' th' Conteſt falls on terms of Art,
Until the Fuſtian ſtuff be ſpent,
And then they fall to th' Argument.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend *Ralph*, thou haſt
Out-run the Conſtable at laſt;
For thou art fallen on a new
Diſpute, as ſenſeleſs as untrue,

But

But to the former oppoſite,
And *contrary as black to white* ;
Mere *Diſparata*, that concerning
Presbytery, this *Human Learning* ;
To things t' averſe, they never yet
But in thy rambling fancy met.
But I ſhall take a fit occaſion
T' evince thee by Ratiocination,
Some other time, in place more proper
Than this w' are in : therefore let's ſtop here,
And reſt our weary'd bones awhile,
Already tir'd with other toil.

Anno-

Annotations
TO THE
FIRST PART.

That could as well bind o'er as ſwaddle.

BInd over to the Seſſions, as being a Juſtice of the Peace in his Country, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot, in the Parliament's Army, and a Committee-Man.

As Mountaigne *playing with his Cat.*

Mountaigne in his Eſſays ſuppoſes his Cat thought him a Fool, for loſing his time, in playing with her.

Profoundly skill'd in Analytique.

Analytique is a part of *Logick* that teaches to decline and conſtrue *Reaſon*, as *Grammar* does *Words*.

A Babylonish Dialect.

A Confuſion of Languages, ſuch, as ſome of our Modern *Virtuoſi* us'd to expreſs themſelves in.

That had the Orator who once.

Demoſthenes, who is ſaid to have a defect in his Pronunciation, which he cur'd by uſing to ſpeak with little Stones in his Mouth.

He

He could reduce all things to Acts.

The old Philoſophers thought to extract Notions out of Natural things, as Chymiſts do Spirits and Eſſences, and when they had refin'd them into the Niceſt Subtilties, gave them as inſignificant Names, as thoſe Operators do their Extractions: But (as *Seneca* ſays) the ſubtiller things are render'd, they are but the nearer to Nothing. So are all their Definitions of things by Acts, the nearer to Nonſenſe.

Where Truth in Perſon does appear.

Some Authors have miſtaken Truth for a Real thing, when it is nothing but a right method of putting thoſe Notions or Images of things (in the underſtanding of Man) into the ſame State and Order, that their Originals hold in Nature, and therefore *Ariſtotle* ſays, *unumquodque ſicut ſe habet ſecundum eſſe, ita ſe habet ſecundum veritatem.* Met. L. 2.

Like Words congeal'd in Northern Air.

Some report that in *Nova Zembla*, and *Greenland*, Mens Words are wont to be Frozen in the Air, and at the Thaw may be heard.

He knew the Seat of Paradiſe.

There is nothing more ridiculous than the various Opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradiſe: Sir *Walter Raleigh* has taken a great deal of pains to Collect them, in the beginning of his *Hiſtory of the World*; where thoſe who are unſatisfied, may be fully inform'd.

By

*By a High-*Dutch *Interpreter.*

Goropius Becanus endeavours to prove that High-*Dutch* was the Language that *Adam* and *Eve* ſpoke in *Paradiſe.*

If either of them had a Navel.

Adam and *Eve* being made and not conceiv'd and form'd in the Womb, had no Navels, as ſome Learned Men have ſuppos'd, becauſe they had no need of them.

Who firſt made Muſick Malleable.

Muſick is ſaid to be invented by *Pythagoras*, who firſt found out the Proportion of Notes, from the ſounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.

Like Mahomet's *were Aſs and Widgeon.*

Mahomet had a tame Dove that uſed to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be thought to whiſper and inſpire him. His Aſs was ſo intimate with him the *Mahometans* believe it carry'd him to Heaven, and ſtays there with him to bring him back again.

It was Canonique, and did grow
In Holy Orders by ſtrict Vow.

He made a Vow never to cut his *Beard*, until the Parliament had ſubdued the King, of which Order of Phanatique Votaries, there were many in thoſe times.

So Learned Taliacotius, *&c.*

Taliacotius was an *Italian* Chirurgeon that found out a way to repair loſt and decay'd Noſes.

But

But left the Trade, as many more
Have lately done, &c.

Oliver Cromwel and Colonel *Pride* had been both Brewers.

That Cæſar's *Horſe, who, as Fame goes,*
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes.

Julius Cæſar had a Horſe with Feet like a Man's. *Utebatur equo in ſigni, pedibus prope humanis, & in modum digitorum unguibus fiſſis.* Suet. *in* Jul. Cap. 61.

The mighty Tyrian *Queen that gain'd*
With ſubtil ſhreds, a Tract of Land.

Dido Queen of *Carthage*, who bought as much Land as ſhe could Compaſs with an Oxe's Hide, which ſhe cut into ſmall Thongs, and cheated the Owner of ſo much Ground, as ſerv'd her to build *Carthage* upon.

As the bold Trojan *Knight, ſeen Hell.*

Æneas whom *Virgil* reports to uſe a Golden Bough, for a Paſs to Hell, and Taylors calls that place Hell, where they put all they ſteal.

In Magick, Taliſman, *and Cabal.*

Taliſman is a device to deſtroy any ſort of Vermin, by caſting their Images in Metal, in a preciſe Minute, when the Stars are perfectly inclin'd to do them all the miſchief they can, This has been Experimented by ſome Modern *Virtuoſi*, upon Rats, Mice, and Fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the Effect with admirable ſucceſs.

Raymund

Raymund Lully interprets *Cabal* out of the *Aribick* to ſignify *Scientia ſuperabundans*, which his Commentator, *Cornelius Agrippa*, by over magnifying, has rendered a very ſuperfluous Foppery.

As far as Adam's *firſt Green-Breeches.*

The Author of *Magia Adamica* indeavours to prove the Learning of the Ancient *Magi*, to be deriv'd from that knowledge which God himſelf taught *Adam* in *Paradiſe*, before the Fall.

And much of Terra Incognita,
The Intelligible World could ſay.

The Intelligible World is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Pſittacorum Regio*, diſcover'd only by the Philoſophers, of which they talk, like Parrots, what they do not underſtand.

As Learn'd as the Wild-Iriſh are.

No Nation in the World is more addicted to this occult Philoſophy, than the Wild-Iriſh, as appears by the whole practice of their Lives, of which ſee *Camden* in his Deſcription of *Ireland*.

In Roſy-Crucian *Lore as learned,*
As he that vere Adeptus *earned.*

The Fraternity of the *Roſy-Crucian* is very like the Sect of the Ancient *Gnoſtici*, who call'd themſelves ſo, from the excellent Learning they pretended to, although they were really the moſt ridiculous Sots of all Mankind.

Vere Adeptus, is one that has commenc'd in their Phanatique Extravagance. *Thou*

Thou, that with Ale, or viler Liquors,
Didſt inſpire Withers, Pryn, *and* Vickars.

This *Vickars* was a Man of as great Intereſt and Authority in the late *Reformation*, as *Pryn*, or *Withers*, and as able a Poet; He tranſlated *Virgil*'s *Æneids* into as horrible *Traveſty* in earneſt, as the French *Scaroon* did in *Burleſque*, and was only out-done in his Way by the Politique Author of *Oceana*.

We that are wiſely mounted higher.

This Speech is ſet down as it was deliver'd by the Knight in his own words: But ſince it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry, to admit of Humour, but all Men are oblig'd to ſpeak wiſely alike; And too much of ſo Extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent: The reſt of his Harangues have only his Senſe expreſt, in other Words, unleſs in ſome few places, where his own Words could not be ſo well avoided.

In Bloudy Cynarctomachy.

Cynarctomachy ſignifies nothing in the World, but a Fight between *Dogs* and *Bears*, though both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in ſuch Words every great Knowledge is contained: And our Knight, as one, or both, of thoſe, was of the ſame Opinion.

Of Force, we averruncate it.

Another of the ſame kind, which though it appear ever ſo Learned, and Profound, means nothing elſe but the Weeding of Corn.

The

The Indians *fought for the Truth Of th' Elephant and Monkey's Tooth.*

The Hiſtory of the White Elephant and the Monkey's Tooth, which the *Indians* ador'd, is written by Monſieur *le Blanc*. This Monkey's Tooth was taken by the *Portugueſe* from thoſe that Worſhip'd it, and though they offer'd a vaſt Ranſom for it, yet the Chriſtians were perſwaded by their Prieſts, rather to burn it. But as ſoon as the Fire was kindled, all the People preſent were not able to indure the horrible ſtink that came from it, as if the Fire had been made of the ſame Ingredients, with which Sea-Men uſe to compoſe that kind of Granado's, which they call *Stinkards*.

The Rage in them like Boute-feus.

Boute-feus, is a French Word, and therefore it were uncivil to ſuppoſe any Engliſh Perſon (eſpecially of Quality) ignorant of it, or ſo ill-bred as to need an Expoſition.

As Indian Brittains *are from* Penguins.

The *American Indians* call a great Bird they have, with a White Head, a *Penguin*; which ſignifies the ſame thing in the *Britiſh* Tongue: From whence (with other Words of the ſame kind) ſome Authors have indeavour'd to prove, That the *Americans* are Originally deriv'd from the *Brittains*.

And though his Country-Men the Huns.

This Cuſtom of the *Huns* is deſcrib'd by *Ammianus Marcellinus. Hunii Semicruda cujuſvis Pecoris carne veſcuntur, quam inter femora ſua & equorum terga ſubſertam, fotu calefaciunt brevi.* Pap. 686.

---He ſpous'd in India,
Of Noble Houſe a Lady gay.

The ſtory in *Le Blanc*, of a *Bear* that Married a King's Daughter, is no more ſtrange than many others in moſt Travellers, that paſs with allowance, for if they ſhould write nothing but what is poſſible, or probable, they might appear to have loſt their labour and obſerved nothing, but what they might have done as well at home.

They would not ſuffer the ſtout'ſt Dame
To ſwear by Hercules's *Name.*

The Old *Romans* had particular Oaths for Men and Women to ſwear by, and therefore *Macrobius* ſays, *Viri per Caſtorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Herculem, Ædepol autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus, quam viris commune*, &c.

As ſtout Armida, *bold* Thaleſtris.

Two formidable Women at Arms in Romances, that were cudgel'd into Love by their Gallants.

Wore

Wore in their Hats like Wedding Garters.

Some few days after the King had accus'd the Five Members of Treaſon in the Houſe of Commons; great Crouds of the Rabble came down to *Weſtminſter-Hall*, with Printed Copies of the Proteſtatiou, ty'd in their Hats like Favours.

Make that Sarcaſmous Scandal true!

Abuſive or inſulting had been better, but our *Knight* believ'd the Learned Languages more convenient to underſtand in, than his own Mother-Tongue.

And is indeed the ſelf-ſame Caſe,
With theirs that ſwore t' Et cæteras.

The Convocation in one of the ſhort Parliaments that uſher'd in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont to do Knight Errants) made an Oath to be taken by the Clergy, for obſerving of Canonical Obedience; in which they injoin'd their Brethren, out of the abundance of their Conſciences, to Swear to Articles with, *&c.*

On the French League, *in which Men vow'd,*
To fight to the laſt drop of Blood.

The Holy *League* in *France*, deſign'd and made for the Extirpation of the *Proteſtant Religion*, was the *Original*, out of which the *Solemn League* and *Covenant* here, was (with difference only of Circumſtances) moſt faithfully tranſcrib'd. Nor did the ſucceſs of both differ more than the Intent and Purpoſe; for after the deſtruction of

vaſt numbers of People of all ſorts, both ended with the Murder of two Kings, whom they had both Sworn to defend: And as our Covenanters Swore every Man, to run one before another in the way of Reformation. So did the *French* in the Holy *League*, to fight to the laſt dropt of Bloud.

Firſt Trulla *ſtav'd, and* Cerdon *tail'd.*

Staving and Tayling are terms of Art us'd in the *Bear-Garden*, and ſignifie there only the parting of *Dogs* and *Bears*: Though they are us'd Metaphorically in ſeveral other Profeſſions, for moderating, as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, *&c.*

Or like the late corrected Leathern
Ears of the Circumciſed Brethren.

Pryn, *Baſtwyck*, and *Burton*, who laid down their Ears as Proxies for three Profeſſion of the Godly Party, who not long after maintain'd their Right and Title to the Pillory, to be as good and lawful, as theirs, who firſt of all took poſſeſſion of it in their Names.

By him that Baited the Pope's Bull.

A Learned Divine in King *James*'s time wrote a Polemick Work againſt the Pope, and gave it That unlucky Nick-Name, of *The Pope's Bull Baited.*

Canonical Crabat of Smec.

Smectymnus was a Club of Parliamentary Holders-forth, The Characters of whoſe Names and Talents were by themſelves expreſt, in that ſenſeleſs and inſignificant word;

word; They wore Handkerchers about their Necks for a Note of Diſtinction, (as the Officers of the Parliament Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into Carnal Crabats.

And leave your Vitilitigation.

Vitilitigation is a Word the *Knight* was Paſſionately in Love with, and never fail'd to uſe it upon all poſſible Occaſions, and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argu'd too great a Neglect of his Learning, and Parts, though it means no more than a perverſe Humour of Wrangling.

FINIS.

HUDIBRAS.

The Second PART.

By the Author of the FIRST.

Corrected and Amended,

With ſeveral

Additions and Annotations.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Chiſwel*, *G. Sawbridge*, *R. Wellington*, and *G. Wells*, 1700.

The Second PART of HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST *CANTO.*

The Knight b'ing clapp'd by th' heels in Priſon,
The laſt unhappy Expedition,
Love *brings his action on the Caſe:*
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Ladies viſit,
And cunningly ſollicits his ſute,
Which ſhe defers; yet on Parol,
Redeems him from th' inchanted Hole.

CANTO. I.

BUT now, t' obſerve *Romantick* method,
Let truſty Steel a while be ſheathed;
And all thoſe harſh and rugged ſounds
Of Baſtinado's, Cuts, and Wounds,

Exchang'd

Exchang'd to Love's more gentle ſtyle,
To let our Reader breath a while:
In which that we may be as brief as
Is poſſible, by way of *Preface*,
Is't not enough to make one ſtrange,
That ſome Mens fancies ſhou'd ne'er change,
But make all People do and ſay
The ſame thing's ſtill the ſelf-ſame way?
Some Writers make all *Ladies* purloin'd,
And *Knights* purſuing like a whirl-wind:
Others make all their *Knights* in fits
Of Jealouſie to loſe their wits;
Till drawing blood o' th' Dames, like Witches,
Th' are forthwith cur'd of their Capriches.
Some always thrive in their *Amours*,
By pulling Plaiſters off their Sores;
As Cripples do to get an Alms,
Juſt ſo do they, and win their Dames.
Some force whole Regions in deſpight
O' *Geography* to change their ſite:
Make former times ſhake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after.

But

But thoſe that write in *Rhime*, ſtill make
The one *Verſe* for the other's ſake;
For, one for *Senſe*, and one for *Rhime*,
I think's ſufficient at one time.

But we forget in what ſad plight
We lately left the Captiv'd *Knight*
And penſive *Squire*, both bruis'd in Body,
And conjur'd into ſafe Cuſtody:
Tyr'd with Diſpute, and ſpeaking *Latin*
As well as baſting, and *Bear-baiting*,
And deſperate of any courſe,
To free himſelf by wit or force;
His only Solace was, that now
His dog-bolt Fortune was ſo low,
That either it muſt quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend:
In which he found th' event, no leſs
Than other times, beſides his gueſs,
There is a tall long-ſided Dame,
(But wondrous-light) ycleped *Fame*,

That

That like a thin *Camelion* boards
Her ſelf on Air, and eats her words:
Upon her Shoulders wings ſhe wears,
Like hanging-ſlieves, lin'd through with Ears,
And Eyes, and Tongues, as Poets liſt,
Made good by deep *Mythologiſt*.
With theſe ſhe through the Welkin flies,
And ſometimes carries *Truth*, oft *Lyes*;
With Letters hung like *Eaſtern* Pigeons,
And *Mercuries* of fartheſt Regions;
Diurnals writ for Regulation
Of Lying, to inform the Nation;
And by their Publick uſe to bring down
The rate of *Whetſtones* in the Kingdom:
About her Neck a Packet-*Male*,
Fraught with Advice, ſome freſh, ſome ſtale,
Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,
And *Cows* of *Monſters* brought to Bed;
Of *Hailſtones* big as *Pullets* Eggs,
And Puppies Whelp'd with twice two Legs;
A *Blazing-Star* ſeen in the *Weſt*,
By ſix or ſeven Men at leaſt:

Two

Two Trumpets ſhe does ſound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones,
But whether both with the ſame Wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one ſounds vilely, th' other well;
And therefore vulgar *Authors* name
Th' one Good, the other Evil *Fame*.
This tattling *Goſſip* knew too well
What miſchief *Hudibras* befel.
And ſtreight the ſpightful tidings bears
Of all to th' unkind Widow's Ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd ſo loud,
To ſee *Bawds* carted through the crowd,
Or Funerals with ſtately Pomp,
March ſlowly on in ſolemn dump,
As ſhe laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as ſides, was like to crack.
She vow'd ſhe wou'd go ſee the fight,
And viſit the diſtreſſed *Knight*.
To do the Office of a Neighbour,
And be a *Goſſip* at his Labour:

And

And from his wooden Gaol, the Stocks,
To ſet at large his Fetter-Locks,
And by Exchange, Parole, or Ranſome,
To free him from th' enchanted Manſion,
This b'ing reſolv'd, ſhe call'd for Hood
And Uſher, Implements abroad
Which *Ladies* wear, beſide a ſlender
Young waiting *Dam'ſel* to attend her.
All which appearing, on ſhe went,
To find the *Knight* in *Limbo* pent:
And 'twas not long before ſhe found
Him, and his ſtout *Squire* in the Pound;
Both coulped in enchanted Tether
By farther Leg behind together:
For as he ſat upon his Rump,
His Head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his Knees, his Hands apply'd
Unto his Ears on either ſide;
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted *Ralpho*, Cheek by Joul;
She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's Circle on the ſudden,

As

As *Spirits* do t' a Conjurer,
When in their dreadful ſhapes th' appear.
No ſooner did the *Knight* perceive her,
But ſtreight he fell into a Fever,
Inflam'd all over with diſgrace,
To be ſeen by her in ſuch a place;
Which made him hang the Head, and ſcoul,
And wink, and goggle like an Owl.
He felt his brains begin to ſwim,
When thus the Dame accoſted him;
This place (quoth ſhe) they ſay's enchanted,
And with *Delinquent Spirits* haunted,
That here are ty'd in Chains, and ſcourg'd,
Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear
Like Perſons I have ſeen ſomewhere:
Some have miſtaken Blocks and Poſts,
For *Spectres*, *Apparitions*, *Ghoſts*,
With Sawcer-Eyes, and Horns, and ſome
Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:
But if our Eyes are not falſe Glaſſes,
That give a wrong account of Faces,

That

That *Beard* and I ſhould be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted;
For though it be disfigur'd ſomewhat,
As if t' had lately been in Combat,
It did belong t' a worthy *Knight*,
Howe'er this *Goblin* is come by't.

When *Hudibras* the *Lady* heard
To take kind Notice of his *Beard*,
And ſpeak with ſuch reſpect and honour,
Both of the *Beard*, and the *Beard's* Owner,
He thought it beſt to ſet as good
A Face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he ſpoke: *Lady*, Your bright
And radiant Eyes are in the right;
The *Beard*'s th' Identick *Beard* you knew,
The ſame numerically true;
Nor is it worn by Fiend or Elf,
But its Proprietor himſelf.

Oh Heavens! quoth ſhe, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;

Not

Not by your individual Whiskers,
But by your Dialect and Diſcourſe;
That never ſpoke to Man or Beaſt
In notions vulgarly expreſt.
But what malignant Star, alas!
Has brought you both to this ſad paſs?

Quoth he, The fortune of the War,
Which I am leſs afflicted for,
Than to be ſeen with *Beard* and *Face*
By you in ſuch a homely caſe.

Quoth ſhe, thoſe need not be aſham'd,
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in Battle Conquer'd,
Have any Title to his own *Beard*,
Though yours be ſorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your viſage more adorn,
Than if 'twere prun'd, and ſtarcht, and lander'd,
And cut ſquare by the *Ruſſian* Standard.
A torn *Beard*'s like a tatter'd Enſign,
That's braveſt which there are moſt rents in.

That Petticoat about your Shoulders
Does not ſo well become a Soldier's,
And I'm afraid they are worſe handled,
Although i' th' rear, your *Beard* the van led;
And thoſe uneaſie bruiſes make
My Heart for Company to ake,
To ſee ſo Worſhipful a Friend
I' th' Pill'ry ſet at the wrong end.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This thing call'd *Pain*,
Is (as the learned *Stoicks* maintain)
Not bad *ſimpliciter*, nor good,
But meerly as 'tis underſtood.
Senſe is deceitful, and may feign,
As well in Counterfeiting Pain
As other groſs *Phænomena*'s,
In which it oft miſtakes the Caſe;
But ſince th' immortal Intellect
(That's free from Errour and Defact,
Whoſe objects ſtill perſiſt the ſame)
Is free from outward bruiſe or maim,

Which

Which nought external can expoſe
To groſs material bang or blows,
It follows we can ne'er be ſure,
Whether we pain or not endure;
And Juſt ſo far are ſore and griev'd,
As by the Fancy is believ'd:
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of meer Opinion ſtreight;
Others, though wounded ſore in reaſon,
Felt no contuſion, nor Diſcretion;
A *Saxon* Duke did grow ſo fat,
That *Mice* (as Hiſtories relate)
Eat Grots and Labyrinths to dwell in
His Poſtick parts without his feeling;
Then how is't poſſible a kick
Shou'd e'er reach that way to the quick?

Quoth ſhe, I grant it is in vain
For one that's baſted to feel pain,
Becauſe the *Pangs* his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the Cure;

Yet *Honour* hurt, is wont to rage
With *Pain* no med'cine can aſſwage.

Quoth he, 'That *Honour*'s very ſqueemiſh
That takes a baſting for a blemiſh:
For what's more hon'urable than *ſcars*,
Or skin to tatters rent in *Wars*?
Some have been beaten till they know
What Wood a *Cudgel*'s of by th' blow;
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A Shoe be *Spaniſh*, or *Neat*'s-Leather;
And yet have met, after long running, (ning.
With ſome whom they have taught that cun-
The fartheſt way about, t' o'ercome,
In th' end does prove the neareſt home;
By *Laws* of learned *Duelliſts*
They that are bruis'd with *Wood*, or *Eiſts*,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are *Cowards*, and *Paltroons*:
But if they dare engage t' a ſecond,
They 're *ſtout* and *gallant* Fellows reckon'd,

Th'

Th' old *Romans* freedom did beſtow,
Our *Princes* Worſhip, with a blow;
King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his ſplenatick
And teſty Courtiers with a kick.
The *Negus*, when ſome mighty *Lord*
Or *Potentate*'s to be reſtor'd,
And Pardon'd for ſome great offence
With which he's willing to diſpence;
Firſt has him laid upon his *Belly*,
Then beaten *back*, and *ſide*, t' a *Jelly*;
That done, he riſes, humbly bows;
And gives thanks for the gracious blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boaſting
Of his magnificent *Rib-roaſting*.
The beaten *Soldier* proves moſt manful,
That, like his *Sword*, endures the *Anvile*,
And juſtly's held more formidable,
The more his Valour's malleable;
But he that fears a *Baſtinado*,
Will run away from his own ſhadow:
And though I'm now in *durance* faſt,
By our own *Party* baſely caſt,

Ranſome, *Exchange*, *Parole*, refus'd,
And worſe than by the *Enemy* us'd;
In cloſe *Cataſta* ſhut, paſt hope
Of *Wit*, or *Valour*, to elope:
As *Beards*, the nearer that they tend
To th' *Earth*, ſtill grow more reverend:
And *Cannons* ſhoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their *Breeches*:
I'll make this low dejected *Fate*
Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth ſhe, Y' have almoſt made m' in Love
With that which did my pity move,
Great *Wits* and *Valours*, like great *States*,
Do ſometimes ſink with their own weights:
Th' extreams of *Glory*, and of *Shame*,
Like *Eaſt* and *Weſt*, become the ſame:
No *Indian-Prince* has to his *Palace*
More follow'rs than a Thief to th' *Gallows*.
But if a *Beating* ſeem ſo brave,
What *Glories* muſt a *Whipping* have?

Such

Such great *Atchievements* cannot fail
To caſt Salt on a *Woman*'s Tail;
For if I thought your *nat'ral Talent*
Of *Paſſive Courage* were ſo gallant
As you ſtrain hard to have it thought,
I cou'd grow *Amorous*, and *dote*.

When *Hudibras* this language heard,
He prick'd up's Ears, and ſtroak'd his *Beard*:
Thought he, this is the *Lucky hour*,
Wines Work when *Vines* are in the flowre;
This *Criſis* then I'll ſet my reſt on,
And put her boldly to the *Queſtion*.

Madam, what you wou'd ſeem to doubt,
Shall be to all the World made out,
How I've been *Drubb'd*, and with what *Spirit*,
And *Magnanimity* I bear it,
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll ſtake my ſelf down againſt you:
And if I fail in *Love* or *Troth*,
Be you the *Winner*, and take both.

Quoth She, I've heard old cunning *Stagers*
Say, Fools for *Argument* uſe wagers;
And though I prais'd your *Valour*, yet
I did not mean to balk your *Wit*,
Which if you have, you muſt needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd
I cannot *Love* where I'm *belov'd*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis a *Caprich*
Beyond th' inflict̃ion of a *Witch*;
So Cheats to play with thoſe ſtill aim
That do not underſtand the Game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
As Fire in antique *Roman* Urns,
To warm the *Dead*, and vainly light
Thoſe only that ſee nothing by't.
Have you not Pow'r to *entertain*,
And render *Love* for *Love* again?
As *no man* can draw in his *breath*
At once, and force out *Air* beneath?

Or

Or do you love your ſelf ſo much,
To bear all *Rivals* elſe a Grutch?
What *Fate* can lie a greater Curſe
Than you upon your ſelf wou'd force?
For *Wedlock* without *Love*, ſome ſay,
Is but a *Lock* without a *Key*.
It is a kind of *Rape* to *marry*
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what does make it *Raviſhment*,
But b'ing againſt the *Mind's Conſent*?
A *Rape* that is the more inhumane
For being acted by a *Woman*.
Why are you *fair*, but to entice us
To *love* you, that you may deſpiſe us?
But though you cannot *love*, you ſay,
Out of your own *Fanatick* way,
Why ſhou'd you not, at leaſt, allow
Thoſe that *love* you to do ſo too?
For, as you fly me, and purſue
Love more averſe, ſo I do you;
And am by your own *Doctrine* taught
To practice what you call a *fault*.

Quoth

Quoth ſhe, If what you ſay be true,
You muſt fly me, as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but ſay,
In *Love* and *Preaching*, that muſt ſway.

Quoth he, To bid me not to *love*,
Is to forbid my *Pulſe* to move,
My *Beard* to grow, my *Ears* to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup:
Command me to piſs out the Moon,
And 'twill as eaſily be done.
Love's power's too great to be withſtood
By feeble humane *fleſh* and *Blood*.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The *Hect'ring* Kill-Cow *Hercules*;
Reduc'd his *Leager-lion*'s skin
T' a *Petticoat*, and made him ſpin;
Siez'd on his *Club*, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble *Diſtaff*, and a *Spindle*:
'Twas he made *Emperors* Gallants
To their own *Siſters*, and their *Aunts*;

Set

Set *Popes* and *Cardinals* agog,
To play with *Pages* at Leap-frog:
'Twas he that gave our *Senate* purges,
And fluxt the *Houſe* of many a *Burgeſs*;
Made thoſe that repreſent the *Nation*
Submit, and ſuffer *Amputation*,
And all the *Grandees* of th' *Cabal*
Adjourn to *Tubs*, at *Spring* and *Fall*.
He mounted *Synod-men* and rode 'em
To *Durty-lane*, and *little Sodom*;
Made 'em corvet, like *Spaniſh* Jenets,
And take the Ring at Madam----
'Twas he that made *Saint Francis* do
More than the Dev'l cou'd tempt him to;
In cold and froſty weather grow
Enamour'd of a Wife of *Snow*,
And though ſhe were of *rigid* temper,
With melting *flames* accoſt and tempt her;
Which after in *enjoyment* quenching,
He hung a *Garland* on his *Engine*.

Quoth

Quoth ſhe, if *Love* have theſe effects,
Why is it not forbid our *Sex*?
Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted
For *Diabolical* and wicked?
And ſong, as out of tune, againſt,
As *Turk* and *Pope* are by the Saints?
I find I've greater reaſon for it,
Than I believ'd before t' abhor it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Theſe ſad effects
Spring from your *Heatheniſh* neglects
Of *Love*'s great Pow'r, which he returns
Upon your ſelves with equal ſcorns;
And thoſe, who worthy *Lovers* ſlight,
Plague's with prepoſt'rous Appetite:
This made the Beauteous *Queen* of *Crete*
To take a *Town-Bull* for her *Sweet*;
And from her greatneſs ſtoop ſo low,
To be the Rival of a Cow:
Others to proſtitute their great *Hearts*,
To be *Baboons* and *Monkeys* Sweet-hearts.

Some

Some with the Dev'l himſelf in League grow,
By's Repreſentative a *Negro*:
'Twas this made *Veſtal*-Maids love-ſick,
And venture to be bury'd *Quick*.
Some by their *Fathers*, and their *Brothers*,
To be made *Miſtreſſes* and *Mothers*:
'Tis this that Proudeſt *Dames* enamours
On Lacquies, and *Varlets des Chambers*,
Their haughty *Stomachs* overcomes,
And makes 'em ſtoop to dirty *Grooms*,
To ſlight the *World*, and to diſparage
Claps, *Iſſue*, *Infamy*, and *Marriage*.

Quoth ſhe, Theſe Judgments are ſevere,
Yet ſuch as I ſhould rather bear,
Than truſt Men with their *Oaths*, or prove
Their *faith* and *ſecreſie* in *love*:

Says he, There is as weighty reaſon
For Secreſie in *Love* as *Treaſon*.
Love is a *Burglarer*, a *Felon*,
That at the *Window-eye* does ſteal in

To

To rob the *Hearts*, and with his prey
Steals out again a closer way,
Which whosoever can discover,
He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
Love is a Fire that burns and sparkles
In *Men* as nat'rally as in *Char-coals*,
Which sooty *Chymists* stop in holes,
When out of Wood they extract Coals;
So *Lovers* shou'd their *Passions* choak,
That though they burn, they may not smoak,
'Tis like that sturdy *Thief* that stole
And drag'd *Beasts* backwards into's-hole:
So *Love* does *Lovers*, and us Men
Draws by the Tails into his Den;
That no *impression* may discover,
And trace t' his *Cave* the weary *Lover*.
But if you doubt I shou'd reveal
What you entrust me under Seal,
I'll prove my self as close and vertuous
As your own *Secretary*, *Albertus*.

Quoth

Quoth ſhe, I grant you may be cloſe
In hiding what your aims propoſe:
Love-Paſſions are like *Parables*,
By which Men ſtill mean ſomething elſe:
Though *Love* be all the World's pretence,
Money's the *Mythologick* fence,
The real ſubſtance of the ſhadow
Which all Addreſs and Courtſhip's made to.

Thought he, I underſtand your *Play*,
And how to quit you your own way;
He that will win his *Dame* muſt do
As *Love* does, when he bends his *Bow*,
With one hand thruſt the *Lady* from,
And with the other pull *her* home.
I grant, quoth he, *Wealth* is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat;
It is all *Philters*, and high Diet,
That makes *Loves* Rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis *Beauty* always in the Flowre,
That buds and bloſſoms at fourſcore:

'Tis

'Tis that by which the *Sun* and *Moon*
At their own Weapons are outdone:
That makes *Knight-Errant* fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in *Romances*:
'Tis *Virtue*, *Wit*, and *Worth*, and all
That Men *Divine* and *Sacred* call;
For what is *Worth* in any thing,
But ſo much *Money* as 'twill bring?
Or what but *Riches* is there known,
Which Man can ſolely call his own;
In which no Creature goes his half,
Unleſs it be to *ſquint* and *laugh*?
I do confeſs, with *Goods* and *Land*
I'd have a Wife at ſecond hand;
And ſuch you are: Nor is't your Perſon
My ſtomach's ſet ſo *ſharp* and *fierce* on,
But 'tis (your better part) your *Riches*,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches;
Let me your *Fortune* but poſſeſs,
And ſettle your Perſon how you pleaſe,
Or make it o'er in *truſt* to th' *Devil*,
You'll find me *reaſonable* and *civil*.

Quoth

Quoth ſhe, I like this plainneſs better
Than falſe *Mock-Paſſion*, *Speech*, or *Letter*,
Or any feat of *Qualm*, or *Swooning*,
But *hanging* of your ſelf, or *drowning*;
Your only way with me to *break*
Your mind, is *breaking* of your Neck;
For as when *Merchants* break, o'er thrown
Like *Nine-pins*, they ſtrike others down;
So that wou'd break my *heart*, which done,
My tempting *Fortune* is your own.
Theſe are but trifles ev'ry *Lover*
Will damn himſelf over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a leſs worthy *Miſtreſs* ſake:
Yet th'are the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd *realities* of *Love*;
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The *Devil*'s in him if he feigns.

Quoth *Hudibras*, This way's too rough
For mere *experiment*, and *proof*;

It is no jesting, trivial matter,
To swing in th' Air, or plunge in Water,
And, like a Water-witch, try *love*
That's to destroy and not to prove:
As if a Man shou'd be dissected,
To find what part is disaffected,
Your better way is to make over
In *trust* your Fortune to your *Lover*;
Trust is a *Tryal*, if it break,
'Tis not so desp'rate as a *Neck*:
Beside, th' *experiment*'s more certain,
Men venture *Necks* to gain a Fortune;
The Soldier does it ev'ry day
(Eight to the Week) for six-pence pay:
Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,
To share with Knaves in Cheating Fools:
And Merchants, vent'ring through the Main,
Slight Pirates, Rocks, and Horns, for gain.
This is the way I'dvise you to,
Trust me, and see what I will do.

Quoth

Quoth ſhe, I ſhou'd be loth to run
My ſelf all th' hazard, and you none,
Which muſt be done, unleſs ſome *deed*
Of yours aforeſaid do precede;
Give but your ſelf one gentle *ſwing*
For tryal, and I'll cut the *ſtring*:
Or give that Rev'rend *Head* a mall,
Or two, or three, againſt a Wall;
To ſhew you are a Man of Metal,
And I'll engage my ſelf to *ſettle*.

Quoth he, my *Head*'s not made of *braſs*,
As Friar *Bacon*'s Noddle was:
Nor (like the *Indian*'s ſcull) ſo tough,
That, *Authors* ſay, 'twas *Muſket-proof*:
As it had need to be to enter
As yet on any new *Adventure*;
You ſee what *bangs* it has endur'd,
That would before new *feats* be cur'd:
But if that's all you ſtand upon,
Here, ſtrike me *luck*, it ſhall be done.

Quoth ſhe, The matter's not ſo far gone
As you ſuppoſe, *Two words t' a Bargain*,
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given down right proof,
And yet 'tis no *Fantaſtick* pique,
I have to *love*, nor coy *diſlike*;
'Tis no implicite, nice *Averſion*
T' your *Converſation*, *Meine*, or *Perſon*,
But a juſt fear leſt you ſhou'd prove
Falſe and perfidious in *Love*;
For if I thought you cou'd be *true*,
I cou'd *love* twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My Faith as *Adamantine*,
As Chains of *Deſtiny*, I'll maintain;
True as *Apollo* ever ſpoke,
Or *Oracle* from heart of Oak;
And if you'll give my *flame* but vent,
Now in cloſe hugger-mugger pent,
And ſhine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other *Pigſneye*,

The

The *Sun* and *Day* ſhall ſooner part,
Than *Love*, or you, ſhake off my heart;
The *Sun* that ſhall no more diſpence
His own, but *your* bright influence;
I'll carve your name on *Barks* of *Trees*,
With *True-loves knots*, and *Flouriſhes*;
That ſhall infuſe Eternal *ſpring*,
And everlaſting flouriſhing:
Drink ev'ry Letter on't in *Stum*,
And make it brisk *Campaign* become;
Where e'er you tread, your foot ſhall ſet
The *Primroſe* and the *Violet*;
All *Spices*, *Perfumes*, and *ſweet Powders*,
Shall borrow from your breath their *Odours*;
Nature her *Charter* ſhall renew,
And take all *lives* of things from you;
The *World* depend upon your *Eye*,
And when you frown upon it, dye.
Only our *Loves* ſhall ſtill ſurvive,
New Worlds and Natures to out-live;
And, like to *Herald's* Moons, remain
All *Creſcents*, without *change* or *wane*.

Hold, hold, quoth ſhe, no more of this,
Sir *Knight*, you take your aim amiſs:
For you will find it a hard *Chapter*
To catch me with *Poetick Rapture*,
In which your *Maſtery* of *Art*
Doth ſhew it ſelf, and not your *Heart*:
Nor will you raiſe in mine *combuſtion*,
By dint of high *Heroick* fuſtion:
She that with *Poetry* is won,
Is but a *Desk* to write upon;
And what Men ſay of her, they mean
No more than that on which they *lean*.
Some with *Arabian Spices* ſtrive
T' embalm her cruelly alive;
Or *ſeaſon* her, as *French* Cooks uſe
Their *Haut-guſts*, *Buollies*, or *Raguſts*;
Uſe her ſo barbarouſly ill,
To grind her Lips upon a *Mill*,
Until the *Facet Doublet* doth
Fit their *Rhimes* rather than her Mouth;

Her

Her Mouth compar'd t' an *Oyſter's*, with
A row of *Pearl* in't ſtead of *Teeth*;
Others make *Poſies* of her *Cheeks*,
Where *red* and *whiteſt* Colours mix;
In which the *Lilly*, and the *Roſe*,
For *Indian* Lake, and Ceruſe goes.
The *Sun* and *Moon* by her bright Eyes
Eclips'd, and darken'd in the *Skies*,
Are but *Black-patches* that ſhe wears,
Cut into *Suns*, and *Moons*, and *Stars*:
By which *Aſtrologers*, as well
As thoſe in *Heav'n* above, can tell
What ſtrange Events they do foreſhow
Unto her Under-World below.
Her Voice the *Muſick* of the *Spheres*,
So loud, it deafens mortal Ears;
As wiſe *Philoſophers* have thought,
And that's the cauſe we hear it not.
This has been done by ſome, who thoſe
The' ador'd in *Rhime* wou'd kick in *Proſe*;
And in thoſe *Ribbons* wou'd have hung,
Of which melodiouſly they ſung:

That have the hard *fate* to write beſt
Of thoſe ſtill that deſerve it leaſt;
It matters not how *falſe*, or *forc'd*,
So the *beſt* things be ſaid o' th' *worſt*;
It goes for nothing when 'tis ſaid,
Only the *Arrow*'s drawn to th' head,
Whether it be *Swan* or *Gooſe*
They level at: So *Shepherds* uſe
To ſet the ſame *mark* on the *hip*
Both of their *ſound* and *rotten Sheep*:
For *Wits* that carry *low* or *wide*,
Muſt be aim'd *higher*, or *beſide*
The *mark*, which elſe they ne'er come *nigh*,
But when they take their aim *awry*.
But I do wonder you ſhou'd chuſe
This way t' attack me with your *Muſe*,
As one cut out to paſs your tricks on,
With *Fulhams* of *Poetick fiction*:
I rather hop'd I ſhou'd no more
Hear from you o'th' *Gallanting* ſcore:
For hard *dry-baſtings* uſe to prove
The readieſt Remedies of *Love*,

Next

Next a *dry-diet*: But if thoſe fail,
Yet this uneaſie Loop-hole *Gaol*
In which y' are *hamper'd* by the *fet-lock*,
Cannot but put y' in mind of *Wedlock*;
Wedlock that's worſe than any hole here,
If that may ſerve you for a *Cooler*;
T' allay your *Metal*, all agog
Upon a *Wife*, the heavi'r clog.
Nor rather thank your gentler *Fate*,
That, for a bruis'd or broken *Pate*,
Has freed you from thoſe *knobs* that grow
Much harder on the Marry'd *Brow*:
But if no dread can cool your Courage,
From vent'ring on that *Dragon*, Marriage;
Yet give me *Quarter*, and advance
To nobler aims your Puiſſance:
Level at *Beauty*, and at *Wit*,
The faireſt *mark* is eaſieſt hit.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm before-hand
In that already with your Command:

For

For where does *Beauty* and high *Wit*
But in your *Conſtellation* meet?

Quoth ſhe, What does a *Match* imply,
But *likeneſs* and *equality*?
I know you cannot think me fit,
To be th' *Yoke-fellow* of your *Wit*:
Nor take one of ſo mean *Deſerts*,
To be the *Part'ner* of your *Parts*;
A *Grace*, which if I cou'd believe,
I've not the Conſcience to receive.

That *Conſcience*, quoth *Hudibras*,
Is mis-inform'd; I'll ſtate the *Caſe*:
A Man may be a *Legal Donor*
Of any thing whereof he's *Owner*;
And may confer it where he liſts,
I' th' Judgment of all *Caſuiſts*:
Then *Wit*, and *Parts*, and *Valour* may
Be ali'nate, and made away
By thoſe that are *Proprietors*,
As I may give, or ſell my *Horſe*.

Quoth

Quoth ſhe, I grant the *Caſe* is true,
And proper 'twixt your *Horſe* and you;
But whether I may *take*, as well
As you may *give* away, or ſell?
Buyers you know are bid beware;
And worſe than Thieves *Receivers* are.
How ſhall I anſwer *Hue* and *Cry*
For a *Roan-Gelding* twelve Hands high,
All ſpurr'd and ſwitch'd, a *Lock* on's hoof,
A *ſorrel-mane*; can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were (ſold for,
And in the open *Market* toll'd for? (ſold for,
Or ſhou'd I take you for a ſtray,
You muſt be kept a Year and Day
(E'er I can own you) here i' th' Pound,
Where, if y' are ſought, you may be found:
And in the mean time I muſt pay
For all your *Provender* and *Hay*.

Quoth he, It ſtands me much upon
T' *enervate* this *Objection*,

And

And prove my ſelf by *Topick* clear
No *Gelding*, as you wou'd infer.
Loſs of *Virility*'s averr'd
To be the cauſe of loſs of *Beard*,
That does (like *Embryo* in the womb)
Abortive on the *Chin* become.
This firſt a *Woman* did invent,
In envy of *Man*'s Ornament.
Semiramis of *Babylon*,
Who firſt of all cut Men o' th' *Stone*,
To mar their *Beards*, and laid Foundation
Of *Sow-geldering* Operation.
Look on his *Beard*, and tell me whether
Eunuchs were ſuch, or *Geldings* either.
Next it appears I am no *Horſe*,
That I can argue, and diſcourſe,
Have but two *legs*, and ne'er a *tail*,

Quoth ſhe, That nothing will avail;
For ſome *Philoſophers* of late here
Write, Men have four Legs by *Nature*,

And

And that 'tis *Cuſtom* makes them go
Erron'ouſly upon but two;
As 'twas in *Germany* made good
By Boy that loſt himſelf in *Wood*;
And growing down t' a Man was wont
With *Wolves* upon all four to hunt.
As for your reaſons drawn from *Tails*,
We cannot ſay they 're true or falſe,
Till you explain your ſelf, and ſhow
B' experiment 'tis ſo or no.

Quoth he, if you'll joyn Iſſue on't,
I'll give you ſatisfact'ry account;
So you will promiſe, if you loſe,
To ſettle all, and be my *Spouſe*.

That never ſhall be done (quoth ſhe)
To one that wants a *Tail* by me:
For *Tails* by Natures ſure were meant,
As well as *Beards*, for Ornament;
And though the *Vulgar* count them homely,
In *Man* or *Beaſt* they are ſo comely,

So

So *Genteel*, *Alamode*, and handſome,
I'll never Marry *Man* that wants one:
And till you can demonſtrate plain,
You have one equal to your *Mane*,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a *Horſe*,
E'er I'll take you *for better or worſe*.
The *Prince* of *Camboy*'s daily food
Is *Aſpe*, and *Baſilisk*, and *Toad*;
Which makes him have ſo ſtrong a breath,
Each night he ſtinks a *Queen* to death;
Yet I ſhall rather lie in's *Arms*
Than yours, on any other *terms*.

Quoth he, What *Nature* can afford,
I ſhall produce upon my Word;
And if ſhe ever gave that *boon*
To Man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean, by *poſtulate Illation*,
When you ſhall offer juſt Occaſion;
But ſince y' have yet deny'd to give
My *Heart*, your *Pris'ner*, a Reprieve,

But made it ſink down to my heel,
Let that at leaſt your pity feel,
And for the ſufferings of your *Martyr*,
Give its poor Entertainer *quarter*;
And by *Diſcharge*, or *Mainpriſe* grant
Delivery from this baſe *Reſtraint*.

Quoth ſhe, I grieve too ſee your *Leg*
Stuck in a hole here like a *Peg*,
And if I knew which way to do't,
(Your *Honour* ſafe) I'd let you out.
That *Dames* by *Gaol-delivery*
Of *Errant Knights* have been ſet free,
When by *Enchantments* they have been,
And ſometimes for it too, laid in;
Is that which *Knights* are bound to do
By *Order*, *Oath*, and *Honour* too:
For what are they *renown'd* and *fam'us* elſe,
But aiding of diſtreſſed *Damoſels*?
But for a *Lady* no ways *Errant*
To free a *Knight*, we have no warrant

In any Authentical *Romance*,
Or *Claſſick Author* yet of *France*:
And I'd be loth to have you break
An Ancient *Cuſtom* for a freak,
Or *Innovation* introduce
In place of things of *Antick* uſe;
To free your heels by any courſe,
That might b' unwholſome to your *Spurs*:
Which if I ſhou'd conſent unto,
It is not in my Pow'r to do;
For 'tis a ſervice muſt be done ye
With ſolemn previous Ceremony.
Which always has been us'd t' untie
The *Charms* of thoſe who here do lie;
For as the *Ancients* heretofore
To *Honour's Temple* had no door,
But that which thorough *Vertue*'s lay;
So from this *Dungeon* there's no way
To *honour'd freedom*, but by paſſing
That other *Vertuous* School of *Laſhing*,
Where *Knights* are kept in narrow liſts,
With wooden *Lockets* 'bout their wriſts,

In which they for a while are *Tenents*,
And for their *Ladies* ſuffer *Pennance*:
Whipping, that's *Vertue*'s Governeſs,
Tutreſs of *Arts* and *Sciences*;
That mends the groſs miſtakes of *Nature*,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays Foundation for *Renown*,
And all the *honours* of the *Gown*:
This ſuffer'd, they are ſet at large,
And *freed* with honour'ble diſcharge:
Then in their *Robes* the *Penitentials*
Are ſtreight preſented with *Credentials*,
And in their way attended on
By *Magiſtrates* of ev'ry Town;
And all reſpect, and charges paid,
They 're to their ancient *Seats* convey'd.
Now if you'll venture for my ſake
To try the toughneſs of your *back*,
And ſuffer (as the reſt have done)
The laying of a *Whipping* on,
(And may you proſper in your ſuit,
As you with equal vigour do't)

I here engage to be your Bail,
And free you from th' Unknightly *Goal.*
But ſince our *Sex*'s modeſty
Will not allow I ſhou'd be by,
Bring me on *Oath*, a fair account,
And *honour* too, when you have don't;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as *due* in my good grace.
If *Matrimony* and *Hanging* go
By *Deſt'ny*, why not *Whipping* too?
What med'cine elſe can cure the *fits*
Of *Lovers*, when they loſe their *Wits?*
Love is a *Boy* by *Poets* ſtyl'd,
Then *Spare the Rod, and ſpoil the Child.*
A *Perſian* Emp'rour whip'd his Grandam
The Sea, his Mother *Venus* came on;
And hence ſome Rev'rend men approve
Of *Roſemary* in making *Love.*
As skilful *Coopers* hoop their Tubs
With *Lydian* and with *Phrygian* Dubs;
Why may not *Whipping* have as good
A Grace, perform'd in Time and Mood,

With

With comely movement, and by *Art*,
Raiſe Paſſion in a *Lady*'s heart?
It is an eaſier way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who wou'd not rather ſuffer *Whipping*,
Than ſwallow *Toaſts* of bits of *Ribon*?
Make wicked *Verſes*, *Treats*, and *Faces*,
And ſpell Names over with *Beer-glaſſes*?
Be under Vows to *hang* and *die*
Love's Sacrifice, and all a *lye*?
With *China-Oranges*, and *Tarts*,
And whining *Plays*, lay bait for Hearts?
Bribe *Chamber-Maid* with *Love* and *Money*,
To break no Roguiſh *jeaſts* upon ye?
For Lillies limn'd on *Cheeks*, and Roſes,
With painted perfumes, hazard Noſes?
Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
Do penance in a *Paper Lanthorn*?
All this you may compound for now
By ſuffering what I offer you
Which is no more than has been done:
By *Knights* for *Ladies* long agone:

Did not the Great *La Mancha* do ſo
For the *Infanta Del Taboſo*?
Did not th' Illuſtrious *Baſſa* make
Himſelf a *Slave* for *Miſſe*'s ſake?
And with Bull's-pizle, for her *love*,
Was taw'd as gentle as a Glove?
Was not young *Florio* ſent (to cool
His flame for *Biancafiore*) to School,
Where *Pedant* made his *Pathick* bum
For her ſake ſuffer *Martyrdom*?
Did not a certain *Lady* whip
Of late her Husband's own Lordſhip?
And though a Grandee of the *Houſe*,
Claw'd him with *Fundamental* blows,
Ty'd him ſtark-naked to a Bed-poſt,
And firk'd his hide as if ſh' had rid poſt;
And after in the *Seſſions Court*,
Where *Whipping*'s judg'd, had *honour* for't?
This *ſwear* you will perform, and then
I'll ſet you from th' Inchanted *Den*,
And the *Magician* Circle clear.
Quoth he, I do *profeſs* and *ſwear*,

And

And will perform what you enjoyn,
Or may I never ſee you *mine*.

Amen (quoth ſhe,) Then turn'd about,
And bid her *Squire* to let him out.
But e'er an *Artiſt* cou'd be found
T' undo the *Charms* another bound,
The *Sun* grew low, and left the Skies,
Put down (ſome write) by *Ladies* Eyes.
The *Moon* pull'd off her veil of Light,
That hides her Face by day from ſight,
(Myſterious Veil, of brightneſs made,
That's both her luſtre, and her ſhade)
And in the Night as freely ſhone,
As if her Rays had been her own:
For Darkneſs is the proper Sphere
Where all falſe Glories uſe t' appear.
The twinkling *Stars* began to muſter,
And glitter with their borrow'd luſtre,
While Sleep the weary'd *World* reliev'd,
By counterfeiting *Death* reviv'd.

Our *Vot'ry* thought it beſt t' adjourn
His *Whipping*-penance till the morn,
And not to carry on a *Work*
Of ſuch *importance* in the Dark,
With erring haſte, but rather ſtay,
And do't in th' open Face of *Day*;
And in the mean time, go in queſt
Of next *Retreat* to take his Reſt.

The

The ARGUMENT of the SECOND *CANTO*.

The Knight *and* Squire *in hot Diſpute,*
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a ſudden fright
Of ſtrange Allarm, and ſtranger ſight;
With which adventuring to ſtickle,
They're ſent away in naſty pickle.

CANTO II.

'TIS ſtrange how ſome Men's Tempers (ſuit
(Like *Bawd* and *Brandee*) with Diſpute,
That for their own *Opinions* ſtand faſt,
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt.
That kept their *Conſciences* in Caſes,
As *Fidlers* do their *Crowds* and *Baſes*,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they 're bent
To play a fit for *Argument*.

Make *true* and *falſe*, *unjeſt* and *juſt*,
Of no uſe but to be diſcuſt.
Diſpute and ſet a *Paradox*,
Like a ſtrait Boot upon the Stocks,
And ſtretch it more unmercifully,
Than *Helmont*, *Mountaign*, *White*, or *Tully*.
So th' ancient *Stoicks* in their Porch
With fierce diſpute maintain'd their *Church*,
Beat our their Brains in fight and ſtudy,
To prove that *Virtue* is a *Body*;
That *Bonum* is an *Animal*,
Made good without *Polemick* braul:
In which, ſome hundreds on the place
Where ſlain outright, and many a Face
Retrench'd of *Noſe*, and *Eyes*, and *Beard*,
To maintain what their *Sect* averr'd.
All which the *Knight* and *Squire* in wrath
Had like t' have ſuffer'd for their Faith;
Each ſtriving to make good his own,
As by the *ſequel* ſhall be ſhown.
The Sun had long ſince in the Lap
Of *Thetis* taken out his *Nap*,

And

And like a *Lobſter* boil'd, the *Morn*
From *black* to *red* began to turn.

When *Hudibras*, whom thoughts and aking
'Twixt ſleeping kept all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drouſie Eyes,
And from his Couch prepar'd to riſe;
Reſolving to diſpatch the Deed
He vow'd to do with truſty ſpeed.
But firſt, with knocking loud and bauling,
He rous'd the *Squire*, in *Truckle* lolling,
And, after many Circumſtances,
Which vulgar *Authors* in *Romances*
Do uſe to ſpend their *time* and *wits* on,
To make impertinent Deſcription;
They got (with much ado) to *Horſe*,
And to the *Caſtle* bent their Courſe,
In which, he to the *Dame* before
To ſuffer *whipping* Duty ſwore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharneſt,
To carry on the Work in earneſt,

He

He ſtopp'd and paus'd upon the ſudden,
And with a Serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new Scruple in his head,
Which firſt he ſcratch'd, and after ſaid;
Whether it be direct *infringing*
An *Oath*, If I ſhou'd wave this *ſwinging*,
And what I've ſworn to bear, forbear,
And ſo b' *Equivocation* ſwear;
Or whether 't be a leſſer *Sin*
To be forſworn, than act the thing,
Are deep and ſubtil *points*, which muſt,
T' inform my Conſcience, be diſcuſt.
In which to *err* a tittle may
To *errours* infinite make way;
And therefore I deſire to know
Thy *Judgmennt* e'er we farther go.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Since you do injoin't
I ſhall enlarge upon the *Point*.
And for my own part do not doubt
Th' *Affirmative* may be made out;

But

But first to *state* the *Caſe* aright,
For beſt advantage of our light;
And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a *Sin*
To *claw* and *curry* your own *Skin*
Greater, or leſs, than to forbear,
And that you are forſworn, forſwear.
But firſt, o' th' firſt: The *Inward Man*,
And *Outward*, like a *Clan* and *Clan*,
Have always been at Daggers-drawing,
And one another Clapper-clawing:
Not that they really cuff, or fence,
But in a Spiritual *Myſtick* ſenſe,
Which to miſtake, and make 'em ſquabble,
In literal fray's abominable;
'Tis Heatheniſh, in frequent uſe
With *Pagan*, and *Apoſtate Jews*,
To offer Sacrifice of *Bridewells*:
Like Modern *Indians* to their *Idols*,
And mungril *Chriſtians* of our times,
That exp'ate leſs with greater *Crimes*,
And call the foul *Abomination*
Contrition, and *Mortification*.

Is't

Is't not enough w' are bruis'd and kicked
With ſinful Members of the wicked;
Our Veſſels, that are *ſanctify'd*,
Profan'd and *curri'd*, back and ſide;
But we muſt claw our ſelves with ſhameful
And Heathen ſtripes, by their example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is *impious*, becauſe they did it.
This therefore may be juſtly reckon'd
A *Heinous* Sin. Now to the ſecond,
That *Saints* may claim a *Diſpenſation*
To *ſwear*, and *forſwear*, on Occaſion;
I doubt not, but it will appear
With pregnant light. The *point* is clear:
Oaths are but *Words*, and *Words* but *Wind*;
Too feeble implements to *bind*;
And hold with *deeds* proportion, ſo
As *ſhadows* to a *ſubſtance* do.
Then when they ſtrive for *place*, 'tis fit
The *Weaker Veſſel* ſhou'd ſubmit:
Al though your *Church* be oppoſite
To ours, as *Black-Friars* are to *White*,

In

In *Rule* and *Order*; yet I grant
You are a *Reformado Saint*;
And what the *Saints* do claim as due,
You may pretend a Title to:
But *Saints*, whom *Oaths* or *Vows* oblige,
Know little of their *Priviledge*;
Farther (I mean) than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own:
For if the *Dev'l* to serve his turn
Can tell *Truth*, why the *Saints* shou'd scorn,
When it serves theirs, to *swear* and *lie*,
I think there's little reason why:
Else h' has a greater pow'r than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say;
W' are not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely at all to *swear*,
But to *swear* idly, and in vain,
Without self interest or gain,
For breaking of an *Oath*, and *Lying*,
Is but a kind of *Self-denying*,
A *Saint like vertue*, and from hence
Some have broke *Oaths* by *Providence*:

Some,

Some, to the *Glory of the Lord*,
Perjur'd themſelves, and broke their word:
And this the conſtant *Rule* and *Practice*
Of all our late *Apoſtles Acts* is.
Was not the *Cauſe* at firſt begun
With *Perjury*, and carry'd on?
Was there an *Oath* the *Godly* took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our *Oaths* in firſt,
Before our *Plate*, to have them burſt,
And caſt into fitter *models* for
The preſent uſe of *Church* and *War*?
Did not our *Worthies* of the *Houſe*,
Before they broke the *Peace*, break *Vows*?
For having freed us, firſt, from both
Th' *Allegiance* and *Supremac'*-*Oath*:
Did they not next compel the *Nation*,
To take and break the *Proteſtation*?
To *ſwear*, and after to *recant*
The *Solemn League and Covenant*?
To take th' *Engagement*, and diſclaim it,
Enforc'd by thoſe who firſt did frame it?

Did

Did they not ſwear at firſt to *fight*
For the KING's *Safety*, and His *Right*;
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with *Horſe* and *Foot*;
And yet ſtill had the confidence,
To ſwear; it was in His *defence*?
Did they not ſwear to *live* and *dye*
With *Eſſex*, and ſtraight laid him by?
If that were all, for ſome have *ſwore*
As falſe as they, if th' did no more.
Did they not *ſwear* to maintain *Law*,
In which that *ſwearing* made a *Flaw*?
For *Proteſtant Religion* Vow,
That did that *Vowing* diſallow?
For *Privilege* of *Parliament*,
In which that *ſwearing* made a *Rent*?
And ſince of all the *three* not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not *ſwear*, in expreſs words,
To prop and back the *Houſe of Lords*?
And after turn'd out the whole *Houſe-full*
Of *Peers*, as dang'rous, and unuſeful?

So

So *Cromwell*, with deep *Oaths* and *Vows*,
Swore all the *Commons* out of th' *Houſe*,
Vow'd that the *Red-Coats* would disband,
Ay marry would they at their Command.
And troll'd 'em on, and *ſwore*, and *ſwore*,
Till th' *Army* turn'd 'em out of *Door*:
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That *Oaths* and *Swearing* go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To ſerve for an *Expedient*:
What was the *Publick Faith* found out for,
But to ſlur Men of what they fought for?
The *Publick Faith* which ev'ry one
Is bound t' obſerve, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Shou'd *Private Faith* have ſuch a tie?

Oaths were not purpos'd more than *Law*,
To keep the *Good* and *Juſt* in awe,
But to confine the *Bad* and *Sinful*,
Like Moral *Cattle* in a *Pinfold*:

A Saint's of the Heavenly Realm a *Peer*,
And as no *Peer* is bound to *ſwear*,
But on the *Goſpel* of his *Honour*,
Of which he may diſpoſe, as *Owner*;
It follows, though the thing be *forg'ry*,
And falſe, th' affirm, it is no *perj'ry*,
But a mere *Cerem'ny*, and breach
Of nothing but a form of Speech;
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than meer *ſaluting* of the *Book*.
Suppoſe the *Scriptures* are of force,
They 're but *Commiſſions* of Courſe,
And *Saints* have freedom to digreſs,
And vary from 'em as they pleaſe;
Or miſ-interpret them by *private*
Inſtructions to all *Aims* they drive at:
Then why ſhould we our ſelves *abbridge*,
And *curtail* our own *Privilege*?
Quakers (that, like to *Lanthorns*, bear
Their light within 'em) will not *ſwear*.
Their *Goſpel* is an *Accidence*,
By which they conſtrue *Conſcience*,

And hold no *ſin* ſo deeply *red*,
As that of breaking *Priſcian*'s Head,
(The *Head* and *Founder* of their *Order*,
That ſtirring *Hats* held worſe than murder.)
Theſe thinking th' are oblig'd to *Troth*
In *ſwearing*, will not take an *Oath*;
Like Mules, who if th' have not their will
To keep their own pace, ſtand ſtock ſtill;
But they are weak, and little know
What Free-born *Conſciences* may do.
'Tis the *temptation* of the Devil,
That makes all humane actions evil:
For *Saints* may do the ſame things by
The *Spirit*, in Sincerity,
Which other Men are tempted to,
And at the Devil's inſtance do;
And yet the Actions be contrary,
Juſt as the *Saints* and *Wicked* vary.
For as on Land there is no *Beaſt*,
But in ſome *Fiſh* at Sea's expreſt,
So in the *Wicked* there's no *Vice*,
Of which the *Saints* have not a ſpice;

And

And yet that thing that's *pious* in
The one, in th' other is a *Sin*.
Is't not *ridiculous*, and *Nonſenſe*,
A *Saint* ſhou'd be a ſlave to *Conſcience*?
That ought to be above ſuch Fancies,
As far as above *Ordinances*.
She's of the *Wicked*, as I gueſs,
B' her *looks*, her *language*, and her *dreſs*,
And though like *Conſtables*, we ſearch
For falſe Wares one another's *Church*:
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No faith is to the Wicked due;
For *Truth* is *Precious* and *Divine*,
Too rich a *Pearl* for *carnal Swine*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, All this is true,
Yet 'tis not fit that all Men knew
Thoſe *Myſteries* and *Revelations*;
And therefore *Topical* Evaſions
Of ſubtil *Turns*, and *Shifts* of ſenſe,
Serve beſt with th' *Wicked* for pretence,

Such as the learned *Jeſuits* uſe,
And *Presbyterians*, for excuſe
Againſt the *Proteſtants*, when th' happen
To find their *Churches* taken napping:
As thus: A breach of *Oath* is *Duple*,
And either way admits a *ſcruple*,
And many be *ex parte* of th' *Maker*
More criminal than th' injur'd *Taker*.
For he that ſtrains too far a *Vow*,
Will break it like an o'er-bent *Bow*:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for Convenience took it:
A broken Oath is, *quat'nus Oath*,
As ſound t' all purpoſes of *Troth*,
As broken *Laws* are ne'er the worſe,
Nay, till th' are broken have no force,
What's *Juſtice* to a Man, or *Laws*,
That never comes within their Claws?
They have no pow'r, but to admoniſh,
Cannot control, coerce, or puniſh,
Until they 're broken, and then touch
Thoſe only that do make them ſuch.

Beſide,

Beſide, n' *Engagement* is allow'd
By Men in *Priſon* made for Good;
For when they 're ſet at *liberty*,
They 're from th' *Engagement* too ſet free:
The *Rabbins* write, when any *Jew*
Did make to *God* or *Man* a *Vow*,
Which afterward he found untoward,
And ſtubborn to be kept, or too hard;
Any three other *Jews* of th' *Nation*,
Might free him from the *Obligation*:
And have not two *Saints* pow'r to uſe,
A greater *Priviledge* than three *Jews*?
The *Court* of *Conſcience*, which in *Man*
Shou'd be *ſupremo* and *ſovereign*,
Is't fit ſhould be *ſubordinate*
To ev'ry petty *Court* i' th' State,
And have leſs Power than the *leſſer*,
To deal with *Perjury* at pleaſure?
Have its Proceedings diſallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of *Py-powder*?
Tell all it does or does not know,
For ſwearing *ex officio*?

Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And *Pigs* unring'd at *Viſ. Franc. Pledge.*
Diſcover *Thieves*, and *Bawds*, *Recuſants*,
Prieſts, *Witches*, *Eves-droppers*, and *Nuſance*;
Tell who did play at Games unlawful,
And who fill'd *Pots* of *Ale* but half-full.
And have no pow'r at all, nor ſhift,
To help it ſelf at a dead lift?
Why ſhou'd not *Conſcience* have *Vacation*
As well as other Courts o' th' Nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint *Appearance* and *Return*:
And make a nice diſtinctions ſerve
To ſplit a Caſe, as thoſe that carve
Invoking Cuckolds names, hit joints,
Why ſhou'd not tricks as ſlight do points?
Is not th' *High-Court of Juſtice* ſworn
To judge that Law that ſerve their *turn*?
Make their own Jealouſies High-Treaſon,
And fix 'em whomſoe'er they pleaſe on?
Cannot the *Learned Council* there
Make Laws in any ſhape appear?

Mold

Mold 'em as *Witches* do their Clay,
When they make *Pictures* to deſtroy?
And vex 'em into any form
That fits their purpoſe to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confeſs,
Impeach of Treaſon whom they pleaſe,
And moſt perfidiouſly condemn
Thoſe that engag'd their *Lives* for them?
And yet do nothing in their own ſenſe,
But what they ought by *Oath* and *Conſcience*?
Can they not juggle, and with ſlight
Conveyance play with *wrong* and *right*;
And ſell ther blaſts of *wind* as dear
As *Lapland Witches* botled *Air*?
Will not *Fear*, *Favour*, *Bribe*, and *Grudge*,
The ſame Caſe ſev'ral ways adjudge;
As Seamen with the ſelf-ſame *Gale*
Will ſev'ral diff'rent courſes ſail;
As when the *Sea* breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds,
Thoſe *Banks* and *Damms*, that like a *Skreen*
Did keep it out, now keep it in:

So when *Tyrannick Uſurpation*
Invades the Freedom of a *Nation*,
The *Laws* o' th' Land that were intended
To keep it out, and made t' defend it.
Does not in *Chanc'ry* ev'ry Man *ſwear*
What makes beſt for him in his anſwer?
Is not the winding up *Witneſſes*
A nicking more than half the bus'neſs?
For *Witneſſes*, like *Watches*, go
Juſt as they 're ſet, too faſt or ſlow.
And where in *Conſcience* th' are ſtrait lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that ſide is caſt.
Do not your *Juries* give their *Verdict*
As if they felt the *Cauſe*, not heard it?
And as they pleaſe make *Matter of Fact*
Run all on one ſide, as th' are pack't?
Nature has made Man's breaſt no *Windores*,
To publiſh what he does within doors;
Nor what dark ſecrets there inhabit,
Unleſs his own raſh folly blab it.
If *Oaths* can do a Man no good,
In his own bus'neſs why they ſhou'd

In

In other matters do him hurt,
I think there's little reaſon for't:
He that impoſes an *Oath* makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it;
Then how can any Man be ſaid,
To break an *Oath* he never made;
Theſe *Reaſons* may perhaps look odly
To th' *Wicked*, though th' evince the *Godly*;
But if they will not ſerve to clear
My *Honour*, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glaſſy bubble
That finds *Philoſophers* ſuch trouble,
Whoſe leaſt part crackt, the whole does fly
And *Wits* are crack'd, to find out why.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Honour's but a Word
To ſwear by only in a *Lord*:
In other Men 'tis but a Huff,
To vapour with inſtead of proof,
That like a *Wen*, looks big and ſwells,
Is ſenſeleſs, and juſt nothing elſe.

Let

Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the *World*'s Opinion ſtill.
But as Men are not *Wiſe* that run
The ſlighteſt *hazzard* they may ſhun:
There may a *Medium* be found out
To clear to all the *World* the doubt;
And that is, if a Man may do't,
By *Proxy* Whipt, or Subſtitute.

Though nice and dark the *Point* appear,
(Quoth *Ralph*) it may hold up, and clear.
That *Sinners* may ſupply the place
Of ſuff'ring *Saints*, is a plain *Caſe*.
Juſtice gives *Sentence* many times
On one Man for another's *Crimes*;
Our *Brethren* of *New-England* uſe
Choice *Malefactors* to excuſe,
And *hang* the *Guiltleſs* in their ſtead,
Of whom the *Churches* have leſs need:
As lately 't happen'd in a Town
There liv'd a *Cobler*, and but one,

That

That out of *Doctrine* could cut *Uſe*,
And mend Mens *Lives* as well as *Shoes*.
The precious *Brother* having ſlain
In times of *Peace* an *Indian*,
(Not out of *Malice*, but meer *Zeal*,
Becauſe he was an *Infidel*)
The mighty *Tottipottymoy*
Sent to our *Elders* an *Envoy*,
Complaining ſorely of the *Breach*
Of *League*, held forth by Brother *Patch*,
Againſt the *Articles* in force
Between both *Churches*, his and ours.
For which he crav'd the *Saints* to render
Into his hands, or hang th' *Offender*:
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' Trade,
(A Man that ſerv'd them in a double
Capacity, to *Teach* and *Cobble*,)
Reſolv'd to ſpare him yet to do
The *Indian Hoghgan Moghgan* too
Impartial Juſtice, in his ſtead did
Hang an old *VVeaver* that was Bed-rid.

Then

Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
And in your room another *whipp'd*:
For all *Philoſophers*, but the *Sceptick*,
Hold *Whipping* may be *Sympathetick*.

It is enough, quoth *Hudibras*,
Thou haſt reſolv'd, and clear'd the *Caſe*,
And canſt in *Conſcience* not refuſe
From thy own *Doctrine* to raiſe *Uſe*:
I know thou wilt not (for my ſake)
Be tender-Conſcienc'd of thy back:
Then ſtrip thee of thy Carnal *Jerkin*,
And give thy *outward-fellow* a ferking,
For when thy *Veſſel* is new *hoop'd*,
All Leaks of *ſinning* will be ſtop'd.

Quoth *Ralpho*, You miſtake the matter,
For in all *Scruples* of this Nature,
No Man includes himſelf, nor turn
The *Point* upon his own Concerns.
As no Man of his own ſelf catches
The *Itch*, or amorous *French aches*:

So no Man does himself convince
By his own *Doctrine* of his *Sins*:
And though all cry down *self*, none means
His own self in a *lit'ral Sense*:
Beside, it is not only *Foppish*,
But *Vile*, *Idolatrous*, and *Popish*,
For one Man out of his own Skin,
To frisk and Whip another's *Sin*:
As *Pedants* out of *School-boys* breeches
Do claw and curry their own Itches.
But in this Case it is prophane,
And sinful too, because in vain;
For we must take our *Oaths* upon it
You did the *deed*, when I have done it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That's answer'd soon;
Give us the *Whip*, we'll lay it on.

Quoth *Ralpho*, That we may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you:
For when with your consent 'tis done,
The *Act* is really your own.

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain
(I ſee) to argue 'gainſt the grain;
Or, like the Stars, incline Men to
What they 're averſe themſelves to do:
For when *Diſputes* are weari'd out,
'Tis *Int'reſt* ſtill reſolves the doubt:
But ſince no reaſon can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your *Duty*;
For ſo it is, how e'er you mince it,
As e'er we part I ſhall evince it;
And *curry* (if you ſtand out) whether
You will or no your *ſtubborn Leather*.
Canſt thou refuſe to bear thy part,
I' th' publick *Work*, baſe as thou art?
To higgle thus for a few blows,
To gain thy *Knight* an op'lent *Spouſe*;
Whoſe *wealth* his *bowels* yearn to purchaſe,
Meerly for th' Int'reſt of the *Churches*;
And when he has it in his claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the *Cauſe*,

Nor

Nor ſhalt thou find him a *Curmudgin*,
If thou diſpatch it without grudging:
If not, reſolve before we go,
That you and I muſt pull a Crow.

Y' had beſt (quoth *Ralpho*) as the *Ancients*
Say wiſely, *Have a care of th' main chance,*
And look before you e'er you leap;
For as you ſow you 're like to reap;
And were y' as good as *George a Green*,
I ſhall make bold to turn agen;
Nor am I doubtful of the *Iſſue*
In a juſt *Quarrel*; and mine is ſo.
Is't fitting for a Man of *Honour*
To whip the *Saints* like *Biſhop Bonner*?
A *Knight* t' uſurp the *Beadle*'s Office,
For which y' are like to raiſe brave *Trophies*:
But I adviſe you (not for fear,
But for your own ſake) to forbear,
And for the *Church*'s which may chance
From hence to ſpring a variance;

And

And raiſe among themſelves new *Scruples*,
Whom common *Danger* hardly couples.
Remember how in *Arms* and *Politicks*,
We ſtill have worſted all your holy Tricks,
Trappann'd your Party with *Intrigue*,
And took your *Grandees* down a peg.
New-modell'd th' *Army*, and *Caſhier'd*
All that to *Legion SMEC* adher'd;
Made a mere Utenſil of your *Church*,
And after left it in the lurch.
A Scaffold to build up our own,
And when w' had done with 't pull'd it down,
O'er-reach'd your *Rabbins* of the *Synod*,
And ſnap'd their *Canons* with a *Why-not*.
(Gravê *Synod-men*, that were reverr'd
For ſolid Face and depth of *Beard*)
Their *Claſſick model* prov'd a Maggot
Their *Directory* an *Indian Pagod*
And drown'd their *Diſc'pline* like a Kitten,
On which th' had been ſo long a ſitting;
Decry'd it as a *Holy Cheat*,
(own out of Date, and Obſolete,

And

And all the *Saints* of the firſt Graſs,
As Caſtling *Foles* of *Bal'am's Aſs.*

At this the *Knight* grew high in Chafe,
And ſtaring fur'ouſly on *Ralph*,
He trembled, and look'd pale with Ire,
Like Aſhes firſt, then Red as Fire.
Have I (quoth he) been ta'n in fight,
And for ſo many *Moons* lain by't;
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for *Tubs* of *Ale*?
Not but they thought me worth a *Ranſome*,
Much more conſid'rable and handſome,
But for their own ſakes, and for fear,
They were not ſafe when I was there;
Now to be baffled by a *Scoundrel*,
An upſtart *Sect'ry* and a *Mungrel*,
Such as breed out of peccant humours
Of our own *Church*, like Wens, and Tumours;
And like a *Maggot* in a *Sore*,
Wou'd that which gave it life devour.

It never ſhall be done, nor ſaid:
With that he ſeiz'd upon his *Blade*;
And *Ralpho* too, as quick and bold,
Upon his *Basket hilt* laid hold,
With equal readineſs prepar'd
To draw, and ſtand upon his Guard:
When both were parted on the ſudden
With hideous *clamour*, and a loud one,
As if all ſorts of *Noiſe* had bin
Contracted into one loud *Din*;
Or that ſome Member to be choſen,
Had got the *odds* above a *Thouſand*;
And by the greateſt of his noiſe
Prov'd fitteſt for his *Countries* choiſe:
This ſtrange ſurprizal put the *Knight*
And wrathful *Squire* into a fright;
And though they ſtood prepar'd, with fatal,
Impetuous rancour to join *Battel*;
Both thought it was their wiſeſt courſe
To wave the Fight, and mount to *Horſe*;
And to ſecure by ſwift retreating
Themſelves from danger of worſe *beating*.

Yet

Yet neither of them would diſparage,
By utt'ring of his mind, his Courage,
Which made 'em ſtoutly keep their ground,
With horrour and diſdain wind-bound.
And now the cauſe of all their *fear*
By ſlow degrees approach'd ſo near,
They might diſtinguiſh diff'rent noiſe
Of *Horns*, and *Pans*, and *Dogs*, and *Boys*:
And *Kettle-Drums*, whoſe ſullen *Dub*
Sound like the hooping of a *Tub*:
But when the ſight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antick Show,
A *Triumph*, that for *Pomp* and *State*
Did proudeſt *Romans* emulate;
For as the *Aldermen* of *Rome*
For Foes at Training overcome,
And not enlarging *Territory*,
(As ſome miſtaken write in *Story*.)
Being mounted in their beſt Array,
Upon a *Carre*, and who but they?
And follow'd with a World of Tall-*Lads*,
That merry *Ditties* troll'd, and *Ballads*,

Did ride with many a good morrow,
Crying, *hey for our Town*, through the *Burrough*;
So when this *Triumph* drew so nigh,
They might particulars descry,
They never saw two things so Pat
In all respects, as this, and that.
First, He that led the *Cavalcade*,
Wore a Sow-gelder's *Flagellet*,
On which he blew as strong a *Levet*,
As well-fee'd *Lawyer* on his *Breviate*.
When over one another's Heads
They charge (three Ranks at once) like *Sweeds*.
Next *Pans*, and *Kettles* of all Keys,
From *Trebbles* down to *double Base*,
And after them upon a *Nag*,
That might pass for a forehand Stag,
A *Cornet* rode, and on his Staff
A Smock display'd did proudly wave:
Then *Bagpipes* of the loudest Drones,
With snuffling broken-winded tones,
Whose blasts of air in Pockets shut,
Sound filthier than from the Gut,

And make a viler noiſe than *Swine*
In windy weather when they whine.
Next, one upon a pair of *Panniers*,
Full fraught with that which for good manners
Shall here be nameleſs, mixt with *Grains*,
Which he diſpenc'd among the *Swains*,
And buſily upon the Crowd
At random round about beſtow'd.
Then mounted on a horned *Horſe*
One bore a *Gauntlet* and *Gilt-ſpurs*,
Ty'd to the *Pummel* of a long *Sword*
He held reverſt, the point turn'd downward:
Next after on a raw-bon'd Steed
The Conq'ror's *Standard-bearer* rid,
And bore aloft before the *Champion*
A *Petticoat* diſplay'd, and Rampant;
Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant
Beſtrid her *Beaſt*, and on the *Rump* on't
Sate *Face* to *Tail*, and *Bum* to *Bum*,
The *Warrior* whilome overcome;
Arm'd with a *Spindle* and a *Diſtaff*,
Which as he rode ſhe made him twiſt off;

And when he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder
Chaſtiz'd the *Reformado* Soldier,
Before the *Dame*, and round about,
March'd *Whifflers*, and *Staffiers* on foot,
With *Lackies*, *Grooms*, *Valets*, and *Pages*,
In fit and proper Equipages;
Of whom, ſome Torches bore, ſome Links,
Before the proud *Virago-Minx*,
That was both *Madam*, and a *Don*,
Like *Nero's Sporus*, or *Pope Joan*;
And at fit Periods the whole Rout
Set up their throats which clam'rous ſhout.
The *Knight* tranſported, and the *Squire*
Put up their Weapons, and their Ire;
And *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
On ſuch Sights with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His *An'madverſions* for his Heart.

Quoth he, In all my Life till now
I ne'er ſaw ſo prophane a *Show*.

It is a *Paganiſh* invention,
Which *Heathen* Writers often mention:
And he who made it had read *Goodwin*
(I warrant him) and underſtood him:
With all the *Grecians*, *Speeds*, and *Stows*,
That beſt deſcribe thoſe Ancient Shows;
And has obſerv'd all fit *Decorums*
We find deſcrib'd by old *Hiſtor'ans*:
For as a *Roman Conquerour*,
That put an end to foreign *War*,
Ent'ring the *Town* in Triumph for it,
Bore a Slave with him in his Char'ot:
So this inſulting *Female Brave*
Carries behind her here a *Slave*,
And, as the *Ancients* long ago,
When they in field defi'd the Foe,
Hung out their *Mantles Della Guer*;
So her proud *Standard-bearer* here
Waves on his Spear, in dreadful manner,
A *Tyrian-Petticoat* for *Banner*:
Next Links, and Torches, heretofore
Still born before the *Emperour*:

And as in *Antick Triumphs*, *Eggs*
Were born for myſtical intrigues;
There's one in Truncheon, like a Ladle,
That carries *Eggs* too, freſh or addle;
And ſtill at random, as he goes,
Among the Rabble-rout beſtows.

Quoth *Ralpho*, You miſtake the matter;
For all th' *Antiquity* you ſmatter,
Is but a *Riding* us'd of courſe,
When the *Grey Mare's the better Horſe.*
When o'er the Breeches greedy *Women*
Fight, to extend their vaſt *Dominion*,
And in the cauſe Impatient *Grizel*
Has drubb'd her Husband with *Bull's-Pizzle*,
And brought him under *Covert-Baron*,
To turn her *Vaſſal* with a *Murrain*;
When *Wives* their Sexes ſhift, like *Hares*,
And ride their *Husbands*, like *Night-Mares*,
And they, in mortal *Battel* vanquiſh'd,
Are of their *Charter* diſ-enfranchis'd,

And by the right of *War*, like *Gills*,
Condemn'd to *Diſtaff*, *Horns*, and *Wheels*;
For when Men by their *Wives* are Cow'd,
Their *Horns* of courſe are underſtood.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou ſtill giv'ſt Sentence
Impertinently, and againſt ſenſe:
'Tis not the leaſt diſparagement,
To be defeated by th' event;
Not to be beaten by main *force*,
That does not make a *Man* the worſe,
Although his Shoulders with *Batoon*
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to ſome tune;
A *Taylor*'s Prentice has no hard
Meaſure, that's bang'd with a true Yard;
But to turn *Tail*, or run away,
And without blows give up the Day;
Or to ſurrender e'er th' *Aſſault*,
That's no Man's Fortune but his fault,
And renders Men of *Honour* leſs
Than all th' *Advers'ty* of Succeſs.

And only unto ſuch this ſhew
Of *Horns* and *Petticoats* is due.
There is a leſſer *Profanation*,
Like that the *Romans* call'd *Ovation*;
For as *Ovation* was allow'd
For *Conqueſt*, purchas'd without blood,
So Men decree thoſe leſſer Shows,
For *Victʼry* gotten without blows,
By dint of ſharp hard *words*, which ſome
Give *Battel* with, and overcome;
Theſe mounted in a *Chair Curule*,
Which *Moderns* call a *Cucking-ſtool*.
March proudly to the River's ſide,
And o'er the *Waves* in *Triumph* ride;
Like Dukes of *Venice*, who are ſaid
The *Adriatick Sea* to wed,
And have a gentler *Wife*, than thoſe
For whom the *State* decrees thoſe Shows.
But both are *Heatheniſh*, and come
From th' Whores of *Babylon*, and *Rome*,
And by the *Saints* ſhould be withſtood,
As *Antichriſtian* and *Lewd*,

And

And we as ſuch ſhould now contribute
Our utmoſt *Struggling* to prohibite.

This ſaid, they both advanc'd and *rode*
A *Dog-trot* through the bawling Crowd,
T' attack the *Leader*, and ſtill preſt,
Till they approach'd him *breaſt* to *breaſt*;
Then *Hudibras* with face and hand
Made ſigns for *Silence*; which obtain'd.

What means (quoth he) this Dev'ls *Proceſſion*
With Men of *Orthodox* profeſſion?
'Tis *Ethinick* and *Idolatrous*,
From *Heatheniſm* deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of *Bab'lon* ride
Upon her *Horned Beaſt* aſtride,
Like this proud *Dame*, who either is
A Type of her, or ſhe of this?
Are things of Superſtitious *function*
Fit to be us'd in *Golpel Sunſhine*?
It is an *Antichriſtian Opera*,
Much us'd in midnight times of *Popery*;

A running after ſelf-inventions
Of wicked and profane *Intentions*;
To ſcandalize that *Sex*, for ſcolding,
To whom the *Saints* are ſo beholden.
Women, who were our firſt *Apoſtles*,
Without whoſe aid w' had all been loſt elſe;
Women, that left no ſtone unturn'd,
In which the *Cauſe* might be concern'd,
Brought in their Childrens *Spoons*, and *Whiſtles*,
To purchaſe *Swords*, *Carbines*, and *Piſtols*:
Their Husbands *Cullies*, and *Sweet-hearts*,
To take the *Saints* and *Church*'s parts;
Drew ſev'ral gifted *Brethren* in,
That for the *Biſhops* would have been,
And fix'd 'em conſtant to the *Party*,
With motives *powerful* and *hearty*:
Their Husbands robb'd, and made hard ſhifts
T' adminiſter unto their *Gifts*
All they could rap and rend, and pilfer,
To ſcraps and ends of Gold and Silver;

Rubb'd

Rubb'd down the *Teachers*, tir'd and ſpent
With holding forth for *Parl'ament*;
Pamper'd and edifi'd their *Zeal*
With *Marrow-puddings* many a Meal;
Enabled them, with ſtore of meat,
On controverted *Points* to eat;
And cramm'd 'em till their *Guts* did ake,
With *Candle*, *Cuſtard*, and *Plum-cake*.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the *Cauſe* at *London*?
March'd rank and file, with *Drum* and *Enſign*,
T' entrench the *City* for defence in;
Rais'd *Rampiers* with their own ſoft hands,
To put the Enemy to ſtands;
From *Ladies* down to *Oyſter-Wenches*
Labour'd like *Pioneers* in *Trenches*,
Fell to their *Pick-Axes* and *Tools*,
And help'd the Men to dig like *Moles*?
Have not the *Handmaids* of the *City*
Choſe of their Members a *Committee*?

For

For raiſing of a *Common-Purſe*
Out of their Wages to raiſe *Horſe*?
And do they not as *Triers* ſit
To judge what *Officers* are fit?
Have they——? At that an *Egg* let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the Eye,
And running down his Cheek, beſmear'd
With Orange-tawny-ſlime his *Beard*;
But *Beard* and ſlime being of one Hue,
The *wound* the leſs appear'd in view.
Then he that on the *Panniers* rode
Let fly on th' other ſide a load;
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In *Ralpho*'s Face another *Volley*.
The *Knight* was ſtartled with the ſmell,
And for his *Sword* began to feel:
And *Ralpho*, ſmother'd with the ſtink,
Graſp'd his; when one that bore a *Link*,
O' th' ſudden clapp'd his flaming Cudgel,
Like *Linſtock*, to the Horſe's *touch-hole*;

And

And ſtreight another with his *Flambeaux*,
Gave *Ralpho* o'er the Eyes a damn'd blow.
The *Beaſts* began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a Ring.
Through which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from farther fray;
And though diſorder'd in Retreat,
Each of them ſtoutly kept his Seat:
For quitting both their *ſwords* and *reins*,
They graſp'd with all their ſtrength the *manes*;
And to avoid the *Foe*'s purſuit,
With ſpurring put their Cattel to't;
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too ne'er look'd behind.
After th' had paus'd a while, ſupplying
Their *Spirits*, ſpent with fight and flying,
And *Hudibras* recruited force
Of Lungs for *action*, or *diſcourſe*.

Quoth

Quoth he, That Man is ſure to loſe,
That fouls his *hands* with dirty foes:
For where no *Honour*'s to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.
'Twas ill for us, we had to do
With ſo diſhon'rable a Foe:
For though the *Law of Arms* doth bar
The uſe of venom'd ſhot in *War*,
Yet by the nauſeous ſmell, and noiſome,
Their *Caſe-ſhot* ſavours ſtrong of *poyſon*;
And doubtleſs have been chew'd with teeth
Of ſome that had a *ſtinking breath*:
Elſe when we put it to the puſh,
They had not giv'n us ſuch a bruſh.
But as thoſe *Paltroons* that fling dirt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
So all the *Honour* they have won,
Or we have loſt, is much at one.

'Twas

'Twas well we made ſo reſolute
A brave Retreat, without purſuit;
For if we had not, we had ſped
Much worſe, to be in Triumph led;
Than which the *Ancients* held no ſtate
Of Man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold *Adventure* e'er
Do chance to reach the *Widow*'s ear
It may, b'ing deſtin'd to aſſert
Her *Sex's Honour*, reach her Heart:
And as ſuch homely Treats (they ſay)
Portend good *fortune*, ſo this may.
Veſpaſian being dawb'd with dirt:
Was deſtin'd to the Empire for't:
And from a Scavinger did come
To be a mighty Prince in *Rome*:
And why may not this foul Addreſs
Preſage in Love the ſame ſucceſs?
Then let us ſtraight to cleanſe our wounds,
Advance in queſt of neareſt *Ponds*;
And after (as we firſt *deſign'd*)
Swear I've perform'd what ſhe enjoyn'd.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST *CANTO*.

The Knight, *with various doubts poſſeſt,*
To win the Lady *goes in Queſt*
Of Sidrophel, *the* Roſy-crucian,
To know the Deſtnies reſolution;
With whom being met, they both chop Logick
About the Science Aſtrologick,
Till falling from Diſpute to Fight,
The Conjurer's *worſted by the* Knight.

CANTO III.

DOubtleſs the pleaſure is as great
Of being *cheated*, as to *cheat*;
As lookers-on feel moſt delight,
That leaſt perceive a *Jugler*'s ſlight;
And ſtill the leſs they underſtand,
The more th' admire the ſlight of hand.

Some

Some with a noyſe, and greaſie light,
Are ſnapt as men catch *Larks* by night;
Enſnar'd and hamper'd by the *Soul*,
As nooſes by the *legs* catch *foul*.
Some with a *Med'cine*, and *Receipt*,
Are drawn to nibble at the *Bait*;
And though it be a two-foot *Trout*,
'Tis with a ſingle hair pull'd out.
Others believe no *Voice* t' an *Organ*;
So ſweet as *Lawyer*'s in his *Bar-gown*.
Until with Subtil Cobweb-cheats,
Th' are catch'd in knotted *Law*, like *Nets*:
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they ſtir the more they're tangled;
And while their *Purſes* can diſpute,
There's no end of th' immortal Suit.
Others ſtill gape t' anticipate
The Cabinet-deſigns of *Fate*,
Apply to *Wizards* to fore-ſee
What ſhall, and what ſhall never be.
And, as thoſe *Vultures* do fore-boad,
Believe events prove *bad*, or *good*.

A flamm more ſenſeleſs than the Rog'ry
Of old *Aruſpicy* and *Aug'ry*,
That out of *Garbages* of *Cattel*,
Preſag'd th' events of *Truce*, or *Battel*
From flight of *Birds*, or *Chickens pecking*,
Succeſs of great'ſt *Attempts* would reckon;
Though *Cheats* yet more intelligible,
Than thoſe that with the *Stars* do fribble.
This *Hudibras* by proof found true,
As in due time and place we'll ſhew:
For he with *Beard* and *Face* made clean,
B'ing mounted on his *Steed* agen,
(And *Ralpho* got a cock-horſe too
Upon his *Beaſt* with much ado,)
Advanc'd on for the *Widow*'s Houſe,
T' acquit himſelf, and pay his *Vows*;
When various *thoughts* began to buſtle
And with his inward man to juſtle.
He thought what *danger* might accrue:
If ſhe ſhould find he *ſwore* untrue:
Or, if his *Squire* or he ſhould fail,
And not be punct'al in their *Tale*;

It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his *Honour*, *Faith*, and *Love*.
But if he ſhould forbear to go,
She might conclude h' had broke his *Vow*:
And that he durſt not now for ſhame
Appear in *Court* to try his *Claim*.
This was the Pen'worth of his *thought*,
To paſs *Time* and uneaſie *Trot*.

Quoth he, in all my paſt *Adventures*,
I ne'er was ſet ſo on the Tenters,
Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me;
And with inextricable doubt,
Beſets my puzled *Wits* about:
For though the *Dame* has been my bail
To free me from enchanted *Gaol*,
Yet as a *Dog*, committed cloſe
For ſome offence, by chance breaks looſe,
And quits his *Clog*; but all in vain,
He ſtill draws after him his *Chain*;
So though my *Ankle* ſhe has quitted,
My *Heart* continues ſtill committed.

And like a *Bail'd* and *Main-priz'd Lover*,
Although at large I am bound over.
And when I ſhall appear in *Court*
To plead my *Cauſe*, and anſwer for't,
Unleſs the *Judge* do partial prove,
What will become of *Me* and *Love*?
For if in our Account we vary,
Or but in *Circumſtance* miſcarry;
Or if ſhe put me to ſtrict proof,
And make me pull my *Dublet* off,
To ſhew by evident Record
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her favour;
But *Faith*, and *Love*, and *Honour* loſt,
Shall be reduc'd t' a *Knight of th' Poſt*?
Beſide, that *Stripping* may prevent
What I'm to prove by *Argument*;
And juſtifie I have a *Tail*,
And that way too, my *proof* may fail.
Or that I could enucleate,
And ſolve the *Problems* of my *Fate*;

Or

Or find by *Necromantick Art*,
How far the *Deſt'nies* take my part;
For if I were not more than certain
To *win*, and *wear* her, and her *Fortune*,
I'd go no farther in this *Courtſhip*,
To hazard *Soul*, *Eſtate*, and *Worſhip*,
For though an *Oath* obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
As (thou haſt prov'd,) yet 'tis *profane*,
And *ſinful*, when men *ſwear* in *vain*.

Quoth *Ralph*, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight *Sidrophel*,
That deals in *Deſtinies* dark *Counſels*,
And ſage *Opinions* of the *Moon* ſells;
To whom all *People* far and near,
On deep importances repair;
When *Braſs* and *Pewter* hap to ſtray,
And *Linen* ſlinks out of the way:
When *Geeſe* and *Pullen*, are ſeduc'd,
And *Sows* of ſucking *Pigs* are chous'd;
When *Cattel* feel Indiſpoſition,
And need th' opinion of *Phyſician*;

When *Murrain* reigns in *Hogs* or *Sheep*,
And *Chickens* languiſh of the *Pip*;
When *Yeaſt* and outward means do *fail*,
And have no pow'r to work on *Ale*;
When *Butter* does refuſe to come,
And *Love* proves *croſs* and *humourſome*;
To him with *Queſtions*, and with *Urine*,
They for diſcov'ry flock, or *Curing*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sidrophel*
I've heard of, and ſhould like it well,
If thou canſt prove the *Saints* have freedom
To go to *Sorc'rers* when they need 'em.
Says *Ralpho*, There's no doubt of that;
Thoſe *Principles* I quoted late,
Prove that the *Godly* may alledge
For any thing their *Privilege*;
And to the Dev'l himſelf may go,
If they have *motives* thereunto.
For as there is a *War* between
The *Dev'l* and *them*, it is no *Sin*,
If they by ſubtil Stratagem
Make uſe of *him*, as he does *them*.

Has

Has not this preſent *Parl'ament*
A *Ledger* to the *Devil* ſent,
Fully empowr'd to treat about
Finding revolted *Witches* out?
And has not he within a year
Hang'd threeſcore of 'em in on *Shire*?
Some only for not being *drown'd*,
And ſome for ſitting above ground
Whole *days* and *nights* upon their breeches
And feeling pain, were hang'd for *Witches.*
And ſome for putting *Knaviſh* tricks
Upon *Green-Geeſe*, and *Turkey-Chicks*,
Or *Pigs*, that ſuddenly deceaſt
Of griefs unnat'ral, as he gueſt;
Who after prov'd himſelf a *Witch*,
And made a Rod for his own *breech.*
Did not the Dev'l appear to *Martin*
Luther in *Germany*, for certain?
And would have gull'd him with a Trick,
But *Mart.* was too too *Politick*?
Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge
At *Antwerp* their *Cathedral* Church?

Sing

Sing Catches to the *Saints* at *Maſcon*,
And tell them all they came to ask him?
Appear in divers ſhapes to *Kelly*?
And ſpeak i'th' *Nun* at *London*'s Belly?
Meet with the *Parliament's Committee*
At *Woodſtock* on a Pers'nal Treaty?
At *Sarum* take a *Cavalier*
I' th' *Cauſe*'s ſervice *Priſoner*.
As *Withers* in immortal Rhime
Has regiſter'd to after-time:
Do not our great *Reformers* uſe
This *Sidrophel* to fore-boad *News*:
To write of *Victories* next year,
And *Caſtles* taken yet in th' *Air*?
Of Battels fought at *Sea*, and Ships
Sunk two years hence, the laſt Eclipſe?
A Total overthrow giv'n the *King*
In *Cornwal Horſe* and *Foot*, next Spring;
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whats'er the cloſe *Committee* would:
Made *Mars* and *Saturn* for the *Cauſe*,
The *Moon* for fundamental *Laws*?

The

The *Ram*, and *Bull*, and *Goat* declare
Againſt the Book of *Common-Pray'r?*
The *Scorpion* take the *Proteſtation*,
And *Bear* engage for *Reformation*;
Made all the *Royal Stars* recant,
Compound, and take the *Covenant?*
Quoth *Hudibras*, The caſe is clear,
The *Saints* m' employ a *Conjurer*;
As thou haſt prov'd it by their *practice*,
No *Argument* like matter of fact is,
And we are beſt of all led to
Mens *Principles* by what they do;
Then let us ſtraight advance in queſt
Of this profound *Gymnoſophiſt*,
And as the *Fates* and *he* adviſe,
Purſue, or wave this *Enterpriſe:*
This ſaid, he turn'd about his Steed,
And eftſoons on th' adventure rid,
Where leave we *Him* and *Ralph* a while,
And to the *Conj'rer* turn our ſtyle,
To let our *Reader* underſtand
What's uſeful of him, before-hand.

He

He had been long towards *Mathematicks*,
Opticks, *Philoſophy*, and *Staticks*,
Magick, *Horoſcopie*, *Aſtrologie*,
And was *old Dog* at *Phiſiologie*;
But, as a *Dog* that turns the Spit,
Beſtirs himſelf, and plies his Feet
To climb the *Wheel*, but all in vain,
His own Weight brings him down again:
And ſtill he's in the ſelf-ſame place
Where at his ſetting out he was.
So in the *Circle* of the *Arts*
Did he advance his Nat'ral Parts;
Till falling back ſtill for retreat,
He fell to *Juggle*, *Cant*, and *Cheat*:
For as thoſe *Fowls* that live in Water
Are never wet, he did but ſmatter;
What e're he labour'd to appear
His underſtanding ſtill was clear.
Yet none a deeper knowledge boaſted,
Since old *Hodg Bacon*, and *Bod Groſted*.
Th' *Intelligible World* he knew,
And all men dream on't, to be true:

That

That in this *World* there's not a *Wart*
That has not there a Counterpart;
Nor can there on the *face* of ground
An Individual *Beard* be found,
That has not in that Foreign *Nation*
A fellow of the ſelf-ſame faſhion;
So *cut*, ſo *colour'd*, and ſo *curl'd*,
As thoſe are in th' *Inferiour World*.
H' had read *Dee*'s Prefaces before,
The *Dev'l* and *Euclide* o'er and o'er;
And all th' *Intrigues* 'twixt him and *Kelly*,
Leſcus and th' *Emperour* would not tell ye;
But with the *Moon* was more familiar
Than e'er was *Almanack well-willer*.
Her ſecrets underſtood ſo clear,
That ſome believ'd he had been there;
Knew when ſhe was in fitteſt mood,
For cutting *corns*, or letting *blood*;
When for annointing *Scabs* or *Itches*,
Or to the *Bum* applying *Leeches*;
When *Sows* and *Bitches* may be ſpav'd,
And in what Sign beſt *Cider*'s made;

Whether

Whether the *Wane* be, or *Increaſe*,
Beſt to ſet *Garlick*, or ſow *Peaſe*.
Who firſt found out the *Man i' th' Moon*,
That to the *Ancients* was unknown;
How many *Dukes*, and *Earls*, and *Peers*,
Are in the *Planetary Spheres*,
Their *Airy Empire*, and Command
Their ſev'ral ſtrengths by Sea and Land;
What factions th' have, and what they drive at
In publick Vogue, and what in private;
With what Deſignes and Intereſts
Each *Party* manages Conteſts.
He made an *Inſtrument* to know
If the *Moon* ſhine at full or no,
That would, as ſoon as e'er ſhe ſhone, ſtraight
Whether 'twere day or night demonſtrate;
Tell what her *D'ametre* t' an inch is,
And prove ſhe is not made of *Green-Cheeſe*.
It would demonſtrate, that the *Man in*
The Moon's a *Sea Mediterranean*.
And that it is no *Dog* nor *Bitch*.
That ſtands behind him at his breech;

But

But a huge *Caſpian Sea*, or *Lake*
With *Arms*-which Men for *Legs* miſtake,
How large a *Gulph* his Tail compoſes,
And what a goodly *Bay* his Noſe is;
How many *German* Leagues by th' ſcale
Cape-Snout's from *Promontory-Tail*;
He made a *Planetary Gin*
Which *Rats* would run their own heads in,
And come on purpoſe to be taken,
Without th' expence of Cheeſe or Bacon;
With *Lute-ſtrings* he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on diſh of meat,
Quote Moles and Spots on any place
Of th' body by the *Index face*:
Detect loſt *Maiden-heads*, by ſneezing,
Or breaking wind of *Dames*, or piſſing.
Cure *Warts* and *Corns*, with application
Of *Med'cines* to th' *Imagination*,
Fright *Agues* into *Dogs*, and ſcare
With *Rhimes* the *Tooth-ach*, and *Catarrh*.
Chaſe evil *ſpirits* away by dint
Of *Cickle-Horſhoe*, *Hollow-ſtint*,

Spit

Spit Fire out of a *Walnut-ſhell*,
Which made the *Roman* Slaves rebell.
And fire a Mine in *China* here
With Sympathetick *Gun-powder*.
He knew whats'ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own.
What *Med'cine* 'twas that *Paracelſus*
Could make a Man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd *Slates* are beſt to make
On watry Surface *Duck* or *Drake*.
What *Bowling-ſtones* in running Race
Upon a *Board* have ſwifteſt pace.
Whether a *Pulſe* beat in the black
Liſt of a dapled *Louſe*'s Back:
If *Syſtole* or *Diaſtole* move
Quickeſt when he's in Wrath or Love:
When two of them do run a Race,
Whether they *Gallop*, *Trot*, or *Pace*.
How many Scores a *Flea* will jump,
Of his own Length from Head to Rump;
Which *Socrates* and *Chærephon*
In vain aſſay'd ſo long agon;

Whether

Whether his *Snout* a perfect *Noſe* is,
And not an Elephant's *Proboſcis*;
How many different *Species*
Of Maggots breed in rotten Cheeſe;
And which are next of kin to thoſe
Engendred in a *Chandler*'s noſe.
Or thoſe not ſeen but underſtood,
That live in *Vinegar* and *Wood*:
A paltry Wretch he had half-ſtarv'd,
That him in place of *Zany* ſerv'd,
Height *Whachum*, bred to daſh and draw,
Not *Wine*, but more unwholſome *Law*:
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
Wide as *Meridians* in Maps.
To ſquander Paper, and ſpare Ink,
Or cheat men of their word ſome think;
From this by merited degrees,
He'd to more high Advancement riſe:
To be an under-*Conjurer*,
Or Journey-man *Aſtrologer*:
His buſineſs was to pump and wheedle,
And men with their own Keys unriddle.

To make them to themſelves give anſwers,
For which they pay the *Necromancers.*
To fetch and carry *Intelligence,*
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
And all *Diſcoveries* diſperſe,
Among th' whole *pack* of *Conjurers*;
What *Cut-purſes* have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem;
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themſelves and th' *Art* repute;
Draw *Figures*, *Schemes*, and *Horoſcopes*,
Of *Newgate*, *Bridewell*, *Brokers* ſhops.
Of Thieves *aſcendant* in the *Cart*,
And find out all by rules of *Art.*
Which way a Serving-man that's run
With Cloaths or Money away is gone;
Who pick'd a *Fob* at *Holding-forth*,
And where a *Watch* for half the worth
May be redeem'd, or ſtollen Plate
Reſtor'd at Conſcionable rate.
Beſide all this, he ſerv'd his *Maſter*
In quality of *Poetaſter:*

And

And *Rhimes* appropriate could make,
To ev'ry month in th' *Almanack*,
When *Terms* begin and end, could tell,
With their *Returns* in *Doggerel*.
When the *Exchequer* opes and ſhuts,
And *Sowgelder* with ſafety cuts.
When men may eat, and drink their fill,
And when be temp'rate if they will.
When uſe and when abſtain from vice,
Figs, *Grapes*, *Phlebotomy*, and *Spice*.
And as in *Priſons* mean Rogues beat
Hemp for the ſervice of the *Great*,
So *Whachum* beat his dirty brains
T' advance his Maſter's Fame and Gains;
And like the Devil's *Oracles*,
Put into *Doggrel-Rhimes* his *Spells*,
Which over ev'ry month's blank-page
In th' *Almanack* ſtrange *Bilks* preſage.
He would an *Elegy* compoſe
On Maggots ſqueez'd out of his Noſe;
In *Lyrick* numbers write an *Ode* on
His Miſtreſs eating a Black-pudden:

And when impriſon'd Air eſcap'd her,
It puft him with *Poetick Rapture*;
His *Sonnets* charm'd th' attentive Crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd Gueſts,
Like *Orpheus* look'd, among the Beaſts;
A *Carman*'s Horſe could not paſs by,
But ſtood ty'd up to *Poetry*;
No Porter's *Burthen* paſs'd along,
But ſerv'd for *Burthen* to his Song.
Each Window like a *Pill'ry* appears,
With heads thruſt through nail'd by the Ears;
All Trades run in as to the ſight
Of Monſters, or their dear delight
The *Gallow-Tree*, when cutting Purſe,
Breeds buſ'neſs for *Heroick* Verſe,
Which none does hear, but would have hung
T'been the *Theme* of ſuch a *Song*.
Thoſe two together long had liv'd,
In *Manſion* prudently contriv'd;
Where neither Tree, nor Houſe could bar
The free detection of a *Star*;

And

And night an *Ancient Obelisk*
Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fisk*,
On which was written not in words
But *Hieroglyphick* Mute of *Birds*,
Many rare pithy Saws concerning
The worth of *Astrologick* Learning:
From top of this there hung a *Rope*,
To which he fastned *Telescope*;
The *Spectacles* with which the *Stars*
He reads in smallest *Characters*.
It hapned as a *Boy* one night,
Did flie his *Tarsel* of a *Kite*,
The strangest long-wing'd *Hawk* that flies,
That, like a *Bird* of *Paradise*,
Or *Herald*'s Martlet has no *legs*,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays *Eggs*;
His *Train* was six yards long milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a *Light*,
Enclos'd in *Lanthorn* made of *Paper*,
That far off like a *Star* did appear.
This *Sidrophel* by chance espy'd,
And with amazement staring wide,

Bleſs us, quoth he! What dreadful wonder
Is that appears in *Heaven* yonder?
A *Comet*, and without a *Beard*,
Or *Star* that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the *Scrowl*
Of all thoſe Beaſts, and Fiſh, and Fowl,
With which, like *Indian Plantations*,
The learned ſtock the *Conſtellations*:
Nor thoſe that drawn for *Signs* have been,
To th' *Houſes* where the *Planets* Inn.
It muſt be ſupernatural,
Unleſs it be that Cannon-Ball,
That ſhot, in th' Air point-blank upright,
Was born to that prodigious height,
That learn'd *Philoſophers* maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again;
But in the *Airy Region* yet
Hangs like the Body of *Mahomet*:

For

For if it be above the Shade,
That by the *Earth*'s round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may from far
Appear no Bullet, but a Star.
This ſaid, he to his Engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand in open view,
And rais'd it till it levell'd right,
Againſt the *Glow-worm* Tail of *Kite*.
Then peeping through, (*Bleſs* us quoth he)
It is a *Planet* now I ſee;
And if I err not by his proper
Figure, that's like *Tobacco-ſtopper*,
It ſhould be *Saturn*; yes, 'tis clear
'Tis *Saturn*, But what makes he there?
He's got between the *Dragon*'s Tail,
And farther leg behind of th' *Whale*;
Pray *Heaven* divert the fatal Omen,
For 'tis a *Prodigy* not common,
And can no leſs than the *World*'s end,
Or *Nature*'s Funeral portend.

With that he fell again to prie
Through *Perſpective* more wiſtfully,
When by miſchance the fatal ſtring
That kept the *Towring Fowl* on wing
Breaking, down fell the Star: Well ſhot,
Quoth *Whachum*, who right wiſely thought
H' had levell'd at a Star, and hit it:
But *Sidrophel* more ſubtil-witted,
Cry'd out what horrible and fearful
Portent is this, to ſee a Star fall;
It threatens *Nature*, and the doom
Will not be long before it come.
When Stars do fall 'tis plain enough
The *Day of Judgment*'s not far off:
As lately 'twas reveal'd to *Sedgwick*,
And ſome of us find out by *Magick*.
Then ſince the time we have to live
In this world's ſhortned, let us ſtrive
To make our beſt advantage of it,
And pay our loſſes with our profit.
This feat fell out not long before
The *Knight*, upon the fore-nam'd ſcore

In

In queſt of *Sidrophel* advancing,
Was now in proſpect of the *Manſion*:
Whom he diſcovering, turn'd his *Glaſs*,
And found far off 'twas *Hudibras*.
Whachum (quoth he) look yonder, ſome
To try or uſe our Art are come:
The one's the Learned *Knight*; ſeek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd with all ſubmiſſneſs,
T' accoſt 'em, but much more their bus'neſs.
He held the Stirrup while the *Knight*
From *Leathern Bare-Bones* did alight,
And taking from his hand the Bridle,
Approch'd the dark *Squire* to unriddle:
He gave him firſt the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, *as he might ſay*:
He ask'd them whence thy came, and whither
Their bus'neſs lay? Quoth *Ralpho*, hither;
Did you not loſe?— Quoth *Ralpho*, nay;
Quoth *Whachum*, Sir, I meant your *way*.
Yon *Knight*—Quoth *Ralpho*, is a *Lover:*
And pains intol'rable doth ſuffer,

For

For *Lovers* hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor Lights, nor Lungs, and ſo forth downwards.
What time,—Quoth *Ralpho*, Sir, too long,
Three years it off and on has hung——
Quoth he, I meant what time of th' day 'tis,
Quoth *Ralpho*, between ſeven and eight 'tis.
Why then (quoth *Whachum*) my ſmall *Art*
Tells me the *Dame* has a hard *Heart*,
Or great *Eſtate*——Quoth *Ralph*, a *Jointure*,
Which makes him have ſo hot a mind t'her;
Mean while the Knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done the *Wizard* ſteps in,
To give him ſuitable Reception;
But kept his bus'neſs at a *Bay*,
Till *Whachum* put him in the way;
Who having now by *Ralpho*'s light,
Expounded th' Errand of the *Knight*;
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whiſper in the *Conj'rer*'s ear.
Which he prevented thus: What was't,
Quoth he, that I was ſaying laſt,

Before

Before theſe *Gentlemen* arriv'd?
Quoth *Whachum*, *Venus* you retreiv'd,
In oppoſition with *Mars*,
And no benign friendly Stars
T'allay th' effect. Quoth *Wizard*, So!
In *Virgo?* Ha! quoth *Whachum*, No:
Has *Saturn* nothing to do in it?
One tenth of's *Circle* to a minute.
'Tis well, quoth he——Sir, you'll excuſe
This rudeneſs I am forc'd to uſe,
It is a *Scheme* and *face* of *Heaven*
As th' *Aſpects* are diſpos'd this *Even*,
I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd, but now I've done.
Quoth *Hudibras*, If I appear
Unſeaſonable in coming here
At ſuch a time, to interrupt
Your *Speculations* which I hop'd
Aſſiſtance from, and come to uſe,
'Tis fit that I ask your excuſe.
By no means, Sir, quoth *Sidrophel*
The Stars your coming did foretel;

I did expect you here, and know
Before you ſpeak your bus'neſs too.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Make that appear,
And I ſhall credit whatſoe'er
You tell me after on your word,
Howe'er unlikely, or abſurd.
You are in *Love*, Sir, with a *Widow*
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your *Wit*
And *Paſſion* without drawing *Bit*:
And now your bus'neſs is to know
If you ſhall carry her or no.
Quoth *Hudibras*, You're in the right,
But how the *Devil* you come by't
I can't imagine; for the *Stars*
I'm ſure can tell no more than *Horſe*,
Nor can their *Aſpects* (though you pore
Your Eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' *Oracle* of *Sieve* and *Shears*,
That turns as certain as the *Spheres*;
But if the *Devil*'s of your Counſel,
Much may be done, my noble *Donzel*,

And

And 'tis on his Account I come
To know from you my fatal Doom:
Quoth *Sidrophel*, If you ſuppoſe,
Sir *Knight*, that I am one of thoſe,
I might ſuſpect, and take the *Allarm*,
Your bus'neſs is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a *wrong Sow by the Ear*;
For I aſſure you, for my part,
I only deal by *Rules* of *Art*,
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Concluſions of *Aſtrology*:
But for the *Devil*, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defie him.
Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye
I underſtand you *Metonimie*;
Your words of ſecond hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention,
The Myſtick ſenſe of all your *Terms*,
That are indeed but *Magick Charms*,
To raiſe the Devil, and mean one thing,
And that is down-right *Conjuring*:

And

And in its ſelf more warrantable
Than *Cheat*, or *Canting* to a *Rabble*,
Or putting *Tricks* upon the *Moon*,
Which by confed'racy are done.
Your Ancient *Conjurers* were wont
To make her from her Sphere diſmount,
And to their *Incantations* ſtoop,
They ſcorn'd to pore through *Teleſcope*,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which ev'ry *Almanack* can tell,
Perhaps as learnedly and well,
As you your ſelf—— Then friend, I doubt
You go the fartheſt way about:
Your Modern *Indian Magician*
Makes but a hole in th' Earth to piſs in,
And ſtraight reſolves all Queſtions by't,
And ſeldom fails to be i'th' right.
The *Roſy-crucian* way's more ſure
To bring the Devil to the Lure;
Each of 'em has a ſeveral Gin,
To catch *Intelligences* in.

Some

Some by the *Noſe* with fumes trappan 'em,
As *Dunſtan* did the *Devil's Grandamm*;
Others with *Characters* and *Words*
Catch 'em as Men in *Nets* do *Birds*.
And ſome with *Symbols*, *Signs*, and *Tricks*,
Engrav'd in *Planetary* Nicks,
With their own infl'ences will fetch 'em
Down from their Orbs, arreſt, and catch 'em;
Make 'em depoſe, and anſwer to
All *Queſtions*, e'er they let them go.
Bumbaſtus kept a *Devil's Bird*
Shut in the Pummel of his Sword,
That taught him all the cunning Pranks,
Of paſt and future *Mountebanks*.
Kelly did all his Feats upon
The *Devil's Looking-Glaſs*, a *Stone*,
Where playing with him at *Boo-peep*
He ſolv'd all *Problems* ne'er ſo deep.
Agrippa kept a *Stygian Pug*
I' th' garb and habit of a *Dog*,
That was his *Tutor*, and the *Curr*
Read to th' Occult *Philoſopher*,

And

And taught him ſubt'ly to maintain
All other *Sciences are vain.*

To this, quoth *Sidrophel*, Oh! Sir,
Agrippa was no *Conjurer*,
Nor *Paracelſus*, no nor *Behman*;
Nor was the Dog a *Cacodæmon*,
But a true Dog that would ſhew tricks
For th' *Emperor*, and leap o'er ſticks;
Would *fetch* and *carry*, was more civil
Than other *Dogs*, but yet no Devil;
And whatſoe'er he's ſaid to do,
He went the ſelf-ſame way we go.
As for the *Roſie croſs Philos'phers*,
Whom you will have to be but *Sorc'rers*,
What they pretend to, is no more
Than *Triſmegiſtus* did before,
Pythagoras, old *Zoroaſter*,
And *Apollonius* their Maſter;
To whome they do confeſs they owe
All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Alas! what is't t' us:
Whether 'twere ſaid by *Triſmegiſtus*,

If

If it be *nonſenſe*, *falſe*, or *myſtick*,
Or not *intelligible*, or *ſophiſtick*?
'Tis not *Antiquity*, nor *Author*;
That makes *truth truth*, altho' *time's daughter*;
'Twas he that put her in the *Pit*,
Before he pull'd her out of it;
And as he eats his *Sons*, juſt ſo
He feeds upon his *Daughters* too:
Nor does it follow, 'cauſe a *Herald*
Can make a Gentleman, ſcarce a year old,
To be deſcended of a Race
Of ancient *Kings* in a ſmall ſpace;
That we ſhould all Opinion hold
Authentick, that we can make old.
Quoth *Sidrophel*, It is no part
Of prudence to cry down an *Art*;
And what it may perform deny,
Becauſe you underſtand not why.
(As *Averrhois* play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole *Art* for *Excentrick*,)
For who knows all that knowledge contains?
Men dwell not the *Tops* of *Mountains*,

But on their ſide, or riſing's ſeat;
So 'tis with knowledge's vaſt height.
Do not the *Hiſt'ries* of all *Ages*
Relate miraculous preſages
Of ſtrange turns in the *World*'s affairs,
Foreſeen b' *Aſtrologers*, *Southſayers*,
Chaldeans, Learn'd *Genethliacks*,
And ſome that have writ *Almanacks*?
The *Medean* Emp'rour dreamt his Daughter
Had piſt all *Aſia* under water,
And that a *Vine*, ſprung from her *hanches*
O'er-ſpread his *Empire* with its branches;
And did not *Soothſayers* expound it,
As after by th' event he found it?
When *Cæſar* in the Senate fell
Did not the Sun eclips'd foretell,
And, in reſentment of his ſlaughter,
Look pale for almoſt a year after?
Auguſtus having b' overſight
Put on his Left Shoe 'fore his Right,
Had like to have been ſlain that day
By *Soldiers* mutin'ing for pay.

Aſe

Are there not myriads of this ſort,
Which ſtories of all times report?
Is it not om'nous in all *Countries*,
When *Crows* and *Ravens* croak upon Trees?
The *Roman Senate*, when within
The City-walls an *Owl* was ſeen,
Did cauſe their *Clergy* with *Luſtrations*,
(Our *Synod* calls *Humiliations*)
The round-fac'd *Prodigy* t' avert,
From doing *Town* or *Country* hurt.
And if an *Owl* have ſo much pow'r,
Why ſhould not *Planets* have much more,
That in a *Region* far above
Inferiour Fowls of the *Air* move,
And ſhould ſee farther, and fore-know
More than *Augury* below?
Though that once ſerv'd the *Polity*
Of mighty States to govern by;
And this is that we take in hand,
By pow'rful *Art* to underſtand;
Which how we have perform'd all Ages
Can ſpeak th' *Events* of our preſages,

Have we not lately in the *Moon*
Found a *New World* to th' *Old* unknown?
Diſcover'd *Sea* and *Land*, *Columbus*
And *Magellan* could never compaſs?
Made Mountains with our *Tubes* appear,
And Cattel grazing on 'em there?
Quoth *Hudibras*, You lie ſo ope,
That I, without a *Teleſcope*,
Can find your Tricks out, and deſcry
Where you tell truth, and where you lye,
For *Anaxagoras* long agone
Saw *Hills*, as well as you, i' th' *Moon*:
And held the *Sun* was but a piece
Of *Red-hot Iron*, as big as *Greece*;
Believ'd the Heavens were made of *Stone*
Becauſe the *Sun* had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant,
Th' *Opinion*, ſuffer'd Baniſhment.
But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether in the *Moon* men thus or thus
Do eat their *Pottage*, cut their Corns,
Or whether they have Tails or Horns?

What *Trade* from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from *France*?
What can our *Travellers* bring home
That is not to be learnt at *Rome*?
What *Politicks*, or ſtrange *Opinions*,
That are not in our own *Dominions*?
What *Science* can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What Revelations, or Religions,
That are not in our Native *Regions*?
Are ſweating *Lanthorns*, or *Screen-fans*,
Made better there than th' are in *France*?
Or do they teach to *ſing* and *play*
On th' *Gittar* there a newer way?
Can they make *Plays* there, that ſhall fit
The *Publick Humour*, with leſs *Wit*;
Write *wittier Dances*, quainter Shows,
Or fight with more ingenious *Blows*?
Or does the *Man* i' th' *Moon* look big,
And were a huger *Periwig*,
Shew in his Gate, or Face, more tricks
Than our own *Native Lunaticks*?

But if w' out-do him here at home,
What good of your design can come?
As *wind* in th' *Hypocondries* pent,
Is but a blast if downward sent;
But if it upwards chance to flie,
Becomes new *Light* and *Prophecy*:
So when your Speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle *Dreams* and *Fancies*,
And savour strongly of the *Ganzas*.
Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause,
Why on a *Sign* no *Painter* draws
The *Full-Moon* ever, but the *Half*;
Resolve that with your *Jacob's-staff*;
Or why *Wolves* raise a Hubbub at her,
And *Dogs* howl when she shines in water,
And I shall freely give my *Vote*,
You may know something more remote.
At this deep *Sidrophel* look'd wise,
And staring round with *Owl-like* Eyes,

He

He put his face into a posture
Of *Sapience*, and began to bluster,
For having three times shook his Head
To stir his wit up, thus he said.
Art has no mortal Enemies
Next *Ignorance*, but *Owls* and *Geese*;
Those consecrated Geese in Orders,
That to the *Capitol* were *Warders*,
And being then upon *Patrol*,
With noise alone beat off the *Gaul*.
Or those *Athenian Sceptick Owls*,
That will not credit their own *Souls*;
Or any *Science* understand,
Beyond the reach of Eye or Hand:
But measuring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold Nothing's to be known,
Those whole-sale *Criticks*, that in *Coffee-Houses* cry down all *Philosophy*,
And will not know upon what ground
In *Nature* we our *doctrine* found,
Although with pregnant evidence
We can demonstrate it to sense;

As I just now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the *Stars* only made to light
Robbers and Burglarers by night?
To wait on *Drunkards*, *Thieves*, *Gold-finders*,
And *Lovers* solacing behind Dores,
Or giving one another Pledges
Of *Matrimony* under Hedges?
Or Witches *simpling*, and on *Gibbets*
Cutting from *Malefactors* snippets;
Or from the *Pillory* tips of Ears
Of Rebel-Saints and Perjurers?
Only to stand by and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a *Constellation* there,
That was not born and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn,
In any inferiour Concern.
Were they not during all their lives,
Most of 'em Pirates, Whores, and Thieves?
And is it like they have not still
In their old *Practises* some skill?

Is there a *Planet* that by *Birth*
Does not derive its *Houſe* from *Earth*?
And therefore probably muſt know
What is, and hath been done below,
Who made the *Balance*, or whence came
The *Bull*, the *Lion*, and the *Ram*?
Did not we here the *Argo* rigg,
Make *Berenice's Perriwigg*:
Whoſe *Liv'ry* does the *Coachman* wear?
Or who made *Caſſiopeia's* Chair?
And therefore as they came from hence,
With us may hold *Intelligence*.
Plato deny'd, The *World* can be
Govern'd without *Geometrie*,
(For Money b'ing the common Scale
Of things by meaſure, weight, and tale;
In all th' Affairs of *Church* and *ſtate*,
'Tis both the *Balance* and the *Weight*):
Then much Leſs can it be without
Divine *Aſtrology* made out,
That puts the other down in worth,
As far as *Heaven's* above the *Earth*.

Theſe

Theſe reaſons (quoth the *Knight*) I grant
Are ſomething more ſignificant
Than any that the *Learned* uſe
Upon this *Subject* to produce;
And yet th' are far from ſatisfactory,
T' eſtabliſh, and keep up your *Factory*.
The *Egyptians* ſay, The *Sun* has twice
Shifted his *Setting*, and his *Riſe*;
Twice has he riſen in the *Weſt*,
As many times ſet in the *Eaſt*:
But whether that be true, or no,
The *Devil* any of you know.
Some hold the *Heavens*, like a *Top*,
Are kept by *Circulation* up;
And, were 't not for their wheeling round,
They'd inſtantly fall to the ground:
As ſage *Empedocles* of old,
And, from him *Modern* Authors hold,
Plato believ'd the *Sun* and *Moon*
Below all other *Planets* run.
Some *Mercury*, ſome *Venus* ſeat
Above the *Sun* himſelf in height,

The

The learned *Scaliger* complain'd
'Gainſt what *Copernicus* maintain'd,
That in Twelve hundred years and odd,
The *Sun* had left his ancient Road,
And nearer to the Earth is come
'Bove Fifty thouſand miles from home:
Swore 'twas a moſt notorious Flam,
And he that had ſo little Shame
To vent ſuch *Fopperies* abroad,
Deſerv'd to have his *Rump* well claw'd:
Which Monſieur *Bodin* hearing, ſwore
That he deſerv'd the *Rod* much more,
That durſt upon a *truth* give doom,
He knew leſs than th' *Pope* of *Rome*.
Cardan believ'd great States depend
Upon the tip of th' *Bear*'s Tail's end;
That as ſhe whisk'd it t'wards the Sun,
Strow'd Mighty *Empires* up and down;
Which others ſay muſt needs be falſe
Becauſe your true *Bears* have no Tails.
Some ſay the *Zodiack-Conſtellations*
Have long ſince chang'd their antique Stations

Above

Above a *Sign*, and prove the ſame
In *Taurus* now, once in *Ram*;
Affirm the *Trigons* chop'd and chang'd,
The *Watry* with the *Fiery* rang'd,
Then how can their *effects* ſtill hold
To be the ſame they were of old?
This, though the *Art* were true, would make
Our Modern *Soothſayers* miſtake;
And is one cauſe they tell more lyes,
In *Figures*, and *Nativities*,
Than th' old *Chaldean* Conjurers,
In ſo many hundred thouſand years;
Beſide their Nonſenſe in tranſlating,
For want of *Accidence* and *Latine*,
Like *Idus* and *Calenda*, Engliſht
The *Quarter-days* by skilful Linguiſt,
And yet with *Canting*, *Slight*, and *Cheat*,
'Twill ſerve their turn to do the feat:
Make Fools believe in their foreſeeing
Of things before they are in Being;
To ſwallow *Gudgeons* e'er th' are catch'd,
And count their *Chickens* e'er th' are hatch'd,

Make

Make them the *Conſtellatio ns* prompt,
And give 'em back their own accompt;
But ſtill the beſt to him that gives
The beſt price for't, or beſt believes.
Some *Towns* and *Cities*, ſome for brevity,
Have caſt the 'verſal World's *Nativity*;
And made the Infant-Stars confeſs
Like Fools or Children, what they pleaſe:
Some calculate the hidden Fates
Of *Monkeys*, *Puppy-Dogs*, and *Cats*;
Some *Running Nags*, and *Fighting Cocks*,
Some *Love*, *Trade*, *Law Suits*, and the *Pox*;
Some take a meaſure of the Lives
Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives;
Make *Oppoſition*, *Trine*, and *Quartile*,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile;
As if the *Planet*'s firſt aſpect
The tender Infant did infect
In *Soul* and *Body*, and inſtil
All future good, and future ill:
Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking,
At deſtin'd Periods fall a working;

And

And break out like the hidden ſeeds
Of long diſeaſes into deeds,
In Friendſhips, Enmities, and ſtrife,
And all th' emergencies of Life;
No ſooner does he peep into
The *World*, but he has done his doe,
Catch'd all Diſeaſes, took all *Phyſick*
That cures or kills a man that is ſick;
Marry'd his punctual doſe of Wives,
Is Cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There's but the twinkling of a *Star*
Between a Man of *Peace* and *War*,
A *Thief* and *Juſtice*, *Fool* and *Knave*,
A huffing *Officer* and a *Slave*.
A crafty *Lawyer* and *Pick-pocket*,
A great *Philoſopher* and a *Block-head*,
A formal *Preacher* and a *Player*,
A Learn'd *Phyſician* and *Manſlayer*.
As if Men from the Stars did ſuck
Old-age, *Diſeaſes*, and *ill-luck*,
Wit, *Folly*, *Honour*, *Vertue*, *Vice*,
Trade, *Travel*, *Women*, *Claps*, *and Dice*;

And

And draw with the firſt Air they breath
Battel and *Murther*, *ſudden Death*.
Are not theſe fine Commodities,
To be imported from the Skies,
And vended here among the Rabble,
For ſtaple Goods, and warrantable;
Like Money by the *Druids* borrow'd,
In th' other *World* to be reſtor'd?
Quoth *Sidrophel*, To let you know
You wrong the *Art*, and *Artiſts* too,
Since Arguments are loſt on thoſe
That do our *Principles* oppoſe;
I will (although I've don't before)
Demonſtrate to your ſenſe once more,
And draw a *Figure* that ſhall tell you
What you perhaps forget, befell you,
By way of *Horary* inſpection,
Which ſome account our worſt erection.
With that he *Circles* draws, and *Squares*,
With *Cyphers*, *Aſtral Characters*;
Then looks 'em o'er to underſtand 'em,
Although ſet down *Hab-nab*, at random.

Quoth

Quoth he, This *Scheme* of th' Heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met
At *Kingston* with a *May-pole Idol*,
And that y'were bang'd both back and side well;
And though you overcame the *Bear*,
The *Dogs* beat You at *Brentford* Fair;
Where sturdy *Butchers* broke your Noddle,
And handled you like a *Fop-doodle*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive
You are no *Conj'rer*, by your leave;
That *Paltry story* is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such *Gulls* as you.
Not true, Quoth he? how e'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum shall justifie 't t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place:
He play'd the *Saltinbanco*'s part,
Transform'd t' a *Frenchman* by my *Art*;
He stoel your Cloak, and pick'd your Pocket,
Chews'd and caldes'd ye like a Block-head,
And what you lost I can produce,
If you deny it, here i'th' House.

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe
That Argument's *Demonſtrative*;
Ralpho, bear witneſs, and go fetch us
A *Conſtable* to ſeize the Wretches;
For though th'are both falſe *Knaves*, and *Cheats*,
Impoſtors, *Juglers*, *Counterfeits*,
I'll make them ſerve for perpendic'lars,
As true as e'er were us'd by *Brick-layers*;
They're *guilty*, by their own Confeſſions,
Of *Felony*, and at the *Seſſions*
Upon the Bench I will ſo handle 'em,
That the *Vibration* of this *Pendulum*
Shall make all *Taylors* yards of one
Unanimous Opinion:
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now ſhall make it out by proof.
Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt
To find Friends that will bear me out;
Nor have I hazarded my *Art*,
And Neck, ſo long on the *State*'s part,
To be expos'd in th' end to ſuffer,
By ſuch a *Braggadochio* Huſer.

Huffer, quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sword*
Shall down thy falſe throat cram that word,
Ralpho, make haſte and call an Officer
To apprehend this *Stygian* Sophiſter;
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a *Bay*,
Leſt he and *Whachum* run away.
But *Sidrophel*, who from th' *Aſpect*
Of *Hudibras* did now erect
A *Figure* worſe portending far,
Than that of moſt malignant Star,
Believ'd it now the fitteſt moment
To ſhun the danger that might come on't,
While *Hudibras* was all alone,
And he and *Whachum*, Two to one;
This b'ing reſolv'd, He ſpy'd by chance
Behind the Door an Iron Lance,
That many a ſturdy Limb had gor'd,
And Legs, and Loins, and Shoulders bor'd;
He ſnatch'd it up, and made a Paſs,
To make his way through *Hudibras*;
Whachum had got a Fire-Fork,
With which he vow'd to do his Work;

But

But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,
And ſtoutly ſtood upon his Guard;
He put by *Sidrophelo's* thruſt,
And in right manfully he ruſht;
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum his Sea-coal-Prong threw by,
And baſely turn'd his back to flie;
But *Hudibras* gave him a twitch
As quick as lightning in the Breech,
Juſt in the place where *Honour's* lodg'd,
As wiſe *Philoſophers* have judg'd;
Becauſe a kick in that part more
Hurts *Honour* than deep wounds before.

Quoth *Hudibras*, the Stars determine
You are my Priſoners; baſe Vermine,
Could they not tell you ſo, as well
As what I came to know foretell?
By this what Cheats you are we find,
That in your own Concerns are blind;
Your lives are now at my diſpoſe,
To be redeem'd by Fine, or Blows:

But who his Honour would defile,
To take, or ſell, two lives ſo Vile?
I'll give you *Quarter*, but your *Pillage*
The Conqu'ring Warrior's *Crop* and *Tillage*,
Which with his Sword he reaps, and plows;
That mine the *Law of Arms* allows.
This ſaid in haſte, in haſte he fell
To rummaging of *Sidrophel*.
Firſt, He expounded both his Pockets,
And found a *Watch*, with *Rings*, *and Lockets*,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A *Figure* for, and ſo detect;
A *Copper-Plate*, with *Almanacks*
Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks,
Of *Booker*'s, *Lillie*'s, *Sarah Jimmers*,
And *Blank-Schemes*, to diſcover *Nimmers*;
A *Moon Dial*, with *Napier*'s Bones,
And ſeveral *Conſtellation*-ſtones,
Engrav'd in *Planetary hours*,
That over *Mortals* had ſtrange powers,
To make 'em thrive in *Law* or *Trade*;
And ſtab or poyſon to evade;

In *Wit* or *Wiſdom* to improve,
And be victorious in *Love*.
Whachum had neither *Croſs* nor *Pile*,
His *Plunder* was not worth the while;
All which the *Conq'ror* did diſcompt,
To pay for curing of his Rump.
But *Sidrophel*, as full of tricks
As *Rota-men* of *Politicks*,
Streight caſt about to over-reach
Th' unwary Conq'ror with a fetch,
And make him glad (at leaſt) to quit
His *Victory*, and fly the *Pit*,
Before the *Secular Prince of Darkneſs*
Arriv'd to ſeize upon his Carcaſs;
And, as a *Fox* with hot purſuit
Chac'd through a *Warren*, caſt about
To ſave his credit, and among
Dead *Vermin* on a *Gallows* hung;
And while the *Dogs* ran underneath,
Eſcap'd (by counterfeiting Death)
Not out of Cunning, but a *Train*
Of *Atoms* juſtling in his Brain,

As learn'd *Philoſophers* give out;
So *Sidrophelo* caſt about,
And fell to's wonted *Trade* again,
To feign himſelf in earneſt ſlain;
Firſt ſtretch'd out one leg, then another,
And ſeeming in his Breaſt to ſmother,
A broken Sigh; Quoth he, where am I,
Alive, or Dead; Or which way came I
Through ſo immenſe a ſpace ſo ſoon?
But now I thought my ſelf in th' *Moon*;
And that a *Monſter*, with huge *Wiskers*,
More formidable than a *Switzer's*,
My body through and through had drill'd,
And *Whachum* by my ſide had kill'd,
Had croſs-examin'd both our Hoſe,
And plunder'd all we had to loſe;
Look, there he is, I ſee him now
And feel the Place I am run through:
And there lies *Whachum* by my ſide,
Stone-dead, and in his own blood dy'd.

Oh!

Oh! Oh! With that he fetch'd a *Groan*,
And fell again into a ſwoon,
Shut both his Eyes, and ſtopp'd his Breath,
And to the *Life* out-acted *Death*,
That *Hudibras*, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as *Herring*.
He held it now no longer ſafe,
To tarry the return of *Ralph*,
But rather leave him in the *Lurch*;
Thought he, he has abus'd our *Church*,
Refus'd to give himſelf one firk,
To carry on the *Publick Work*;
Deſpis'd our *Synod-men* like Dirt,
And made their *Diſcipline* his Sport;
Divulg'd the ſecrets of their *Claſſes*,
And their *Conventions*, prov'd *High Places*;
Diſparag'd their *Tyth-Pigs*, as *Pagan*,
And ſet at nought their *Cheeſe* and *Bacon*;
Rail'd at their *Covenant*, and jear'd
Their rev'rend Parſons to my *Beard*;

For all which *Scandals* to be quit
At once, this *Jaunture* falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury, if he dare:
He muſt (at leaſt) hold up his hand,
By twelve *Free-holders* to be ſcann'd,
Who by their skill in *Palmiſtry*
Will quickly read his *Deſtiny*;
And make him glad to read his *Leſſon*,
Or take a turn for't at the *Seſſion*:
Unleſs his *Light* and *Gifts* prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm ſure;
For if he ſcape with whipping now,
Tis more than he can hope to do,
And that will diſengage my *Conſcience*
Of th' *Obligation* in his own ſenſe:
I'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my *Honour* ſatisfaction,
And right the *Brethren* in the *Action*.

This

This b'ing reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And *Conduct* he approach'd his *Steed*,
And with *Activity* unwont
Aſſay'd the lofty *Beaſt* to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he ſpurr'd his *Palfry*,
To get from th' *Enemy*, and *Ralph*, free:
Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind,
And beat, at leaſt three lengths, the Wind.

AN

Heroical EPISTLE

OF

HUDIBRAS

TO

SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus——

WELL, *Sidrophel*! though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy Brain,
Without Trepanning of your Scull
As often as the *Moon*'s at *Full*;
'Tis not amiſs, e'er y' are giv'n o'er,
To try one deſp'rate Med'cine more;
For where your Caſe can be no worſe,
The deſp'rat'ſt is the wiſeſt courſe.
Is't poſſible that you, whoſe Ears,
Are of the Tribe of *Iſſacher*'s,

And

And might (with equal Reaſon) either
For Merit, or extent of Leather,
With *William Pryn's*, before they were
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, Compare,
Should yet be deaf againſt a noiſe
So roaring as the Publick voice?
That ſpeaks your Virtues free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry crowd,
As loud as one that ſings his part
T'a Wheel-barrow, or Turnip Cart,——
Or your New Nicknam'd old invention
To cry Green-Haſtings with an Engine;
(As if the vehemence had ſtunn'd,
And torn your Drum-heads with the Sound)
And 'cauſe your Folly's now no news
But over-grown and out of uſe,
Perſwade your ſelf there's no ſuch matter,
But that 'tis vaniſh'd out of Nature,
When Folly, as it grows in years
The more extravagant appears:
For who but you could be poſſeſt
With ſo much Ignorance, and Beaſt,

That

That neither all men's Scorn, and Hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd ſo often in a Mortar,
Can teach you wholſom Sence, and Nurture,
But (like a Reprobate) what courſe
Soever's us'd, grow worſe and worſe?
Can no Transfuſion of the Blood,
That makes Fools Cattel, do you good?
Nor putting Pigs t' a Bitch to Nurſe
To turn 'em into Mungrel-Curs,
Put you into a way, at leaſt,
To make your ſelf a better Beaſt?
Can all your critical Intrigues
Of trying ſound from rotten Eggs,
Your ſeveral new-found Remedies
Of curing Wounds, and Scabs in Trees?
Your Arts of *Fluxing* them for *Claps*,
And purging their infected *Saps*,
Recov'ring Shankers, Chryſtallines,
And Nodes and Botches in their Rindes,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller Block, your Pate,

But

But ſtill it muſt be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due Puniſhment;——
And, like your whimſi'd Chariots, draw
The Boys to courſe you without Law;
As if the Art you have ſo long
Profeſt, of making old *Dogs* young,
In you, had Virtue to renew
Not only Youth, but Childhood too.
Can you, that underſtand all Books,
By judging only with your Looks,
Reſolve all Problems with your Face
As others do with *B's* and *A's*,
Unriddle all that Mankind knows
With ſolid bending of your Brows,
All Arts and Sciences advance,
With ſcrewing of your Countenance,
And with a penetrating Eye,
Into th' abſtruſeſt Learning pry,
Know more of any Trade b' a Hint,
Than thoſe that have been bred up in't,
And yet have on Art, true or falſe,
To help your own bad Naturals?

But

But ſtill the more you ſtrive t'appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder,
For Fools are known by looking wiſe,
As men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cauſe y' have gain'd o'th' *College*,
A Quarter-ſhare (at moſt) of Knowledge,
And brought in none, but ſpent Repute,
Y' aſſume a Pow'r as abſolute
To judge and cenſure, and controll,
As if you were the ſole Sir *Poll*;
And ſaucily pretend to know
More than your Dividend comes to,
You'll find the thing will not be done
With Ignorance, and Face alone:
No though y'have purchas'd to your Name
In Hiſtory ſo great a Fame,
That now your Talent's ſo well known,
For having all Belief out-grown,
That ev'ry ſtrange Prodigious Tale
Is meaſur'd by your *German* Scale,——
By which the *Virtuoſi* try
The Magnitude of ev'ry Lye,

Caſt

Caſt up to what it does amount,
And place the big'ſt to your account.
That all thoſe ſtories that are laid
Too truly to you, and thoſe made,
Are now ſtill charg'd upon your ſcore,
And leſſer Authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that Faculty deſtroys
Thoſe ſooneſt it deſigns to raiſe;
And all your vain Renown will ſpoil,
As Guns o'er-charg'd the more recoil;
Though he that has but Impudence,
To all things has a fair Pretence,
And put among his wants but ſhame,
To all the world may lay his claim:
Though you have try'd that nothing's born
With greater eaſe than Publick Scorn;
That all affronts do ſtill give Place
To your impenetrable Face;
That makes your way through all affairs,
As Pigs through Hedges creep with theirs.
Yet as'tis Counterfeit, and Braſs,
You muſt not think 'twill always paſs;

Fo

For all Impoſtors, when they 're known,
Are paſt their labour, and undone.
And all the beſt that can befall
An Artificial Natural,
Is that which Mad men find, as ſoon
As once th' are broke looſe from the Moon,
And proof againſt her Influence,
Relapſe to e'er ſo little Senſe
To turn ſtark Fools, and Subjects fit
For ſport of Boys, and Rabble-wit.

Anno-

Annotations

TO THE

SECOND PART.

But now t' obſerve, &c.

THE beginning of this Second Part may perhaps ſeem ſtrange and abrupt to thoſe who do not know, that it was written on purpoſe in imitation of *Virgil*, who begins the IV. Book of his *Æneids* in the very ſame manner, *At Regina gravi*, *&c.* And this is enough to ſatisfie the Curioſity of thoſe who believe that Invention and Fancy ought to be meaſur'd (like Caſes in Law) by Precedents, or elſe they are in the Power of the Critick.

A Saxon *Duke did grow ſo fat.*

This Hiſtory of the Duke of *Saxony*, is not altogether ſo ſtrange as that of a Biſhop his Country-man who was quite eaten up with Rats, and Mice.

King Pyrrhus *cur'd his Splenatick,*
And testy Courtiers with a kick.

Pyrrhus King of *Epirus*, as *Pliny* says, had this occult Quality in his Toe, *Pollicis in dextro Pede tactu Lienosis medebatur*.. L. 7. C. 11.

In close Catasta shut, &c.

Catasta is but a pair of Stocks in English. But Heroical Poetry must not admit of any vulgar word (especially of paltry signification) and therefore some of our Modern Authors are fain to import foreign words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language.

'Twas he that made St. Francis *do*, &c.

The ancient Writers of the Lives of Saints were of the same sort of People, who first writ of Knight-Errantry, and as in the one, they rendred the brave Actions of some very great Persons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lies, and sottish way of describing them; so they have abus'd the Piety of some very devout Persons, by imposing such stories upon them, as this upon St. *Francis*.

This made the beauteous Queen of Crete.

The History of *Pasiphae* is common enough, only this may be observ'd, That though she brought the Bull a Son and Heir; yet the Husband was fain to father it, as appears by the

the Name, perhaps becauſe the Country being an Iſland, he was within the four Seas when the Infant was begotten.

As your own Secretary Albertus.

Albertus Magnus was a *Sweediſh* Biſhop, who wrote a very Learned Work, *De Secretis Mulierum.*

Unleſs it be to ſquint and laugh.

Pliny in his *Natural Hiſtory* affirms that *Uni animalium homini oculi depravantur, unde Cognomina Strabonum & Paterorum.* Lib. 2.

As Friar Bacon's *Noddle was.*

The Tradition of Friar *Bacon* and the Brazen-Head is very commonly known, and conſidering the times he liv'd in, is not much more ſtrange than what another great Philoſopher of his Name, has ſince deliver'd up of a Ring, that being ty'd in a ſtring, and held like a Pendulum in the middle of a Silver Bowl, will vibrate of it ſelf, and tell exactly againſt the ſides of the divining Cup, the ſame thing with, *Time is, Time was, &c.*

Or like ſome Indian *Sculls, ſo tough,*
That Authors ſay th'are Muſquet proof.

American Indians, among whom (the ſame Authors affirm) that there are others, whoſe Sculls are ſo ſoft, to uſe their own words, *Ut Digito perforari poſſunt.*

Or Oracle from Heart of Oak.

Jupiter's Oracle in *Epirus*, near the City of *Dodona*, *Ubi Nemus erat Jovi ſacrum, Querneum totum in quo Jovis Dodonæi Templum fuiſſe narratur.*

Semiramis of Babylon.

Semiramis, Queen of *Aſſyria*, is ſaid to be the firſt that invented *Eunuchs. Semiramis teneros mares caſtravit omnium Prima.* Am. Marcel. L. 14. p. 22. Which is ſomething ſtrange in a Lady of her Conſtitution, who is ſaid to have received Horſes into her embraces, (as another Queen did a Bull;) but that perhaps may be the reaſon why ſhe after thought Men not worth the while.

For ſome Philoſophers *of late here.*

S. *K. D.* in his Book of *Bodies*; who has this ſtory of the *German-Boy*, which he endeavours to make good, by ſeveral Natural Reaſons; By which thoſe who have the Dexterity

terity to believe what they pleaſe, may be fully ſatisfied of the probability of it.

A Perſian *Emp'ror whip'd his Grandam.*

Xerxes, who us'd to whip the Seas and Winds. *In Corum, atque Eurum ſolitus ſevire Flagellis.* Juven. Sat. 10.

So th' anicent Stoicks in the Porch.

In Porticu (Stoicorum Scholâ Athenis) Diſcipulorum ſeditionibus, mille Quadringenti triginta Cives interfecti ſunt. Diog. Laert. *in vita Zenonis.* p. 383. Thoſe old *Virtuoſo*'s were better Proficients in thoſe Exerciſes, than the Modern, who ſeldom improve higher than Cuffing, and kicking.

That Bonum *is an Animal.*

Bonum is ſuch a kind of Animal, as our Modern *Virtuoſi* from Don *Quixot*, will have Windmils under ſail to be. The ſame Authors are of opinion That all Ships are Fiſhes while they are afloat, but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the Dock, become Ships again.

——*In a Town*
There liv'd a Cobler, and but one.

The Hiſtory of the Cobler has been atteſted by Perſons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done.

Have been exchang'd for Tubs of Ale.

The Knight was kept priſoner in *Exeter*, and after ſeveral exchanges propos'd, but none accepted of, was at laſt releas'd for a Barrel of Ale, as he often us'd upon all occaſions to declare.

Bore a Slave with him in his Chariot.

——*Et ſibi Conſul,*
Ne placeat, curru ſervus portatur eodem. Juven Sat. 10.

Hung out their Mantles Della-Guerre.

Tunica Coccinea ſolebat pridie quam demicandum eſſet, ſupra Prætorium poni quaſi admonitio & indicium futuræ pugnæ. Lipſius in Tacit. p. 56.

Next Links and Torches, &c.

That the *Roman* Emperors were wont to have Torches born before them (by day) in publick, appears by *Herodian* in *Pertinace*. Lip. in *Tacit.* p. 16.

Veſpaſian *being daub'd with Dirt.*

C. Cæſar *ſuccenſens, propter curam verrendis viis non adhibitam, Luto juſſit oppleri, conjecto per milites in prætextæ ſinum*, Sueton. in Veſpaſ. Ca. 5.

Has

Has not this preſent Parliament
A Ledger *to the Devil ſent,*

The Witch-finder in *Suffolk*, who in the Preſbyterian times had a Commiſſion to diſcover Witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caus'd 60 to be hang'd within the compaſs of one Year, and among the reſt the old Miniſter who had been a painful Preacher for many Years.

Did he not help the Dutch *to purge*
At Antwerp *their Cathedral Church?*

In the beginning of the Civil Wars of *Flanders*, the common people of *Antwerp* in a tumult broke open the Cathedral Church, to demoliſh Images and Shrines; and did ſo much miſchief in a ſmall time, that *Strada* writes, There were ſeveral Devils ſeen very buſy among them, otherwiſe it had been impoſſible.

Sing Catches to the Saints at Maſcon.

This Devil of *Maſcon* deliver'd all his Oracles, like his Forefathers, in Verſe, which he ſung to Tunes: He made ſeveral Lampoons upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things which afterwards came to paſs; as may be ſeen in his *Memoirs*, written in *French*.

Appear in divers ſhapes to Kelly,
And ſpeak i'th' Nun at London's *Belly.*

The Hiſtory of Dr. *Dee* and the Devil, publiſhed by *Mer. Cauſabon, Iſac. Fil.* Prebend of *Canterbury*, has a large account of all thoſe Paſſages; in which the ſtyle of the true and falſe Angels appears to be penn'd by one and the ſame perſon. The Nun of *London* in *France*, and all her tricks, have been ſeen by many Perſons of Quality of this Nation yet Living, who have made very good obſervations upon the French Book written upon that occaſion.

Meet with the Parliaments Committee
At Woodſtock *on a Pers'nal Treaty:*

A Committee of the long Parliament ſitting in the King's Houſe in *Woodſtock-Park*, were terrify'd with ſeveral Apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

At Sarum *took a Cavalier.*

Withers has a long ſtory in Doggerel, of a Soldier of the King's Army, who being a Priſoner at *Salisbury*, and drinking a health to the Devil upon his knees, was carried away by him through a ſingle pane of Glaſs.

Since

Since old Hodg-Bacon,

Roger Bacon, commonly call'd *Friar Bacon*, liv'd in the Reign of our *Edward* the I. and for ſome little skill he had in the *Mathematicks*, was by the rabble accompted a Conjurer, and had the ſottiſh ſtory of the *Brazen Head* father'd upon him, by the Ignorant Monks of thoſe days. *Robert Groſthead* was Biſhop of *Lincoln* in the Reign of *Hen.* III. He was a Learned Man for thoſe times, and for that reaſon ſuſpected by the Clergy to be a Conjurer, for which crime being degraded by Pope *Innocent* the IV. and ſummon'd to appear at *Rome*, he appeal'd to the Tribunal of Chriſt; which our Lawyers ſay is illegal, if not a *Præmunire*, for offering to ſue in a Foreign Court.

Which Socrates, *and* Charephon

In vain aſſay'd ſo long agone.

Ariſtophanes in his Comedy of the Clouds, brings in *Socrates* and *Charephon*, meaſuring the leap of a Flea, from the one's Beard to the other's.

Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk.

This *Fisk* was a late famous Aſtrologer, who flouriſh'd about the time of *Subtile*, and *Face*, and was equally celebrated by *Ben. Johnſon*.

Unleſs

Unleſs it be that Cannon-Ball.

This experiment was try'd by ſome Foreign *Virtuoſo*'s, who planted a Piece of Ordnance point-blank againſt the *Zenith*, and having fir'd it, the Bullet never rebounded back again, which made them all conclude that it ſticks in the mark; but *Des-Cartes* was of opinion, that it does but hang in the Air.

As lately was reveal'd to Sedgwyck.

This *Sedgwyck* had many perſons (and ſome of Quality) that believ'd in him, and prepar'd to keep the day of Judgment with him, but were diſappointed; for which the falſe Prophet was afterwards call'd by the name of *Doomeſday Sedgwyck.*

Your Modern Indian Magician,
Makes but a hole in th' Earth to piſs in.

This compendious new way of Magick is affirm'd by Monſieur *Le Blanc* (in his Travels) to be us'd in the *Eaſt-Indies.*

Bum-

Bumbaſtus *kept a Devil's Bird, &c.*

Paracelſus is ſaid to have kept a ſmall Devil priſoner in the Pummel of his Sword, which was the reaſon, perhaps, why he was ſo valiant in his Drink; Howſoever it was to better purpoſe than *Annibal* carry'd Poyſon in his, to diſpatch himſelf, if he ſhould happen to be ſurpriz'd in any great extremity, for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better and more Soldier-like. And it was below the Honour of ſo great a Commander, to go out of the World like a Rat.

Agrippa *kept a Stygian* Pug.

Cornelius Agrippa had a Dog that was ſuſpected to be a Spirit, for ſome tricks he was wont to do, beyond the capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog from that aſperſion, in which he has ſhown a very great reſpect and kindneſs for them both.

As Averrhois *play'd but a mean trick.*

Averrhois *Aſtronomiam propter Excentricos contempſit.* Phil. Melancton in Elem. Phyſ. p. 781.

The

The Median *Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter.*

Aſtyages King of *Media* had this Dream of his Daughter *Mandane*, and the interpretation from the *Magi*, wherefore he married her to a *Perſian* of a mean Quality, by whom ſhe had *Cyrus*, who conquer'd all *Aſia*, and tranſlated the Empire from the *Medes* to the *Perſians*. Herodot. L. 2.

When Cæſar *in the Senate fell.*

Fiunt aliquando Prodigioſi, & longiores Solis Defectus, quales occiſo Cæſare Dictatore & Antoniano Bello, totius Anni Pallore continuo. Plin.

Auguſtus *having b' overſight*, &c.

Divus Auguſtus Lævum ſibi prodidit calceum præpoſtere indutum, quo die ſeditione Militum propè afflictus eſt. Idem. Lib. 2.

The Roman Senate when within,
The City Walls an Owl was ſeen,

Romani L. Craſſo & C. Maria Coſs. Bubone viſo orbem luſtrabant.

For Anaxagoras *long agone,*
Saw Hills as well as you i' th' Moon.

Anaxagoras *affirmabat Solem candens Ferrum eſſe, & Peloponeſſo majorem: Lunam Habitacula*

cula in ſe Habere, & Colles, & valles. Fertur dixiſſe Cælum omne ex Lapidibus eſſe compoſitum; Damnatus & in exilium pulſus eſt, quod impie Solem candentem laminam eſſe dixiſſet. Diogen. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11. 13.

Th' Ægyptians ſay, the Sun has twice
Shifted his Setting and his Riſe,

Ægpptii Decem millia Annorum & amplius recenſent; & obſervatum eſt in hoc tanto Spatio, bis mutata eſſe Loca Ortuum & Occaſuum Solis; ita ut Sol bis ortus ſit ubi nunc occidit, & bis deſcenderit ubi nunc oritur. Phil. Melanct. Lib. 1. p. 60..

Some hold the Heavens like a Top,
Are kept by Circulation up.

Cauſa quare Cælum non cadit, (ſecundum Empedoclem) eſt velocitas ſui motus. Comment. in L. 2. Ariſtot. de Cælo.

Plato *believ'd the Sun and Moon*
Below all other Planets run.

Plato Solem & Lunam cæteris Planetis inferiores eſſe putavit. G. Cunnin. *in* Coſmogr. L. 1. p. 11.

The

The Learned Scaliger *complain'd.*

Copernicus in Libris Revolutionum, deinde Reinholdus, poſt etiam Stadius Mathematici nobiles perſpicuis Demonſtrationibus docuerunt, ſolis Apſida Terris eſſe propiorem, quam Ptolomæi ætate duodecim partibus, i. e. *uno & triginta terræ ſemidiametris,* Jo. Bod. Met. Hiſt. p. 455.

Cardan *believ'd great States depend,* &c.

Putat. Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda, Helices ſeu Majoris urſæ omne magnum Imperium pendere. Idem. p. 325.

That th' old Chaldean *Conjurers*
In ſo many Hundred Thouſand Years.

Chaldæi jactant ſe quadringinta ſeptuaginta Annorum millia in periclitandis, experiundiſque Puerorum Animis poſuiſſe. Cicero.

Like Money by the Druids *borrow'd,* &c.

Druidæ pecuniam mutuó accipiebant in Poſteriore vita reddituri. Patricius Tom. 2. p. 9.

That paltry ſtory is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat ſuch Gulls as you.

There was a notorious Idiot (that is here deſcrib'd by the Name and Character of *Whachum*)

chum) who counterfeited a Second Part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain *Po*, who could not write himſelf, and yet made a ſhift to ſtand on the Pillory, for Forging other Mens hands, as his Fellow *Whachum*, no doubt deſerv'd; in whoſe abominable Doggerel; This ſtory of *Hudibras* and a French Mountebank at *Brentford* Fair, is as properly deſcrib'd.

That the vibration of this Pendulum
Shall make all Taylors Yards of one
Unanimous Opinion.

The device of the Vibration of a Pendulum, was intended to ſettle a certain Meaſure of Ells and Yards, *&c.* (that ſhould have its foundation in Nature) all the World over: For by ſwinging a weight at the end of a ſtring, and calculating (by the motion of the Sun, or any Star) how long the Vibration would laſt, in proportion to the length of the String, and weight of the Pendulum; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time, compute the exact length of any ſtring, that muſt neceſſarily vibrate in ſo much ſpace of time: So that if a man ſhould ask in *China* for a Quarter of an Hour of Satin or Taffata, they would know perfectly what it meant. And all Mankind learn a new way to meaſure things no more by the

the Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the Hour, Quarter, and Minute.

Before the Secular Prince of Darkneſs.

As the Devil is the ſpiritual Prince of Darkneſs, ſo is the Conſtable the Secular, who governs in the night with as great Authority as his Colleague, but far more imperiouſly.

FINIS.

HUDIBRAS.

THE
Third and Laſt
PART.

Written by the AUTHOR
OF THE
FIRST and SECOND PARTS.

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Horne*, at the South Entrance
of the *Royal Exchange*; MDCC.

Licenſed and Entred according to the Act of Parliament for Printing.

HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Last Part.

The ARGUMENT of the First *CANTO* of the Third Part.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce.
They both approach the Lady's Bower,
The Squire t'inform, the Knight to wooe her.
She treats them with a Masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made:
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him, from himself, by Night.

CANTO I.

'TIS true, no Lover has that Pow'r
T'enforce a desperate Amour,
As he that has two *Strings* to's *Bow*,
And burns for *Love* and *Money* too;
For then he's Brave and Resolute,
Disdains to render in his Suit,

H'as all his *Flames* and *Raptures* double,
And *hangs* or *drowns* with half the trouble,
While thoſe who ſillily purſue
The Simple downright way and true,
Make as unlucky Applications,
And ſteer againſt the ſtream their Paſſions.
Some forge their *Miſtreſſes* of *Stars*:
And when the Ladies prove averſe,
And more untoward to be won,
Than by *Caligula* the *Moon*,
Cry out upon the Stars for doing
Ill Offices, to croſs their *wooing*;
When only by themſelves they're hindred,
For truſting *thoſe they made her Kindred*:
And ſtill the harſher and hide-bounder
The Damſels prove become the fonder.
For what mad Lover ever dy'd,
To gain a ſoft and gentle *Bride*?
Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
In *purling Streams* or *Hemp* departed?
Leap'd headlong int' *Elyzium*,
Through th' Windows of a *dazling Room*?

But for ſome croſs ill-natur'd Dame,
The am'rous Fly burnt in his *flame*.
This to the *Knight* could be no *News*,
With all Mankind ſo much in uſe;
Who therefore took the wiſer courſe,
To make the moſt of his *Amours*,
Reſolv'd to try all ſorts of ways,
As follows in due *Time* and *Place*.

No ſooner was the Bloody Fight
Between the *Wizard* and the *Knight*,
With all th' Appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t'a *Lover*:
As he was always wont to doe
When h' had diſcomfited a Foe,
And us'd the only *Antick Philters*
Deriv'd from old *Heroick Tilters*.
But now Triumphant and Victorious,
He held th' Atchievement was too glorious
For ſuch a Conqueror, to meddle
With *Petty Conſtable*, or *Beadle*;

Or

Or fly for Refuge to the *Hoſteſs*
Of th' Inns of Court and Chanc'ry, *Juſtice*;
Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cauſe
To th' *Ordeal Tryal* of the Laws;
Where none eſcape, but ſuch as branded
With red-hot Irons have paſt *bare handed*;
And if they cannoe read one *Verſe*
I' *th' Pſalms*, muſt ſing it and that's worſe,
He therefore judging it below him.
To tempt a ſhame the *Devil might owe him*,
Reſolv'd to leave the Squire for *Bail*
And *Mainprize* for him, to the *Gaol*,
To anſwer, with his Veſſel, all
That might diſaſtrouſly befall.
And thought it now the fitteſt juncture,
To give the Lady a Rencounter;
T' acquaint her with his Expedition,
And Conqueſt o'er the *fierce Magician*;
Deſcribe the Manner of the Fray,
And ſhew the Spoils he brought away;
His bloody *Scourging* aggravate
The number of the Blows and Weight:

All which might probably ſucceed,
And gain belief h' had done the deed.
Which he reſolv'd t' enforce, and ſpare
No pawning of his Soul to ſwear;
But, rather than produce his Back:
To ſet his Conſcience on the Rack:
And in purſuance of his urging
Of Articles perform'd, and ſcourging,
And all things elſe upon his part,
Demand delivery of her Heart,
Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
And Perſon, up to his embraces.
Thought he, the ancient *Errant Knights*
Won all their Ladies Hearts in *Fights*,
And cut whole Gyants into fritters,
To put them into amorous twitters;
Whoſe ſtubborn Bowels ſcorn'd to yield
Until their *Gallants* were half kill'd:
But when their Bones were drubb'd ſo ſore
They durſt not *woo one Combat* more,
The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt.

So *Spaniſh Heroes* with their Lances,
At once wound *Bulls* and *Ladies Fancies*:
And he acquires the nobleſt Spouſe,
That Widows greateſt Herds of Cows.
Then what may I expect to do,
Wh' have quell'd ſo vaſt a *Buffalo*?

Mean while the Squire was on his way,
The Knight's *late Orders* to obey;
Who ſent him for a *ſtrong Detachment*
Of *Beadle*, *Conſtables*, and *Watchmen*,
T' attack the *Cunning-man* for Plunder
Committed falſly on his Lumber,
When he, who had ſo lately ſack'd
The Enemy had done the Fact,
Had rifled all his Pokes and Fobs
Of *Gimcracks*, *Whims* and *Jiggumbobs*,
Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
And for his own Inventions feather'd:
And when they ſhould, at *Gaol-delivery*,
Unriddle one another's Thievery,

Both

Both might have evidence enough
To render neither halter-proof.
He thought it desperate to tarry,
And venture to be *accessary*:
But rather wisely slip his Fetters,
And leave them for the *Knight*, his *Betters*.
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,
To make him curry his own Hide,
Which no Beast ever did beside.
Without all possible evasion,
But of the *Riding Dispensation*,
And therefore much about the hour,
The Knight (for reasons told before)
Resolv'd to leave him to the Fury
Of *Justice*, and an *unpack'd Jury*.
The *Squire* concurr'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim;
T' acquaint the *Lady* what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What *Project* 'twas he went about,
When *Sidrophel* and he fell out;

His

His firm and ſtedfaſt Reſolution,
To ſwear her to an *Execution*:
To pawn his inward Ears to marry her,
And bribe the Devil himſelf to carry her.
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their *Party Saints* to repreſent,
Who never fail'd, upon their ſharing
In any proſperous *Arms-bearing*,
To lay themſelves out, to ſupplant
Each other *Couſin-Germain Saint*.
But e'er the *Knight* could do his part,
The *Squire* had got ſo much the ſtart,
H' had to the Lady done his Errand,
And told her all his Tricks afore hand.
Juſt as he finiſh'd his Report,
The *Knight* alighted in the Court;
And having ty'd his Beaſt t' a Pale,
And taken time for both to ſtale,
He put his Band and Beard in order,
The ſprucer to accoſt and board her;
And now began 't approach the Door;
When ſhe, wh' had ſpy'd him out before,

Convey'd

Convey'd th' *Informer* out of ſight,
And went to entertain the *Knight*.
With whom encountring *after Longees*,
Of *humble* and *ſubmiſſive Congees*,
And all *due Ceremonies* paid,
He ſtroak'd his Beard, and thus he ſaid.
Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye:
And now am come, to bring your Ear
A preſent you'll be glad to hear;
At leaſt I hope ſo. The thing's done,
Or may I never ſee the Sun;
For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your Gentle Hand:
And that you'ld pleaſe to do your part,
As I have done mine to my ſmart.
With that he ſhrugg'd his ſturdy Back,
As if he felt his Shoulders ake.
But ſhe, who well enough knew what
Before he ſpoke (he would) be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The Myſtery of what he mean'd:

And therefore wiſh'd him to expound
His dark expreſſions *leſs profound.*
Madam, *quoth he*, I come to prove
How much I've ſuffer'd for your Love
Which (like your Votaty) to win,
I have not ſpar'd my tatter'd skin:
And, for thoſe meritorious Laſhes,
To claim your Favour and good Graces,
Quoth ſhe, I do remember once
I freed you from th' inchanted Sconce;
And that your promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your Back to th' good Behaviour,
And for my Sake and Service vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy Load,
And what 'twould bear t' a ſcruple prove,
As other Knights do oft make love.
Which whether you have done or no,
Concerns your ſelf, not me, to know.
But if you have, I ſhall confeſs,
Y' are honeſter than I could gueſs.

Quoth

Quoth he, If you ſuſpect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by Oath;
And if you make a queſtion on't,
I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't.
And he that makes his Soul his Surety
I think, does give the beſt ſecurity.
Quoth ſhe, Some ſay, the Soul's ſecure
Againſt Diſtreſs and Forfeiture;
Is free from Action, and exempt
From Execution and Contempt;
And to be ſummon'd to appear
In th' other World, 's illegal here:
And therefore few make any account,
Int' what Incumbrances they run't.
For moſt Men carry things ſo even
Between this World, and Hell and Heaven,
Without the leaſt offence to either,
They freely deal in all together;
And equally abhorr to quit
This World for both, or bot hfor it.
And when they pawn and damn their Souls,
Thy are but Pris'ners on Paroles.

For

For that, *quoth he*, 'tis rational,
They may be accomptable in all.
For when there is that intercourſe
Between Divine and Humane Pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands Obedience every-where;
When Penalties may be commuted
For Fines, or Ears, and Executed;
It follows, nothing binds ſo faſt
As Souls in Pawn, and Mortgage paſt.
For Oaths are th' only Teſts and Scales
Of Right and Wrong, and True and Falſe:
And there's no other way to try
The Doubts of Law and Juſtice by.
Quoth ſhe, What is it you would Swear?
There's no believing till I hear:
For till th' are underſtood, all Tales
(Like Nonſenſe) are not True, nor Falſe.
Quoth he, When I reſolv'd t' obey
What you commanded th' other day,
And to perform my Exerciſe,
(As Schools are wont) for your fair eyes;

T' avoid all Scruples in the Caſe,
I went to do't upon the Place.
But as the Caſtle is inchanted
By *Sidrophel* the Witch, and haunted
With evil Spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two;
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My Weapons by, and diſarray,
I heard a formidable Noiſe
Loud as the Stentrophonick Voice,
That roar'd afar off, Diſpatch and Strip,
I'm ready with th' Infernal Whip,
That ſhall diveſt thy Ribs of Skin,
To expiate thy lingring Sin.
Th' haſt broke perfidiouſly thy Oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted Troth;
But ſpar'd thy Renegado Back,
Where th' hadſt ſo great a Prize at Stake:
Which now the Fates have order'd me
For Penance and Revenge to Flay,
Unleſs thou preſently make haſte.
Time is, Time was: and there it ceas'd.

With

With which, though ſtartled, I confeſs,
Yet th' Horrour of the thing was leſs
Than th' other diſmal apprehenſion
Of Interruption or Prevention.
And therefore ſnatching up the Rod,
I laid upon my Back a load;
Reſolv'd to ſpare no Fleſh and Blood,
To make my Word and Honour good.
Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,
I felt the Blows ſtill ply'd as faſt,
As if th' had been by Lovers plac'd,
In Raptures of Platonick Laſhing,
And chaſt Contemplative Bardaſhing.
When facing haſtily about,
To ſtand upon my Guard and Scout,
I found th' Infernal Cunning-man,
And th' Under-witch, his *Caliban*,
With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd
That on my outward Quarters ſtorm'd.
In haſt I ſnatch'd my Weapon up,
And gave their Helliſh Rage a ſtop;

Call

Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
Courageously on *Sidrophel:*
Who now transform'd himself t' a Bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear;
When I as furiously preſt on;
My Weapon down his Throat to run.
Laid hold on him: but he broke looſe,
And turn'd himſelf into a Gooſe,
Div'd under Water, in a Pond,
To hide himſelf from being found.
In vain I ſought him, but as ſoon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd with equal Haſte and Rage,
His Under-Sorcerer t' ingage:
But bravely ſcorning to defile
My Sword with feeble Bloud and vile;
I judg'd it better from a Quick-
Set-Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,
With which I furiouſly laid on;
Till in a harſh and doleful tone
It roar'd, Oh hold for pity, Sir,
I am too great a Sufferer,

Abus'd as you have been, b' a Witch,
But conjur'd int' a worſe Caprich:
Who ſends me out on many a Jaunt,
Old Houſes in the Night to haunt,
For Opportunities t' improve
Deſings of Thievery or Love;
With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat,
All Feats of Witches counterfeit;
Kill Pigs and Geeſe with poud'red Glaſs,
And make it for Inchantments paſs;
With Cow-ich meazle like a Leper,
And choak with Fumes of Guiny-Pepper;
Make Leachers and their Punks with Dewtry
Commit phantaſtical Advowtry;
Bewitch Hermetick Men to run
Stark ſtaring mad with *Manicon*;
Believe Mechanick *Virtuoſi*
Can raiſe 'em Mountains in *Potoſi*;
And fillier than the Antick Fools,
Take Treaſure for a Heap of Coals:
Seek out for Plants with Signatures,
To Quack of Univerſal Cures;

With

With Figures ground on Panes of Glaſs,
Make People on their Heads to paſs:
And mighty heaps of Coyn increaſe,
Reflected from a ſingle piece:
To draw in Fools, whoſe nat'ral Itches
Incline perpetually to Witches;
And keep me in continual Fears,
And Danger of my Neck and Ears:
When leſs Delinquent have been ſcourg'd,
And Hemp on wooden Anvils forg'd,
Which others for Cravats have worn
About their Necks, and took a Turn.
I pity'd the ſaid Puniſhment
The *wretched Caitiff* underwent,
And held my Drubbing of his Bones,
Too great an Honour for *Pultrones*;
For Knights are bound to feel no Blows
From paltry and unequal Foes,
Who when they ſlaſh and cut to pieces,
Do all with civilleſt addreſſes:
Their Horſes never give a blow,
But when they make a Leg and Bow.

I therefore ſpar'd his Fleſh, and preſt him
About the Witch with many a Queſtion.
Quoth he, For many Years he drove
A kind of Broking-Trade in Love,
Employ'd in all th' Intrigues and Truſt;
Of feeble Speculative Luſt;
Procurer to th' Extravagancy
And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy,
By thoſe the Devil had forſook,
As things below him, to provoke.
But b'ing a Virtuoſo, able
To ſmatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his Talent moſt Adroit
For any Myſtical Exploit;
As others of his Tribe had done,
And rais'd their Prizes Three to One.
For one predicting Pimp has th' Odds
Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bauds.
But as an Elf (the Devil's Valet)
Is not ſo ſlight a thing to get;
For thoſe that do his buſineſs beſt,
In Hell are us'd the ruggedeſt;

Before ſo meriting a Perſon
Could get a Grant, but in Reverſion,
He ſerv'd two Prentiſhips and longer
I' th' Myſt'ry of a Lady-Monger.
For (as ſome write) A Witch's Ghoſt,
As ſoon as from the Body loos'd,
Becomes a Puny-Imp it ſelf,
And is another Witch's Elf.
He after ſearching far and near,
At length found one in *Lancaſhire*,
With whom he bargain'd beforehand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd.
Since which he has plaid a thouſand Feats,
And practis'd all Mechanick Cheats:
Transform'd himſelf to th' ugly ſhapes
Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, aud Apes;
Which he has vary'd more than Witches,
Or *Pharaoh*'s Wizard could their Switches;
And all with whom h' has had to do,
Turn'd to as monſtrous Figures too.
Witneſs my ſelf, whom h' has abus'd,
And to this beaſtly ſhape reduc'd.

By feeding me on Beans and Peaſe,
He orams in naſty Creviſes,
And turns to Comfits by his Arts,
To make me reliſh for Deſerts,
And one by one with Shame and Fear
Lick up the candi'd Provender.
Beſide —— But as h' was running on,
To tell what other Feats h' had done,
The Lady ſtopt his full Career,
And told him, now 'twas time to hear:
If half thoſe things *(ſaid ſhe)* be true.
(Th' are all *(quoth he)* I ſwear by you:)
Why then *(ſaid ſhe)* that *Sidrophel*
Has damn'd himſelf to th' Pit of Hell;
Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag
And Hackney of a *Lapland* Hag,
In Queſt of you came hither Poſt,
Within an Hour (I'm ſure) at moſt;
Who told me all you ſwear and ſay,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd, that you came to him to know,
If you ſhould carry me or no;

And would have hir'd him and his Imps.
To be your Match-makers and Pimps,
T'ingage the Devil on your ſide,
And ſteal (like *Proſerpine*) your Bride.
But he diſdaining to embrace
So filthy a Deſign and baſe,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a Ruffin;
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h' had time to mount his Guard;
And left him dead upon the Ground,
With many a Bruiſe and deſperate Wound:
Swore you had broke and robb'd his Houſe,
And ſtole his *Taliſmaniqeu* Louſe,
And all his New found Old Inventions;
With flat Felonious Intentions;
Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he bought 'em for and paid;
His Flea, his *Morpion*, and *Puneſe*.
H' had gotten for his proper eaſe,
And all in perfect Minutes made,
By th' ableſt Artiſts of the Trade;

Which (he could prove it) ſince he loſt,
He has been eaten up almoſt;
And all together might amount
To many hundreds on account:
For which h' had got ſufficient warrant
To ſeize the Malefactors Errant,
Without capacity of Bail,
But of a Cart's or Horſe's Tail;
And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,
To ſerve for Pendulums to Watches;
Which modern Virtuoſo's ſay,
Incline to hanging every way.
Beſides he ſwore, and ſwore 'twas true,
That e're he went in Queſt of you,
He ſet a Figure to diſcover
If you were fled to *Rye* or *Dover*;
And found it clear, that to betray
Your ſelves and me, you fled this way;
And that he was upon purſuit,
To take you ſomewhere here about.
He vow'd h' had Intelligence
Of all that paſt before and ſince:

And

And found, that ere you came to him,
Y' had been ingaging Life and Lim,
About a Caſe of tender Concience,
Where both abounded in your own Senſe;
Till *Ralpho*, by his Light and Grace,
Had clear'd all Scruples in the Caſe;
And prov'd that you might ſwear, and own
Whatever's by the Wicked done.
For which, moſt baſely to requite
The Service of his Gifts and Light,
You ſtrove t' oblige him by main force,
To ſcourge his Ribs inſtead of yours,
But that he ſtood upon his Guard;
And all your vapouring outdar'd;
For which, between you both, the Feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outſide of his eyes to white.
(As Men of Inward Light are wont
To turn their Opticks in upon't.)
He wonder'd how ſhe came to know
What he had done, and meant to do:

Held

Held up his *Affidavit Hand*,
As if h' had been to be arraign'd:
Caſt tow'rd the Door a ghaſtly look,
In dread of *Sidrophel*, and ſpoke.
Madam, If but one word be true
Of all the Wizard has told you,
Or but one ſingle Circumſtance
In all th' Apocryphal Romance,
May dreadful Earthquakes ſwallow down
This Veſſel, that is all your own;
Or may the Heavens fall, and cover
Theſe Reliques of your conſtant Lover.
You have provided well, *quoth ſhe*,
(I thank you) for your ſelf and me;
And ſhewn your *Presbyterian* Wits
Jump punctual with the *Jeſuits*.
A moſt compendious way and civil,
At once to cheat the World, the Devil,
And Heav'n and Hell, your ſelves and Thoſe
On whom you vainly think t' impoſe.
Why then *(quoth he)* may Hell, ſurprize.
That trick *(ſaid ſhe)* will not paſs twice:

I've

I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.
But there's a better way of Clearing
What you would prove than *downright Swearing*;
For if you have perform'd the Feat,
The Blows are viſible as yet
Enough to ſerve for ſatisfaction
Of niceſt ſcruples in the Action.
And if you can produce thoſe Knobs,
Although th' are but the Witch's Drubs,
I'll paſs them all upon account,
As if your natural Self had don't.
Provided that thay paſs th' Opinion
Of able Juries of old Women,
Who, us'd to judge all matt'r of Facts
For Bellies, may do ſo for Backs.

Madam, *(quoth he)* your Love's a Million,
To do is leſs than to be willing,
As Iam were, it in my pow'r,
T' obey what you command, and more.

But

But for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much as if I did.
You know I ought to have a care
To keep my Wounds from taking Air:
For Wounds in thoſe that are all Heart
Are dangerous in any Part.

I find *(quoth ſhe)* my Goods and Chattels
Are like to prove but meer drawn Battels;
For ſtill the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end.
But granting now we ſhould agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted Faith *(quoth he)* and Word
You paſt in Heaven on Record,
Where all Contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlaſtingly inroll'd.
And if 'tis counted Treaſon, here
To race Records, 'tis much more there.
Quoth ſhe, There are no Bargains driv'n
Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heaven,

And

And that's the reaſon, as ſome gueſs,
There is no Heav'n in Marriages;
Two things that naturally preſs
Too narrowly, to be a eaſe.
Their buſ'neſs there is only Love,
Which Marriage is not like t' improve,
Love, that's too generous, t' abide
To be againſt its Nature ty'd:
For where 'tis of it ſelf inclin'd,
It breaks looſe when it is confin'd;
And like the Soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the Air,
Diſdains againſt its will to ſtay,
But ſtruggles out and flies away:
And therfore never can comply,
T' endure the Matrimonial Tye,
That binds the Female and the Male,
Where th' one is but the other's Bail;
Like *Roman* Gaolers, when they ſlept,
Chain'd to the Priſoners they kept.
Of which the True and Faithfull'ſt Lover
Gives beſt ſecurity, to ſuffer.

Marriage

Marriage is but a Beaſt, ſome ſay,
That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 'tis not to be admir'd
It ſhould ſo ſuddenly be tir'd:
A bargain at a venture made
Between two Partners in a Trade,
(For what's inferr'd by T' have, and t' hold,
But ſomething paſt away, and ſold?)
That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things elſe as low:
And at the beſt is but a Mart
Between the one and th' other part,
That on the Marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of Death, the Bet it laid,
And all the reſt of bett'r or worſe
Both are but Loſers out of Purſe.
For when upon their ungot Heirs
Th' intail themſelves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder Bargain e'er was driven,
Or Wager laid at ſix and ſeven;
To paſs themſelves away, and turn
Their Childrens Tenants ere th' are born?

Beg one another Idiot
To Guardians, e'er they are begot;
Or ever ſhall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got b' Implicit Generation,
And General Club of all the Nation:
For which ſhe's fortify'd no leſs
Than all the Iſland, with four Seas;
Exacts the Tribute of her Dow'r,
In ready Inſolence and Pow'r;
And make him paſs away, to have
And hold, to her, himſelf, her ſlave,
More wretched than an ancient Villain,
Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling;
While all he does upon the By,
She is not bound to Juſtifie,
Nor at her proper coſt and charge
Maintain the Feats he does at large.
Such hideous Sots were thoſe obedient
Old Vaſſals to their Ladies Regent;
To give the Cheats the eldeſt hand
In foul Play, by the laws o'th Land;

For

For which so many a legal Cuckold
Has been run down in Courts, and truckl'd,
A Law that most unjustly yokes
All *Johns of Stiles* to *Joans of Nokes*,
Without distinction of Degree,
Condition, Age, or Quality;
Admits no Pow'r of Revocation,
Nor valuable Consideration,
Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverse
Of Judgment past for better or worse;
Will not allow the Priviledges
That Beggars challenge under Hedges,
Who, when th'are griev'd, can make dead Horses
Their Spiritual Judges of Divorces;
While nothing else but *Rem* in *Re*
Can set the proudest Wretches free;
A Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring:
As Spiders never seek the Fly,
But leave him, of himself, t' apply;
So men are by themselves betray'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,

And

And run their Necks into a Nooze,
They'ld break 'em after, to break looſe.
As ſome, whom Death would not depart,
Have done the Feat themſelves by Art.
Like *Indian*-Widows, gone to Bed
In flaming Curtains to the Dead:
And Men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the Sport.

Nor do the Ladies want excuſe
For all the Stratagems they uſe,
To gain th' advantage of the Set,
And lurch the 'Amorous Rook and Cheat.
For as a Pythagorean Soul
Runs through all Beaſts, and Fiſh, and Fowl,
And has a Smack of ev'ry one:
So Love does, and has ever done.
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er ſo fond,
Takes ſtrangely to the Vagabond.
'Tis but an Ague that's reverſt,
Whoſe hot fit takes the Patient firſt,

That after burns with Cold as much
As Ir'n in *Greenland* does the touch;
Melts in the Furnace of desire,
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire;
And when his heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.
For when he's with Love-powder laden,
And Prim'd, and Cock'd by Miss, or Madam,
The smallest sparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery;
And off the loud Oaths go, but while
Th' are in the very Act, recoil.
Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance
Without a sep'rate maintenance:
And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
Trust none again, till th' have made over.
Or if they do, before they marry,
The Foxes weigh the Geese they carry:
And ere they venture on a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them.
Whence witty'st Ladies always choose
To undertake the heavieſt Goose.

For

For now the World is grown ſo wary,
That few of either Sex dare marry,
But rather truſt on tick t' Amours,
The Croſs and Pile for bett'r or Worſe:
A Mode that is held honourable,
As well as *French* and faſhionable,
For when it fals out for the beſt,
Where both are incommoded leaſt,
In Soul and Body two unite,
To make up one Hermaphrodite;
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like *Philip* and *Mary* on a Shilling,
Th' have more Punctilio's and Capriches
Between the Petticoat and Breeches,
More petulant Extravagancies,
Than Poets make 'em in Romances,
Though, when their Heroes 'ſpouſe the Dames,
We hear no more of Charms and Flames:
For then their late attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd Wine;
And all their Catterwauling tricks,
In earneſt to as jealous Piques:

Which th' Ancients wiſely ſignify'd,
By th' Yellow Mantau's of the Bride,
For Jealouſie is but a kind
Of Clap and Grincam of the Mind,
The natural effect of Love,
As other Flames and Aches prove:
But all the Miſchief is, the doubt
On whoſe account they firſt broke out,
For though *Chineſes* go to Bed,
And lie In in their Ladies ſtead,
And for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more:
Our *Green*-men do it worſe, when th' hap
To fall in Labour of a Clap;
Both lay the Child to one another:
But who's the Father, who the Mother,
'Tis hard to ſay in multitudes,
Or who imported the *French* Goods.
But Health and Sickneſs b'ing all one,
Which both engag'd before to own,
And are not with their Bodies bound
To Worſhip only when th' are found;

Both

Both give and take their equal ſhares
Of all they ſuffer by falſe Wares:
A Fate no Lover can divert
With all his Caution, Wit, and Art.
For 'tis in vain to think to gueſs
At Women by Appearances,
That Paint and Patch their Imperfections
Of Intellectual Complexions,
And daub their Tempers o'er with Waſhes
As artificial as their Faces;
Wear under Vizard-Masks their Talents
And Mother Wits before their Gallants;
Until th' are hamper'd in the Nooze,
Too faſt to dream of breaking looſe:
When all the Flaws they ſtrove to hide
Are made unready, with the Bride,
That with her Wedding-cloaths undreſſes
Her Complaiſance and Gentileſſes;
Tries all her arts, to take upon her
The Government from th' eaſie owner,
Untill the Wretch is glad to wave
His lawful Right, and turn her Slave;

Finds

Finds all his Having, and his Holding,
Reduc'd t' eternal Noiſe and Scolding.
The Conjugal Petard, that tears
Down all Portcullices of Ears,
And makes the Volly of one Tongue
For all their Leathern Shields too ſtrong,
When only arm'd with Noiſe and Nails,
The Female Silk worms ride the Males,
Transform 'em into *Rams* and *Goats*,
Like *Sirens* with their charming Notes,
Sweet as a *Screech Owl*'s Serenade,
Or thoſe inchanting Murmurs made
By th' Husband *Mandrake* and the Wife,
Both bury'd (like themſelves) alive.

Quoth he, Theſe Reaſons are but Strains
Of wanton, over-heated Brains,
Which Ralliers in their Wit or Drink
Do rather wheedle with, than think.
Man was not Man in *Paradiſe*,
Untill he was Created twice,

And

And had his better half, his Bride,
Carv'd from th' Original, his ſide,
T' amend his natural Defects,
And perfect his recruited Sex,
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and leſſen
The pains and labour of increaſing,
By changing them for other Cares,
As by his dry'd-up-Paps appears,
His Body, that ſtupendious Frame,
Of all the World the Anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In Shape and Symmetry exact.
Of which the Left and Female ſide
Is to the Manly Right a Bride,
Both joyn'd together with ſuch Art,
That nothing elſe but Death can part.
Thoſe heav'nly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,
And Face, that all the World ſurprize,
That dazle all that look upon ye,
And ſcorch all other Ladies tawny;
Thoſe raviſhing and charming Graces,
Are all made up of two half Faces,

That in a Mathematick Line,
Like thoſe in other Heavens, join.
Of which if either grew alone,
Twould fright as much to look upon:
And ſo would that ſweet Bud, your Lip,
Without the other's fellowſhip.
Our Nobleſt Senſes act by Pairs,
Two Eyes to ſee, to hear two Ears;
Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,
To wait upon the Soul deſign'd.
But thoſe that ſerve the Body alone,
Are ſingle and confin'd to one.
The World is but two Parts, that meet,
And cloſe at th' Æquinoctial, fit;
And ſo are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her Signature on Matter;
Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
Or ſmalleſt Blade of Graſs, receive.
All which ſufficiently declare
How intirely Marriage is her Care,
The only Method that ſhe uſes,
In all the Wonders ſhe produces.

And

And thoſe that take their Rules from her,
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.
For what ſecures the Civil Life
But pawns of Children, and a Wife;
That lie like Hoſtages, at ſtake,
To pay for all Men undertake;
To whom it is as neceſſary,
As to be born, and breath, to marry;
So Univerſal, all Mankind
In nothing elſe is of one mind.
For in what ſtupid Age, or Nation,
Was Marriage ever out of Faſhion;
Unleſs among the *Amazons*,
Or Veſtal *Friars*, and Cloiſter'd *Nuns*,
Or *Stoicks*, who, to bar the Freaks
And looſe Exceſſes of the Sex,
Prepoſterouſly would have all Women
Turn'd up to all the World in common.
Though Men would find ſuch mortal Fewds
In ſharing of their publick Goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of Lives,
Than th' are ſupply'd with now by Wives;

Until

Untill they Graze, and wear their Cloaths,
As Beaſts do, of their Native Growths:
For ſimple wearing of their Horns,
Will not ſuffice to ſerve their turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unleſs the Marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no Right to Lands or Rents,
But for our Parents Settlements.
Had been but younger Sons o' th' Earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth,
What Honours, or Eſtates of Peers
Could be preſerv'd but by their Heirs?
And what ſecurity maintains
Their Right and Title, but the Banes?
What Crowns could be Hereditary,
If greateſt Monarchs did not marry,
And with their Conſorts conſummate
Their weightieſt Intereſts of State?
For all th' Amours of Princes are
But Guarranties of Peace or War.
Or what but Marriage has a Charm,
The Rage of Empires to diſarm,

Make

Make Bloud and Deſolation ceaſe,
And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,
When all their fierce Conteſts for Forage
Conclude in Articles of Marriage!
Nor does the Genial Bed provide
Leſs for the Intereſts of the Bride;
Who elſe had not the leaſt pretence
T' as much as Due Benevolence;
Could no more Title take upon her
To Vertue, Quality, and Honour,
Than Ladies Errant, unconfin'd,
And Feme Coverts to all Mankind.
All Women would be of one piece,
The vertuous Matron, and the Miſs;
The Nymphs of chaſt *Diana*'s Train,
The ſame with thoſe in *Lewkner*'s lane;
But for the difference Marriage makes
'Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes.
Beſides, the Joys of Place and Birth,
The Sex's Paradiſe on Earth;
A Privilege ſo Sacred held,
That none will to their Mothers yield;

But

But rather than not go before,
Abandon Heaven at the Door.
And if th' indulgent Law allows
A greater Freedom to the Spouſe;
The Reaſon is, Becauſe the Wife
Runs greater Hazards of her Life;
Is truſted with the Form and Matter
Of all Mankind by careful Nature.
Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff,
She frames the wondrous Fabrick of:
Who therefore, in a ſtreight, may freely
Demand the Clergy of her Belly,
And make it ſave her, the ſame way,
It ſeldom miſſes to betray.
Unleſs both Parties wiſely enter
Into the Liturgy-Indenture.
And though ſome Fits of ſmall Conteſt
Sometimes fall out among the beſt,
That is no more than every Lover
Does from his Hackney-Lady ſuffer.
That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,
But rather (ſometime) ſerves t' improve.

For,

For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace
Is but between two Legs a Race,
In which both do their uttermoſt
To get before, and win the Poſt;
Yet when th'are at their Race's Ends,
Th' are ſtill as kind and conſtant Friends,
And to relieve their Wearineſs,
By turns give one another Eaſe:
So all thoſe falſe Alarms of Strife
Between the Husband and the Wife,
And little Quarrels often prove
To be but new Recruits of Love.
When thoſe wh'are always kind or coy,
In time muſt either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudeſt Clamours more,
Than as th'are reliſh'd, Sweet or Sour:
Like Muſick, that proves bad, or good
According as 'tis underſtood.
In all Amours a Lover burns,
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns:
And Hearts have been as oft with Sullen,
As charming Looks, ſurpriz'd and ſtollen.

Then

Then why ſhould more bewitching Clamour
Some Lovers not as much enamour?
For Diſcords make the ſweeteſt Airs,
And Curſes are a kind of Prayers:
Too ſlight Alloys for all thoſe grand
Felicities by Marriage gain'd.
For nothing elſe has pow'r to ſettle
Th' intereſts of Love perpetual.
An Act and Deed that makes one Heart
Become another's Counter-part,
And paſſes Fines on Faith and Love,
Inroll'd and Regiſter'd above,
To ſeal the ſlippery knot of Vows,
Which nothing elſe but Death can looſe.
And what Security's too ſtrong,
To guard that gentle Heart from wrong,
That to its Friend is glad to paſs
It ſelf away, and all it has;
And like an Anchorite, gives over
This World, for th' Heaven of a Lover?

I grant *(quoth ſhe)* there are ſome few
Who take that courſe and find it true:
But Millions, whom the ſame does Sentence
To Heaven b' another way, Repentance.
Love's Arrows are but ſhot at Rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to Lovers.
And all the weighty conſequents
Depend upon more blind events
Than Gameſters, when they play a Set
With greateſt cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unſight, unſeen.
For what do Lovers, when th' are faſt
In one another's Arms embrac'd,
But ſtrive to plunder and convey
Each other, like a Prize, away?
To change the property of ſelves
As ſucking Children are by Elves?
And if they uſe their Perſons ſo,
What will they to their Fortunes do?
Their Fortunes! the perpetual aims
Of all their Ecſtaſies and Flames.

For

For when the Money's on the Book,
And, All my Worldly Goods--- but ſpoke;
(The Formal Livery and Seiſin
That puts a Lover in poſſeſſion)
To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
The Bride a Flam that's ſuperſeded.
To that their Faith is ſtill made good,
And all the Oaths to us they vow'd.
For when we once reſign our Pow'rs,
W' have nothing left we can call ours.
Our Money's now become the Miſs,
Of all your Lives and Services;
And we forſaken, and Poſt-pon'd,
But Bawds to what before we own'd.
Which as it made y'at firſt Gallant us,
So now hires others to ſupplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of Doors,
(As we had been) for new Amours.
For what did ever Heireſs yet
By being born to Lordſhips get?
When the more Lady ſh' is of Mannors,
She's but expos'd to more Trepanners,

Pays

Pays for their Projects and Designs,
And for her own destruction Fines,
And does but tempt them with her Riches,
To use her as the Dev'l does Witches;
Who takes it for a special Grace,
To be their Cully for a space,
That, when the time's expir'd, the Drazels
For ever may become his Vassals.
So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,
Betrays her self, and all sh' inherits
Is bought and sold, like stollen goods,
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bauds:
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the Thief himself away.
These are the everlasting Fruits
Of all your passionate Love-suits,
Th' effects of all your amorous Fancies
To Portions and Inheritances,
Your Love-sick Raptures for fruition
Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition;
To which you make address and Courtship,
And with your Bodies strive to Worship,

That th' Infant's Fortunes may partake
Of Love too, for the Mother's ſake.
For theſe, you play at Purpoſes,
And love your Loves with *A's* and *B's*:
For theſe, at Beaſt and L' hombre woe,
And play for Love and Money too;
Strive who ſhall be the ableſt Man
At right Gallanting of a Fan,
And who the moſt genteelly bred
At ſucking of a Vizard Bead,
How beſt t' accoſt us in all Quarters
T' our queſtion-and-command New Garters,
And ſolidly diſcourſe upon
All ſorts of Dreſſes *Pro* and *Con*.
For there's no Myſtery nor Trade,
But in the Art of Love is made.
And when you have more Debts to pay
Than *Michaelmas* and *Lady-day*,
And no way poſſible to do't,
But Love and Oaths and reſtleſs Suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the Scores
Of all your cully'd paſt Amours;

Act o'er your Flames and Darts again,
And charge us with your wounds and pain,
Which others influences long ſince
Have charm'd your Noſes with, and Shins;
For which the Surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our aid.
Lord! what an Amorous thing is Want!
How Debts and Mortgages inchant!
What Graces muſt that Lady have,
That can from Execution ſave!
What Charms, that can reverſe Extent,
And null Decree and Exigent!
What Magical Attracts and Graces,
That can redeem from *Scire Facias*;
From Bonds and Statutes can diſcharge,
And from Contempts of Courts inlarge!
Theſe are the higheſt Excellencies
Of all our true or falſe Pretences.
And you would damn your ſelves, and ſwear
As much t' an Hoſteſs Dowager,
Grown fat and purſy by Retail
Of Pots of Beer, and Bottled Ale;

And find her fitter for your turn,
For Fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your Flames would ſoon take Fire,
Relent, and melt to your deſire,
And, like a Candle in the Socket,
Diſſolve her Graces int' your Pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When th' heard a knocking at the Gate,
Laid on in haſt with ſuch a powder,
The blows grew louder ſtill and louder.
Which *Hudibras*, as if th' had been
Beſtow'd as freely on his Skin,
Expounding by his Inward Light,
Or rather more Prophetick Fright,
To be the Wizard, come to ſearch,
And take him napping in the lurch,
Turn'd pale as Aſhes, or a Clout;
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt:
For Men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little Valour,

His

His Heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a paſſage through his Side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em;
But in a Fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a cranny to creep out.
But ſhe, who ſaw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted, cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know I'm reſolv'd to break no Right
Of Hoſpitality t' a Stranger,
But to ſecure you out of danger,
Will here my ſelf ſtand Sentinel,
To guard this Paſs 'gainſt *Sidrophel*.
Women, you know, do ſeldom fail,
To make the ſtouteſt Men turn tail:
And bravely ſcorn to turn their Backs
Upon the deſperat'ſt Attacks.
At this the Knight grew reſolute
As *Ironſide*, or *Hardiknute*;
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud, to ſally.

But ſhe beſought him, to convey
His Courage rather out o'th' way,
And lodge in Ambuſh on the Floor,
Or fortify'd behind a Door.
That if the Enemy ſhould enter,
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.

Mean while, they knock'd againſt the Door,
As fierce as at the Gate before;
Which made the Renagado Knight
Relapſe again t' his former fright.
He thought it deſperate to ſtay
Till th' Enemy had forc'd his way,
But rather poſt himſelf, to ſerve
The Lady, for a freſh Reſerve.
His Duty was not to diſpute,
But what ſh'had order'd execute:
Which he reſolv'd in haſte t'obey,
And therefore ſtoutly march'd away;
And all he encounterd fell upon,
Though in the dark and all alone.

Till Fear, that braver Feats performs
Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms,
Had drawn him up before a Paſs,
To ſtand upon his Guard, and face,
This he courageouſly invaded,
And having enter'd, *Barricado'd*;
Inſconc'd himſelf as formidable,
As could be underneath a Table;
Where he lay down in Ambuſh cloſe,
T' expect th' arrival of his Foes.
Few minutes had he lain perdue,
To guard his deſp'rate Avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful ſhout,
As loud as putting to the Rout;
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fanſi'd th' Enemy had ſtorm'd,
And after entring *Sidrophel*
Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.
He therefore ſent out all his Senſes,
To bring him in Intelligences.
Which Vulgars out of ignorance
Miſtake, for falling in a Trance:

But thoſe that trade in *Geomancy*,
Affirm to be the ſtrength of Fancy:
In which the *Lapland-Magi* deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Mean while the Foe beat up his Quarters,
And ſtorm'd the Out-works of his Fortreſs.
And as another of the ſame
Degree, and Party, in Arms and Fame,
That in the ſame Cauſe had ingag'd,
And War with equal conduct wag'd,
By ven'tring only but to thruſt
His Head a Span beyond his Poſt,
B'a *Gen'ral* of the *Cavaliers*
Was dragg'd through a Window by th' Ears:
So he was ſerv'd in his Redoubt,
And by the Other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their Mercy,
They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,
As if they'd ſcorn'd to trade and barter,
By giving or by taking Quarter:

They

They ſtoutly on his Quarters laid,
Until his Scouts came int' his Aid.
For when a *Man is paſt his Senſe*,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' *Ears* or *Noſe*,
Or laying on of *heavy Blows*.
And if that will not do the Deed,
To burning with *Hot Irons* proceed.

No ſooner was he come t' himſelf,
But on his Neck a ſturdy Elf
Clapp'd in a trice his cloven Hoof,
And thus attack'd him with Reproof:
Mortal, Thou art betray'd to us
B' our Friend, thy *Evil Genius*,
Who for thy horrid Perjuries,
Thy breach of Faith, and turning Lyes,
The Brethrens Privilege (againſt
The Wicked) on them'ſelves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched Carcaſs ſent
For juſt Revenge and Puniſhment;

Which

Which thou haſt now no way to leſſen,
But by an open, free Confeſſion.
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.
What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's Heart away?
To ſpirit her to Matrimony——?
That which contracts all Matches, Money.
It was th'Inchantment of her Riches,
That made m'apply t' your Croney Witches;
That in return would pay th' Expence,
The Wear-and-tear of Conſcience:
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.
Didſt thou not love her then? Speak true.
No more (*quoth he*) than I love you.
How wouldſt th' have us'd her and her Mony?
Firſt, turn'd her up to Alimony;
And laid her Dowry out in Law,
To null her Jointure with a Flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed
T' have put of purpoſe, in the Deed;

And

And bar her Widow's Making-over
T' a Friend in Truſt, or private Lover.
What made thee pick and chuſe her out,
T' imploy their Sorceries about?
That which makes Gameſters play with thoſe
Who have leaſt Wit, and moſt to loſe.
But didſt thou ſcourge thy Veſſel thus,
As thou haſt damn'd thy ſelf to us?
I ſee you take me for an Aſs:
'Tis true, I thought the Trick would paſs
Upon a Woman well enough,
As't has been often found by Proof;
Whoſe Humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon.
For Love approves of all they doe
That ſtand for Candidates, and wooe.
Why didſt thou forge thoſe ſhameful Lyes,
Of Bears and Witches in Diſguiſe?
That is no more than Authors give,
The Rabble credit to believe;
A Trick of Following their Leaders,
To entertain their Gentle Readers.

And

And we have now no other way
Of paſſing all we do or ſay;
Which when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few.
Beſide the Danger of Offence,
The Fatal Enemy of Sence.
Why didſt thou chuſe that curſed Sin,
Hypocriſie, to ſet up in?
Becauſe it is the thriving'ſt Calling,
The only Saints-Bell that rings all in;
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the eaſieſt to be learn'd.
For no Degrees, unleſs th' imploy'd;
Can ever gain much or enjoy't.
A Gift that is not only able
To domineer among the Rabble,
But by the Laws impower'd to rout
And awe the greateſt that ſtand out.
Which few hold forth againſt, for fear
Their Hand ſhould ſlip, and come too near.
For no Sin elſe among the Saints
Is taught ſo tenderly againſt.

What

What made thee break thy plighted Vows?
That which makes others break a Houſe,
And hang, and ſcorn ye all, before
Endure the Plague of being Poor.
Quoth he, I ſee you have more Tricks
Than all our doting Politicks,
That are grown old, and out of Faſhion,
Compar'd with your New Reformation:
That we muſt come to School to you,
To learn your more Refin'd, and New.
Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'd find your ſelf an arrant Chouſe,
If y' were but at a Meeting-Houſe.
'Tis true, *quoth he*, we ne'er come there,
Becauſe w' have let them out by th' Year.
Truly, *quoth he*, you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in:
That as your Fellow-Fiends in Hell
Were Angels all before they fell;
So are you like to be agen
Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.

Quoth

Quoth he, I am reſolv'd to be
Thy Scholar in this Myſtery;
And therefore firſt deſire to know
Some Principles on which you go.
What makes a Knave a Child of God,
And one of us? — A Livelihood.
What renders beating out of Brains
And Murther Godlineſs? — Great Gains.
What's tender Conſcience? — 'Tis a Botch
That will not bear the gentleſt Touch,
But breaking out, diſpatches more
Than th' Epidemical'ſt Plague-Sore.
What makes y' encroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others? — To be paid.
What's Orthodox and true believing
Againſt a Conſcience? — A good Living.
What makes Rebelling againſt Kings
A *Good Old Cauſe*? — Adminiſtrings.
What makes all Doctrines plain and clear? —
About Two hundred Pounds a Year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove falſe again? — Two hundred more.

What

What makes the Breaking of all Oaths
A holy Duty?---- Food and Cloaths.
What Laws and Freedom, Perſecution?
B'ing out of Pow'r, and Contribution.
What makes a Church a Den of Thieves?
A Dean and Chapter, and White Sleeves.
And what would ſerve, if thoſe were gone,
To make it Orthodox?---- Our own.
What makes Morality a Crime,
The moſt notorious of the Time?
Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked too cry out againſt?
'Cauſe Grace and Vertue are within
Prohibited Degrees of Kin:
And therefore no true Saint allows
They ſhould be ſuffer'd to eſpouſe.
For Saints can need no Conſcience,
That with Morality diſpenſe;
As Vertue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In Nature onl', and not imputed.
But why the Wicked ſhould do ſo,
We neither know, nor care to do.

What's

What's Liberty of Conſcience,
I'th' Natural and Genuine Sence?
'Tis to reſtore with more Security
Rebellion to its ancient Purity;
And Chriſtian Liberty reduce
To th' elder Practice of the *Jews*.
For a large Conſcience is all one,
And ſignifies the ſame with *None*.

It is enough *(quoth he)* for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones;
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a Trick,
(Though he gave's Name to our *Old Nick*)
But was below the leaſt of theſe,
That paſs i'th' World for Holineſs.

This ſaid, the Furies and the Light
In th'inſtant vaniſh'd out of ſight;
And left him in the dark alone,
With Stinks of Brimſtone, and his own.

The *Queen of Night*, whose large Command
Rules all the Sea and half the Land,
And over moist and crazy Brains
In high Spring-tides at Midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the West,
To go to Bed and take her rest.
When *Hudibras*, whose stubborn Blows
Deny'd his Bones that soft repose,
Lay still expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor:
And though he shut his Eyes as fast,
As if h' had been to sleep his last,
Saw all the Shapes that Fear or Wizards
Do make the Devil wear for Vizards.
And pricking up his Ears, to hark
If he could hear too in the dark,
Was first invaded with a Groan,
And after, in a feeble Tone,
These trembling words. *Unhappy Wretch!*
What hast thou gotten by this Fetch?
Or all thy Tricks in this New Trade,
The Holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade?

By ſauntring ſtill on ſome Adventure,
And growing to thy Horſe a Centaur,
To ſtuff thy ſkin with ſwelling Knobs
Of Cruel and hard wooded Drubs?
For ſtill th' haſt had the worſe on't yet,
As well in Conqueſt as Defeat.
Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,
To reſt the Body and the Mind:
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.
The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this Reprimand,
Becauſe the Character did hit
Point-blank upon his Caſe ſo fit;
Believ'd it was ſome drolling Sprite
That ſtaid upon the Guards that Night,
And one of thoſe h' had ſeen, and felt
The Drubs he had ſo freely dealt.
When, after a ſhort Pauſe and Groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on.
This 'tis t' ingage with Dogs and Bears
Pelmell together by the Ears;

And

And after painful Bangs and Knocks,
To lie in Limbo in the Stocks;
And from the Pinacle of Glory,
Fall headlong into Purgatory:
(Thought he, This Devil's full of Malice,
That on my late Diſaſters Rallies:)
Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more Heroick-minded;
And at a Riding handled worſe,
With Treats more ſlovenly and courſe;
Ingag'd with Friends in ſtubborn Wars,
And hot Diſputes with Conjurers;
And when th' hadſt bravely won the day,
Waſt fain to ſteal thy ſelf away.
(I ſee, thought he, this ſhameleſs Elf
Would fain ſteal me too from my ſelf,
That impudently dares to own
What I have ſuffer'd for, and done:)
And now but venturing to betray,
Haſt met with Vengeance the ſame way.
Thought he, How does the Devil know
What 'twas that I deſign'd to do?

His *Office of Intelligence*,
His *Oracles* are ceas'd long ſince,
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what ſome treacherous Spy acquaints.
This is ſome Pertifogging Fiend,
Some Under-Door-keeper's Friend's Friend,
That undertakes to underſtand,
And juggles at the ſecond hand;
And now would paſs for *Spirit Po*,
And all mens dark Concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for't:
Theſe Rallying Devils do no hurt.
With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,
And haſtily cry'd out, *What art?*
A Wretch *(quoth he)* whom want of Grace
Has brought to this unhappy Place.
I do believe thee, *quoth the Knight*,
Thus far I'm ſure th' art in the Right;
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou haſt gueſs'd of me.
Thou art ſome paltry Black-guard Sprite,
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the night,

That

That haſt no work to do in th' Houſe,
Nor Half-penny to drop in Shooes:
Without the raiſing of which Sum,
You dare not be ſo troubleſome,
To pinch the Slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their Work to do.
This is your buſineſs, good *Pug Robin*,
And your Diverſion dull dry *Bobbing*;
T' intice Fanaticks in the Dirt,
And waſh 'em clean in Ditches for't.
Of which conceit you are ſo proud,
At ev'ry Jeſt you laugh aloud,
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your Rallery.

Sir, *(quoth the Voice)* y' are no ſuch Sophy
As you would have the World judge of ye,
If you deſign to weigh our Talents
I' th' Standard of your own falſe Balance,
Or think it poſſible to know
Us Ghoſts, as well as we do you:

We, who have been the everlasting
Companions of your Drubs and Basting,
And never left you in Contest
With Male or Female, Man or Beast,
But prov'd as true t' ye and intire
In all Adventures as your Squire,
Quoth he, That may be said as true
By th' idlest Pug of all your Crew:
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those Allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a Token
To your Low-Countrey *Hogen Mogen*,
To whose Infernal Shores I hope
He'll swing like Skippers in a Rope.
And if y' have been more just to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as True,
What th' Ill affected say of you,
Y' have 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
By holding up your Cloven Paws.
Sir, *quoth the Voice*, 'tis true, I grant,
We made and took the Covenant.

But

But that no more concerns the Cauſe,
Than other Perj'ries do the Laws,
Which when they're prov'd in open Court,
Wear wooden Peccadillo's for't.
And that's the Reaſon Cov'nanters
Held up their Hands, like Rogues at Bars.
I ſee, *quoth* Hudibras, from whence
Theſe Scandals of the Saints commence,
That are but natural Effects
Of *Satan*'s Malice, and his Sects,
Thoſe Spider-Saints, that hang by Threds
Spun out of th' Entrails of their Heads.
Sir, *quoth the Voice*, that may as true
And properly be ſaid of you;
Whoſe Talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together.
For all the Independents do
Is only what you forc'd them to.
You, who are not content alone
With Tricks to put the Devil down,
But muſt have Armies rais'd, to back
The Goſpel-work you undertake:

As if Artillery, and Edge-tools
Were th' only Engines to ſave Souls.
While He, poor Devil, has no pow'r
By force to run down and devour;
Has ne'er a Claſſis, cannot ſentence
To Stools, or Poundage of Repentance;
Is ty'd up only to Deſign,
T' intice, and tempt, and undermine;
In which you all his Arts out-do,
And prove your ſelves his Betters too.
Hence 'tis Poſſeſſions do leſs evil
Than mere Temptations of the Devil,
Which all the horrid'ſt Actions done,
Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon;
Becauſe unleſs you help the Elf,
He can do little of himſelf:
And therefore where he's beſt Poſſeſt,
Acts moſt againſt his Intereſt;
Surprizes none but thoſe wh' have Prieſts
To turn him out, and Exorciſts,
Supply'd with Spiritual Proviſion,
And Magazines of Ammunition,

With

With Crosses, Relicks, Crucifixes,
Beads, Pictures, Rosaries, and Pixes,
The Tools of Working out Salvation
By meer Mechanick Operation,
With Holy Water, like a Sluce,
To overflow all Avenues.
But those wh' are utterly unarm'd
T' oppose his Entrance if he storm'd,
He never offers to surprize,
Although his falsest Enemies;
But is content to be their Drudge,
And on their Errands glad to trudge.
For where are all your Forfeitures
Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?
Who are but Jailours of the Goles
And Dungeons where you clap up Souls;
Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys
T' your Mittimus Anathema's;
And never boggle to restore
The Members you deliver o'er
Upon Demand, with fairer Justice
Than all your Covenanting Trustees;

Unless

Unleſs to puniſh them the worſe,
You put them in the Secular Pow'rs,
And paſs their Souls, as ſome demiſe
The ſame Eſtate in Mortgage twice,
When to a Legal *Vtlegation*
You turn your Excommunication,
And for a Groat unpaid that's due,
Diſtrain on *Soul* and *Body* too.

Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of Civil
State-Prudence, to cajoul the Devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his Cloven Hoof,
'Tis true, *quoth he*, that Intercourſe
Has paſs'd between your Friends and ours;
That as you truſt us in our way,
To raiſe your Members, and to lay,
We ſend you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themſelves or Drown,
Or frighted with our Oratory,
To leap down headlong many a Story;

Have

Have us'd all Means to propagate
Your mighty Intereſts of State,
Laid out our Spiritual Gifts to further
Your great Deſigns of Rage and Murther.
For if the Saints are nam'd from Blood,
We onl' have made that Title good:
And if it were but in our Power,
We ſhould not ſcruple to do more,
And not be half a Soul behind
Of all Diſſenters of Mankind.
Right, *quoth the Voice*, and as I ſcorn
To be ungrateful in Return
Of all thoſe kind good Offices,
I'll free you out of this Diſtreſs,
And ſet you down in Safety, where,
It is no time to tell you here.
The Cock crows, and the Morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I muſt be gone;
And if I leave you here till day,
You'll find it hard to get away.
With that the *Spirit* grop'd about
To find th' Inchanted *Hero* out,

And

And try'd with haſt to lift him up;
But found his *Forlorn Hope*, his *Croop*,
Unſerviceable with Kicks and Blows
Received from hard-hearted Foes.
He thought to drag him by the Heels,
Like *Greſham* Carts, with Legs for wheels:
But Fear, that ſooneſt cures thoſe Sores,
In danger of Relapſe to worſe,
Came in t' aſſiſt him with its Aid,
And up his ſinking Veſſel weigh'd.
No ſooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to diſlodge,
The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
Upon the *Vehicle*, his Back.
And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
With ſome few Rubs againſt the Wall.
Where finding out the Poſtern lock'd,
And th' *Avenues* as ſtrongly block'd,
H' attack'd the Window, ſtorm'd the Glaſs,
And in a moment gain'd the Paſs,

Thro'

Thro' which he dragg'd the worſted Soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' Head and ſhoulders;
And cautiouſly began to ſcout,
To find their Fellow-Cattel out.
Nor was it half a Minute's Queſt,
E're he retriev'd the Champions Beaſt,
Ty'd to a Pale inſtead of Rack,
But ne're a Saddle on his Back,
Nor Piſtols at the Saddle-bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to ſtay,
And let the Night to ſteal away,
But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
Upon the *Bare Ridge* bolt upright.
And groping out for *Ralpho*'s Jade,
He found the Saddle too was ſtray'd,
And in the place a Lump of Sope,
On which he ſpeedily leap'd up;
And turning to the Gate the Rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.

While

While *Hudibras*, with equal haſt,
On both ſides laid about as faſt,
And ſpurr'd as *Jockies* uſe, to break,
Or *Padders*, to ſecure a Neck.
Where let us leave them for a time,
And to their *Churches* turn our *Rhyme*;
To hold forth their declining State,
Which now come near an Even Rate.

THE

The ARGUMENT of the SECOND *CANTO*.

The Saints engage in fierce Conteſts,
About their Carnal Intereſts;
To ſhare their Sacrilegious Preys,
According to their Rates of Grace;
Their various Frenzies to Reform,
When Cromwel *left them in a Storm:*
Till in th' Effigie of RUMPS, *the Rabble*
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.

CANTO II.

THE Learned write, *An Inſect Breeze*
Is but a Mungrel Prince of *Bees*,
That falls before a Storm, on Cows,
And ſtings the Founders of his Houſe;
From whoſe corrupted Fleſh that Breed
Of Vermine did at firſt proceed.
So, ere the Storm of War broke out,
Religion ſpawn'd a various Rout,

Of

Of Petulant Capricious Sects,
The Maggots of Corrupted Texts,
That first run all Religion down,
And after every Swarm its own.
For as the *Persian Magi* once
Upon their *Mothers* got their *Sons*,
Who were incapable t' enjoy
That Empire any other way:
So *Presbyter* begot the other
Upon the *Good Old Cause*, his Mother,
That bore them like the Devil's Dam,
Whose *Son* and *Husband* are the same.
And yet no nat'ral Tie of Blood,
Nor Int'rest for their Common Good,
Could, when their Profits interfer'd,
Get Quarter for each other's Beard.
For when thy thriv'd they never fadg'd,
But only by the Ears engag'd:
Like Dogs that snarl about a Bone,
And play together when th' have none.
As by their truest Characters,
Their constant Actions, plainly appears.

Rebelling

Rebelling now began for lack
Of *Zeal* and *Plunder* to grow slack;
The *Cause* and *Covenant* to lessen,
And Providence to b' out of Season:
For now there was no more to purchase
O' th' King's Revenue, and the Church's.
But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on:
Which forc'd the Stubborn'st for the Cause
To cross the Cudgels to the Laws,
That what by breaking them t' had gain'd,
By their Support might be maintain'd;
Like Thieves, that in a *Hemp-plot* lie,
Secur'd against the *Hue-and-Cry*.
For *Presbyter* and *Independant*
Were now turn'd *Plaintiff* and *Defendant*,
Laid out their Apostolick Functions
On Carnal *Orders* and *Injunctions*,
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On *Outlawries* and *Scire facias*;
At *Michael*'s Term had many a Trial,
Worse than the *Dragon* and St. *Michael*,

Where thouſands fell in ſhape of Bees,
Into the *Bottomleſs Abyſs.*
For when, like Brethren and like Friends,
They came to ſhare their Dividends,
And ev'ry Partner to poſſeſs
His Church and State Joint-Purchaces,
In which the Ableſt Saint and Beſt
Was nam'd in Truſt by all the reſt,
To pay their Money; and, inſtead
Of ev'ry Brother, paſs the Deed;
He ſtraight converted all his Gifts
To pious Frauds and holy Shifts,
And ſetled all the others Shares
Upon his *outward Man* and's *Heirs*;
Held all they claim'd as Forfeit Lands,
Deliver'd up into his hands,
And paſt upon his Conſcience,
By *Pre-intail* of *Providence*;
Impeach't the Reſt for Reprobates,
That had no Titles to Eſtates,
But by their Spiritual Attaints
Degraded from the Right of Saints.

This

This being reveal'd, they now begun
With Law and Conſcience to fall on;
And laid about as hot and brain-ſick
As th' *Utter, Barriſter of Swanſwick*;
Ingag'd with Money-bags, as bold
As Men with Sand-bags did of old;
That brought the Lawyers in more Fees,
Than all unſanctifi'd Truſtees:
Till he who had no more to ſhow
I' th' Caſe, receiv'd the overthrow;
Or Both ſides having had the worſt,
They parted as they met at firſt.

Poor *Presbyter* was now Reduc'd,
Secluded, and Caſhier'd and Chows'd,
Turn'd out and Excommunicate
From all Affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t' a Reformado Saint,
And glad to turn Itinerant,
To ſtrowl and teach from Town to Town,
And thoſe he had taught up teach down,

And make those Vices serve agen
Against the New-inlightned men,
As fit as when at first they were
Reveal'd against the *Cavilier*;
Damn *Anabaptist* and *Fanatick*,
As pat as *Popish* and *Prelatick*;
And with as little variation,
To serve for any Sect i'th' Nation.
The *Good Old Cause*, which some believe
To be the *Devil* that tempted *Eve*,
With Knowledge, and does still invite
The World to Mischief with *New Light*,
Had store of Money in her Purse,
When he took her for *bett'r or worse*;
But now was grown Deform'd and Poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of Door.

The *Independants* (whose first station
Was in the *Rere of Reformation*,
A Mungrel kind of *Church-Dragoons*,
That serv'd for Horse and Foot at once,

And

And in the Saddle of one Steed
The *Saracen* and *Chriſtian* rid,
Were Free of ev'ry Spiritual Order,
To *Preach*, and *Fight*, and *Pray*, and *Mutther*,
No ſooner got the Start to lurch,
Both Diſciples, of *War* and *Church*,
And Providence enough to run
The chief Commanders of 'em down,
But carried on the War againſt
The Common Enemy o' th' Saints,
And in a while prevail'd ſo far,
To win of them the Game of War,
And be at Liberty once more,
T' attack themſelves as th' had before.

For now there was no Foe in Arms,
T' unite their Factions with Alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worſt, *themſelves at home*,
Wh' had compaſt all they Pray'd, and Swore,
And fought, and Preach'd, and Plunder'd for,

Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
And all things but their *Lams and Hate*,
But when they came to treat and tranſact,
And ſhare the Spoils of all th' had ranſackt,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the *Government*,
They met no ſooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the War had ſpar'd;
Agreed in nothing, but t' *Aboliſh*,
Subvert, *Extirpate*, and *Demoliſh*.
For Knaves and Fools b'ing near of kin,
As *Dutch Boors* are t' a *Sooterkin*,
Both Parties join'd to do their beſt,
To Damn the Publick Intereſt;
And Herded only in Conſults
To put by one anothers Bolts,
T' out-cant the *Babylonian* Labourers,
At all their Dialects of Jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the Saw,
To tear down Government and Law.
For as two Cheats, that play one Game,
Are both defeated of their Aim:

So

So thoſe who play a *Game of State*,
And only *Cavil* in Debate,
Although there's nothing loſt nor won,
The Publick Buſineſs is undone,
Which ſtill the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the ſurer way to Ruine.
This when the *Royaliſts* perceiv'd,
(Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the Right they had paid down
So dearly for, *The Church and Crown*)
Th' united conſtanter, and ſided
The more, the more their Foes divided.
For though out-number'd overthrown,
And by the Fate of War run down;
Their Duty never was defeated,
Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated,
For Loyalty is ſtill the ſame,
Whether it win or loſe the Game;
True as a Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not ſhin'd upon.
But when theſe Brethren in evil,
Their *Adverſaries* and the *Devil*,

Began once more to ſhew them Play,
And hopes, at leaſt, to have a day,
They rallied in Parades of Woods,
And unfrequented Solitudes,
Conven'd at Midnight in Out-houſes,
T' appoint *New-riſing Rendezvouzes*,
And with a Pertinacy unmatch'd
For new Recruits of Danger watch'd:
No ſooner was one Blow diverted,
But up another Party ſtarted.
And, as if Nature too in haſt,
To furniſh our Supplies as faſt,
Before her time had turn'd Deſtruction
T' a new and numerous Production;
No ſooner thoſe were overcome,
But up roſe others in their Room,
That, like the Chriſtian Faith increaſt
The more, the more they were ſuppreſt:
Whom neither *Chains*, nor *Tranſportation*,
Proſcription, *Sale*, nor *Confiſcation*,
Nor all the deſperate Events
Of former try'd Experiments,

Nor

Nor Wounds could terrifie, nor Mangling,
To leave off *Loyalty* and *Dangling*,
Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright
From ven'tring to maintain the Right,
From ſtaking Life and Fortune down
'Gainſt all together, for the Crown;
But kept the Title of their Cauſe
From *Forfeiture*, like Claims in Laws;
And prov'd no proſp'rous Uſurpation
Can ever ſettle on the Nation,
Until, in ſpight of Force and Treaſon,
They put their Loy'lty in Poſſeſſion;
And by their Conſtancy and Faith,
Deſtroy'd the Mighty Men of *Gath*.

Toſs'd in a furious *Hurricane*,
Did *Oliver* give up his *Reign*;
And was believ'd, as well by Saints,
As Moral Men and Miſcreants,
To founder in the *Stygian* Ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by *Sterry*:

Who

Who, in a falſe erroneous Dream,
Miſtook the *New Jeruſalem*,
Prophanely, for th' *Apocryphal*,
Falſe *Heaven* at the *End o' th' Hall*;
Whither it was decreed by Fate,
His precious Reliques to tranſlate.
So *Romulus* was ſeen before
B' as Orthodox a *Senator*;
From whoſe Divine Illumination
He ſtole the Pagan Revelation.

Next him his Son and *Heir Apparent*
Succeeded, though a *Lame Vicegerent*:
Who firſt laid by the *Parliament*,
The only *Crutch* on which *he leant*:
And then ſunk underneath the *State*,
That rode him above *Horſeman's Weight*.

And now the Saints began their *Reign*,
For which th' had yearn'd ſo long in vain,
And felt ſuch Bowel-Hankerings,
To ſee an *Empire all of Kings*,

Deliver'd

Deliver'd from th' *Ægyptian Awe*
Of Juſtice, Government, and Law,
And free t' erect what *Spiritual Cantons*
Should be reveal'd, or *Goſpel Hans-Towns,*
To edifie upon the Ruines
Of *John* of *Leyden's old Out-goings,*
Who for a weather-cock hung up
Upon their *Mother-Church's* Top,
Was made a Type by Providence
Of all their Revelations ſince;
And now fulfill'd by his Succeſſors,
Who equally miſtook their Meaſures:
For when they came to ſhape the *Model,*
Not one could fit another's Noddle;
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From Fadging than th' Unſanctifi'd;
While ev'ry individual Brother
Strove hand to fiſt againſt another,
And ſtill the maddeſt and moſt crackt,
Were found the buſieſt to Tranſact,
For though moſt Hands diſpatch apace,
And *make light work,* (the Proverb ſays)

Yet

Yet many different Intellects
Are found t' have contrary Effects;
And many Heads t' obſtruct Intrigues,
As ſloweſt Inſects have moſt Legs.

Some were for ſetting up a King,
But all the reſt for no ſuch thing,
Unleſs King *Jeſus*: Others tamper'd
For *Fleetwood*, *Desborough*, and *Lambert*;
Some for the *Rump*, and ſome more crafty,
For *Agitators* and the *Safety*;
Some for the Goſpel, and Maſſacres
Of *Spiritual Affidavit-makers*,
That ſwore to any Humane Regence,
Oaths of Supremacy and *Allegiance*,
Yea though the ableſt ſwearing Saint,
That vouch'd the Bulls o' th' Covenant:
Others for pulling down th' High-places
Of *Synods* and *Provincial Claſſes*,
That us'd to make ſuch hoſtile Inroads
Upon the Saints, like bloudy *Nimrods*:

Some

Some for Fulfilling Prophecies,
And th' Extirpation of Excise;
And some against th' *Ægyptian Bondage*
Of *Holy-days*, and *paying Poundage*:
Some for the cutting down of *Groves*,
And rectifying Bakers Loaves;
And some for finding out Expedients
Against the Slavery of Obedience.
Some were for *Gospel-Ministers*,
And some for *Red-Coat Seculars*,
As men most fit t' hold forth the Word
And weild *the one, and the other Sword*.
Some were for carrying on the Work
Against the *Pope*, and some the *Turk*;
Some for engaging to suppress
The *Camisado of Surplices*,
That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' *Outward Man the Inward*;
More proper for the cloudy Night
Of *Popery*, than *Gospel-Light*.
Others were for Abolishing
That Tool of Matrimony, *a Ring*,

With

With which th' unsanctifi'd *Bridegroom*
Is marri'd only to a *Thumb*;
(As wise as Ringing of a Pig,
That uses break up ground and Dig;)
The *Bride* to nothing but her Will,
That nulls the After-Marriage still.
Some were for th' utter Extirpation
Of *Linsey-Woolsey* in the Nation;
And some against all Idolizing
The *Cross* in *Shop-Books*, or *Baptizing*.
Others, to make all things recant
The *Christian* or *Surname* of Saint;
And force all *Churches*, *Streets*, and *Towns*,
The *Holy Title* to renounce.
Some 'gainst a *Third Estate of Souls*,
And bringing down the Price of Coals.
Some for Abolishing Black-Pudding,
And eating nothing with the Bloud in;
To abrogate them Roots and Branches:
While others were for *eating Haunches*
Of Warriors, and *now* and *then*
The *Flesh of Kings* and *mighty Men*;

And

And Some for Breaking of their Bones
With Rods of Ir'n by *Secret ones*;
For thraſhing Mountains, and with Spells
For Hallowing Carriers Packs and Bells.
Things that the *Legend* never heard of,
But made the wicked ſore afeard of.
The Quacks of Government (who ſate
At th' unregarded *Helm of State*,
And underſtood, this wild Confuſion,
Of fatal Madneſs and Deluſion
Muſt, ſooner then a Prodigie,
Portend Deſtruction to be nigh)
Conſider'd timely, how t' withdraw
And ſave their Wind-Pipes from the Law;
For one Rencounter at the Bar
Was worſe than all th' had 'ſcap'd in War;
And therefore met in Conſultation,
To *Cant* and *Quack* upon the Nation;
Not for the ſickly Patient's ſake,
Nor what to give, but what to take;
To feel the Pulſes of their Fees,
More wiſe than fumbling Arteries;

Prolong

Prolong the Snuff of Life in pain,
And from the Grave recover—*Gain.*
'Mong these there was a *Politician*,
With more Heads than a *Beast in Vision*,
And more Intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the *Whores of Babylon*;
So Politick, as if one eye
Upon the other were a Spy;
That to trapan the one to think
The other Blind, both strove to blink:
And in his dark Pragmatick way
As busie as a Child at Play.
H' had seen three Governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one,
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall;
For by *Trapanning* th' old to Ruine,
He made his Int'rest with the new one;
Plaid true and faithful, though against
His Conscience, and was still advanc'd.
For by the Witch-craft of Rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble *State-Camelion*,

By

By giving aim from ſide to ſide,
He never fail'd to ſave his Tide,
But got the ſtart of ev'ry State,
And at a Change ne'er came too late;
Could turn his word, and Oath, and Faith,
As many ways as in a Lath;
By turning, wriggle, like a Screw
Int' higheſt Truſt, and out for New.
For when h' had happily incurr'd,
Inſtead of Hemp, to be preferr'd,
And paſt upon a Government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went:
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes,
Would ſtrive to raiſe himſelf upon
The publick Ruine and his own.
So little did he underſtand
The deſp'rate Feats he took in hand.
For when h' had got himſelf a Name
For Fraud and Tricks; he ſpoil'd his Game,
Had forc'd his Neck into a Nooze,
To ſhew his play at *Faſt and Looſe*;

And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook
For Art and Subtlety, his Luck.
So right his Judgment was cut fit,
And made a Tally to his wit,
And both together most profound
At Deeds of Darkness under ground:
As th' Earth is easiest undermin'd
By Vermine Impotent and Blind.

By all these Arts, and many more
H' had practis'd long and much before,
Our *State-Artificer* foresaw
Which way the World began to draw.
For as *Old Sinners* have all Points
O'th' Compass in their Bones and Joints;
Can by their Pangs and Aches find
All Turns and Changes of the Wind,
And better than by *Napier's Bones*,
Feel in their own, the Age of Moons;
So guilty Sinners in a State
Can by their Crimes prognosticate,

And in their Conſciences feel pain
Some days before a Shower of Rain.
He therefore wiſely caſt about
All ways he could, t' *inſure his Throat*;
And hither came t' obſerve and ſmoak
What courſes other Riskers took;
And to the utmoſt do his beſt
To ſave himſelf, and hang the reſt.

To Match this Saint, there was another,
As buſie and perverſe a Brother,
An Habberdaſher of Small Wares
In Politicks and State-Affairs;
More *Jew* than *Rabbi Achitophel*,
And better gifted to Rebel:
For when h' had taught his Tribe to Spouſe
The Cauſe, aloft, upon one Houſe,
He ſcorn'd to ſet his own in Order,
But try'd another, and went further;
So ſullenly addicted ſtill
To's only Principle, *his Will*,

That whatſoe're it chanc'd to prove
No force of Argument could move,
Nor *Law*, nor *Cavalcade of Ho'born*,
Could render half a grain leſs ſtubborn.
For he at any time would hang,
For th' opportunity t' *harangue*,
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Than miſs his dear delight, to wrangle:
In which his Parts were ſo accompliſht,
That right or wrong, he ne'er was non-pluſt;
But ſtill his Tongue ran on, the leſs
Of weight it bore, with greater eaſe,
And with its Everlaſting Clack
Set all mens Ears upon the Rack.
No ſooner could a hint appear,
But up he ſtarted to pickere,
And made the ſtouteſt yeild to mercy,
When he ingag'd in *Controverſie*:
Not by the force of Carnal Reaſon,
But indefatigable Teazing;
With Volleys of eternal Babble,
And Clamour more unanſwerable.

For though his *Topicks*, frail and weak,
Could near amount above a Freak:
He ſtill maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
Againſt the deſperat'ſt Aſſaults;
And back'd their feeble want of Sence,
With greater Heat and Confidence:
As bones of *Hectors* when they differ,
The more th' are *Cudgell'd*, grow the *Stiffer*.
Yet when his Profit moderated,
The fury of his heat abated:
For nothing but his Intereſt
Could lay his Devil of Conteſt.
It was his *Choice*, or *Chance*, or *Curſe*,
T' eſpouſe the Cauſe for *bett'r or worſe*,
And with his worldly Goods and Wit,
And *Soul*, and *Body*, worſhipp'd it:
But when he found the ſullen *Trapes*
Poſſeſt with th' *Devil*, *Worms*, and *Claps*,
The *Trojan Mare* in Foal with *Greeks*
Not half ſo full of *Jadiſh Tricks*,
Though Squeamiſh in her outward Woman,
As looſe and rampant as *Dol common*;

He ſtill reſolv'd to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obſtinater;
And ſtill the skittiſher and looſer
Her Freaks appear'd, to ſit the cloſer,
For *Fools are ſtubborn in their way*;
As *Coins are hardned by th' Allay*:
And Obſtinacy's ne'er ſo ſtiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.
Theſe two, with others, being met,
And cloſe in Conſultation ſet;
After a diſcontented pauſe,
And not without ſufficient cauſe,
The Orator we mention'd late,
Leſs troubled with the pangs of State,
Than with his own impatience,
To give himſelf firſt Audience,
After he had a while look'd wiſe,
At laſt broke ſilence, and the *Ice*.

Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt
Our laſt Out-goings brought about,

More

More than to see the Characters
Of real Jealousies and Fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Members Forehead:
Who, 'cause the Clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of Weather,
Feel Pangs and Aches of State-turns,
And Revolutions in their Corns;
And, since our Workings-out are croft,
Throw up the Cause before 'tis loft.
Was it to run away, we meant,
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lameft Cripples of the Brothers
Took Oaths, to run before all others;
But, in their own sense, only swore
To strive to run away before;
And now would prove, that Words and Oath
Ingage us to renounce them both?
'Tis true, the Cause is in the lurch,
Between a right and mungrel Church,
The Presbyter and Independent,
That stickle which shall make an end on't:

And 'twas made out to us the laſt
Expedient, — (I mean, *Margret*'s Faſt)
When Providence had been ſuborn'd,
What anſwer was to be return'd?
Elſe why ſhould Tumults fright us now,
We have ſo many times gone through,
And underſtand as well to tame,
As, when they ſerve our turns, t' inflame?
Have prov'd how inconſiderable
Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
Whoſe Frenzies muſt be reconcil'd
With Drums and Rattles like a Child;
But never prov'd ſo proſperous,
As when they were led on by us,
For all our ſcouring of Religion
Began with Tumults and Sedition;
When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion
Became ſtrong Motives to Devotion;
(As carnal Seamen in a Storm
Turn pious Converts and reform;)
When ruſty Weapons with chalk'd Edges
Maintain'd our feeble Privileges,

And

And brown Bills levied in the City
Made Bills to paſs the Grand Committee;
When Zeal with aged Clubs and Gleaves
Gave chaſe to Rochets and White Sleeves,
And made the Church and State and Laws
Submit t' old Iron and the Cauſe.
And as we thriv'd by Tumults then,
So might we better now agen,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To uſe them rightly in our need.
Tumults by which the Mutinous
Betray themſelves inſtead of us;
The Hollow-hearted Diſaffected,
And cloſe Malignant are detected;
Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,
For Pledges to ſecure our own,
And freely Sacrifice their Ears,
T' appeaſe our Jealouſies and Fears.
And yet for all theſe Providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our ſenſes,
We idly ſit like ſtupid Block-heads,
Our Hands committed to our Pockets,

And

And nothing but our Tongue at large,
To get the Wretches a Diſcharge.
Like Men condemn'd to Thunderbolts,
Who, 'ere the blow, become meer Dolts;
Or Fools beſotted with their Crimes,
That know not how to ſhift betimes,
And neither have the hearts to ſtay
Nor wit enough to run away,
Who, if we could reſolve on either,
Might ſtand, or fall (at leaſt) together:
No mean nor trivial ſolaces
To Partners in extream diſtreſs,
Who uſe to leſſen their Diſpar's,
By parting them int' equal ſhares;
As if the more they were to bear,
They felt the weight the eaſier;
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more he took his turn among.
But 'tis not come to that as yet,
If we had Courage left, or Wit;
Who, when our Fate can be no worſe,
Are fitted for the braveſt courſe;

Have time to Rally, and prepare
Our laſt and beſt Defence, Deſpair;
Deſpair, by which the gallant'ſt Feats
Have been atchiev'd in greateſt ſtreights,
And horrid'ſt Dangers ſafely wav'd,
By b'ing courageouſly out-brav'd,
As Wounds by wider Wounds are heal'd,
And Poiſons by themſelves expell'd.
And ſo they might be now agen,
If we were, what we ſhould be, Men;
And not ſo dully deſperate,
To ſide againſt our ſelves with Fate:
As Criminals condemn'd to ſuffer,
Are blinded firſt, and then turn'd over.
This comes of Breaking Covenants,
And ſetting up Exauns of Saints,
That Fine, like Aldermen, for Grace,
To be excus'd the Efficace.
For Spiritual Men are too Tranſcendent,
That mount their Banks for Independent,
To hang like *Mahomet* in th' Air,
Or St. *Ignatius* at his Prayer,

By

By pure Geometry, and hate
Dependency on Church or State;
Diſdain the Pedantry o' th' Letter,
And ſince Obedience is better
(The *Scripture* ſays) than Sacrifice,
Preſume the leſs on't will ſuffice;
And ſcorn to have the moderat'ſt ſtints
Preſcrib'd their peremptory Hints,
Or any Opinion, true or falſe,
Declar'd as ſuch, in Doctrinals,
But left at large to make their beſt on,
Without b'ing call'd t' account or queſtion.
Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
As *Whitington* explain'd the Bells;
And bid themſelves turn-back agen
Lord May'rs of *New Jeruſalem*.
But look ſo big and over-grown,
They ſcorn their Edifiers t' own,
Who taught them all their ſprinkling Leſſons,
Their Tones and ſanctifi'd expreſſions;

Beſtow'd

Beſtow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like Charity on thoſe that want,
And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots,
T' inſpire themſelves with Short-hand Notes:
For which they ſcorn and hate them worſe,
Than Dogs and Cats do Sow-gelders.
For who firſt bred them up to pray,
And Teach, the Houſe of Commons way?
Where had they all their Gifted Phraſes,
But from our *Calamies* and *Caſes?*
Without whoſe ſprinkling and Sowing,
Who had ere heard of *Nye* or *Owen?*
Their Diſpenſations had been ſtifled,
But for our *Adoniram Biſield.*
And had they not begun the War,
Th' had ne'er been Sainted as they are.
For Saints in Peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to Reprobate:
Their Zeal corrupts like ſtanding Water,
In th' Intervals of War and Slaughter;
Abates the ſharpneſs of its Edge,
Without the Pow'r of Sacriledge.

And

And though th' have Tricks to cast their Sins
As easie as Serpents do their Skins,
That in a while grow out again,
In Peace they turn meer Carnal Men,
And from the most Refin'd of Saints
As naturally grow Miscreants,
As Barnacles turn Soland-Geese
In th' Islands of the *Orcades*.
Their Dispensation's but a Ticket,
For their conforming to the Wicked,
With whom their greatest difference
Lies more in words and shew than sence.
For as the *Pope*, that keeps the Gate
Of Heaven, wears three Crowns of State;
So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,
Proud *Cerb'rus*, wears three Heads as well:
And, if the World has any troth,
Some have been Canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greatest harm,
Their Spiritual Gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the over-heated Sots
In Fevers still, like other Goats.

For

For though the Whore bends Hereticks
With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks;
Our Schiſmaticks ſo vaſtly differ,
Th' hotter they are, they grow the ſtiffer;
Still ſetting off their ſpiritual goods,
With fierce and pertinacious ſewds.
For Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and Rant,
And Independents, to profeſs
The Doctrine of Dependences;
Turns meek and ſneaking Secret ones,
To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody Bones:
And not content with endleſs quarrels
Againſt the Wicked and their Morals,
The *Gibellins*, for want of *Guelfs*,
Divert their Rage upon themſelves.
For now the war is not between
The Brethren and the Men of ſin;
But Saint and Saint, to Spill the Blood
Of one another's Brotherhood;
Where neither ſide can lay pretence
To Liberty of Conſcience,

Or

Or Zealous suff'ring for the Cause,
To gain one Groats-worth of Applause?
For though endur'd with Resolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to Persecution.
Shall Precious Saints and Secret ones
Break one another's outward Bones?
And eat the Flesh of Brethren,
Instead of Kings and Mighty Men?
When Friends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater Elves?
When *Bell's* at Union with the *Dragon*,
And *Ball-Peor* Friends with *Dagon*,
When Savage Bears agree with Bears,
Shall Secret ones lug Saints by th' Ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common Danger threatens both?
Shall Mastiffs by the Collars pull'd,
Engag'd with Bulls, let go their hold?
And Saints, whose Necks are pawn'd at stake,
No Notice of the Danger take?
But though no Pow'r of Heaven or Hell
Can pacifie Fanatick Zeal;

Who

Who would not gueſs there might be hopes;
The fear of Gallowſes and Ropes
Before their Eyes might reconcile
Their Animoſities a while?
At leaſt until th' had a clear Stage;
And equal Freedom to engage,
Without the danger of Surprize
By both our common Enemies?

This none but we alone could doubt,
Who underſtand their Workings-out;
And know 'em both in Soul and Conſcience;
Giv'n up t' as Reprobate a Nonſence,
As Spiritual Out-laws whom the Pow'r
Of Miracle can ne're reſtore.
We whom at firſt they ſet up under,
In Revelation only of Plunder,
Who ſince have had ſo many Trials
Of their encroaching Self-denyals,
That took'd upon us with deſign
To Out-reform and Undermine;

Took all our Intereſts and Commands
Perfidiouſly out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood,
Without the Motive-gains allow'd,
And made us ſerve as Miniſterial,
Like younger Sons of Father *Belial.*

And yet for all th' inhumane wrong
Th' had done us, and the Cauſe ſo long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work ſtill as we had begun:
But true and Faithfully obey'd,
And neither Preach'd them hurt, nor Pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers;
Nor put them to the charge of Gaols,
To find us Pillories and Cart-tails,
Or Hangman's Wages, which the State
Was forc'd (before them) to be at,
That cut like Tallies to the Stumps
Our Ears for keeping true Accompts,

And burnt our Veſſels, like a New
Seal'd Peck or Buſhel, for b'ing true.
But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held forth the Cauſe againſt all others,
Diſdaining equally to yield
One Syllable of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward things, and outward Men:
Our inward Men and conſtant Frame,
Of Spirit ſtill were near the ſame.
And till they firſt began to Cant,
And ſprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne're had Call in any place,
Nor dream'd of Teaching down *Free-Grace*;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Againſt the Common Enemy:
Although 'twas our and their Opinion,
Each other's Church was but a *Rimmon*.
And yet for all this Goſpel-Union,
And outward ſhew of Church Communion,
They'll ne'er admit us to our ſhares,
Of Ruling Church or State-Affairs;

Nor give us leave t' abſolve, or ſentence
T' our own conditions of Repentance:
But ſhar'd our Dividend o' th' Crown
We had ſo painfully Preach'd down;
And forc'd us, though againſt the Grain,
T' have Calls to teach it up again.
For 'twas but Juſtice to reſtore
The Wrongs we had receiv'd before;
And when 'twas held forth in our way,
W' had been ungratefull not to pay:
Who for the Right w' have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our Temporal Salvation,
And put our Veſſells in a way,
Once more to come again in Play.
For if the turning of us out,
Has brought this Providence about;
And that our only Suffering
Is able to bring in the King:
What would our Actions not have done,
Had we been ſuffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a ſhare
At leaſt in carrying on th' Affair.

But whether that be ſo or not,
W' have done enough to have it thought;
And that's as good as if w' had don't,
And eaſier paſt upon account.
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as juſtify'd.
The World is nat'rally averſe
To all the Truth it ſees or hears,
But ſwallows Nonſence and a Lye,
With Greedineſs and Gluttony,
And though it have the Pique, and long,
'Tis ſtill for ſomething in the wrong:
As Women long, when th' are with Child,
For things extravagant and wild,
For Meats ridiculous, and fulſom,
But ſeldom any thing that's wholſom;
And, like the World, Men's Jobbernoles,
Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles;
And what th' are confidently told,
By no ſenſe elſe can be controll'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means,
Once more to hedge in Providence,
For, as Relapſes make Diſeaſes
More deſp'rate than their firſt Acceſſes;
If we but get again in Pow'r,
Our Work is eaſier than before;
And we more ready and expert
I' th' Myſtery, to do our Part.
We, who did rather undertake
The firſt War to create, than make:
And when of Nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd Funds as ſtrange, to carry't on;
Trepann'd the State, and fac'd it down,
With Plots and Projects of our own:
And if we did ſuch Feats at firſt,
What can we now w'are better vers'd;
Who have a freer Latitude
Than Sinners give themſelves, allow'd?
And therefore likelieſt to bring in
On faireſt Terms, our Diſcipline.
To which it was reveal'd long ſince,
We were ordain'd by Providence:

When

When Three Saints Ears, our Predeceſſors,
The Cauſe's Primitive Confeſſors,
B'ing Crucified, the Nation ſtood
In juſt ſo many Years of Blood:
That multipli'd by *Six*, expreſs'd
The perfect number of the Beaſt.
And prov'd that we muſt be the Men,
To bring this work about agen:
And thoſe who laid the firſt Foundation,
Compleat the thorow Reformation:
For who have Gifts to carry on
So great a Work, but We alone?
What Churches have ſuch able Paſtors?
And Precious, Powerful, Preaching-Maſters?
Poſſeſs'd with Abſolute Dominions,
O'er Brethrens Purſes and Opinions?
And truſted with the Double Keys
Of Heaven, and their Ware-houſes;
Who, when the Cauſe is in Diſtreſs,
Can furniſh out what Sums they pleaſe,
That Brooding lie in Bankers Hands,
To be diſpos'd at their Commands:

And daily increaſe and multiply,
With Doctrine, Uſe and Uſury.
Can fetch in Parties (as in War,
All other Heads of Cattle are;)
From th' Enemy of all Religions,
As well as High and Low Conditions;
And ſhare them from Blue Ribbands down,
To all Blue Aprons in the Town.
From Ladies hurried in Calleches,
With Cornets at their Footmens Breeches,
To Bawds as Fat as Mother Nab,
All Guts and Belly like a Crab.
Our Party's great, and better ti'd
With Oaths, and Trade, than any ſide;
Has one conſiderabl' Improvement,
To double fortifie the Cov'nant;
I mean our Covenants to purchaſe,
Delinquents Titles and the Churches:
That paſs in Sale, from Hand, to Hand,
Among our ſelves, for Current Land,
And Riſe or Fall, like *Indian* Actions,
According to the Rate of Factions,

Our

Our beſt Reſerve for Reformation,
When New Out-goings give occaſion:
That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their Creed) t' aſſert:
And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
Will once more try th' Expedient,
Who can already muſter Friends,
To ſerve for Members, to our Ends;
That repreſent no part o' th' Nation,
But *Fiſher's-Folly* Congregation;
Are only Tools to our Intrigues,
And ſit like Geeſe to hatch our Eggs,
Who, by their Precedents of Wit,
T' out-faſt, out-leiter, and out-ſit;
Can order matters under-hand,
To put all Buſineſs to a ſtand:
Lay Publick Bills aſide, for Private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the Great and Neceſſary,
With Trifles to conteſt and vary;
And make the Nation repreſent,
And ſerve for us in Parliament;

Cut

Cut out more Work than can be done
On *Plato's* Year; but finiſh none,
Unleſs it be the Bulls of *Lenthal*,
That always paſt for Fundamental.
Can ſet up Grandee againſt Grandee,
To ſquander time away, and Bandy.
Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges
To one another's Privileges;
And, rather than compound the Quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their Ruins; th' only Scope
And Conſolation of our Hope:
Who, though we do not play the Game,
Aſſiſt as much by giving Aim.
Can introduce our ancient Arts,
For Heads of Factions, t' act their Parts.
Know what a Leading Voice is worth;
A Seconding, a Third, or Fourth:
How much a Caſting Vote comes to,
That turns up Trump, of *I*, or *No*;
And by adjuſting all at th' End,
Share ev'ry one his Dividend.

An

An Art that ſo much Study coſt,
And now's in danger to be loſt;
Unleſs our Ancient *Virtuoſo's*,
That found it out, get into th' Houſes.
Theſe are the Courſes that we took
To carry things, by Hook or Crook:
And practis'd down from Forty four,
Untill they turn'd us out of Door;
Beſides the Herds of *Boutefeus*,
We ſet on work, without the Houſe.
When ev'ry Knight, and Citizen
Kept Legiſlative Journey-men,
To bring them in Intelligence
From all Points of the Rabbles Senſe;
And fill the Lobbies of both Houſes
With Politick Important Buzzes:
Set up Committees of Cabals,
To pack Deſigns without the Walls.
Examine, and draw up all News,
And fit it to our preſent Uſe.
Agree upon the Plot o'th' Farce,
And every one his Part rehearſe.

Make

Make Q's of Anſwers to way-lay
What th'other Party's like to ſay:
What Repartees, and ſmart Reflections
Shall be return'd to all Objections:
And who ſhall break the Maſter-Jeſt,
And what, and how, upon the reſt:
Help Pamphlets out, with ſafe Editions,
Of Proper Slanders and Seditions:
And Treaſon for a Token ſend,
By Letter, to a Country Friend.
Diſperſe Lampoons, the only Wit,
That Men, like Burglary, commit:
Wit, falſer than a Padder's Face,
That all its Owner does, betrays:
Who therefore dares not truſt it, when
He's in his Calling, to be ſeen.
Diſperſe the Dung on Barren Earth,
To bring new Weeds of Diſcord forth.
Be ſure to keep up Congregations,
In ſpight of Laws and Proclamations;
For Chiarlatans can do no good,
Until th'are mounted in a Crowd;

And

And when th'are puniſh'd, all the Hurt
Is but to fare the better for't;
As long as Confeſſors are ſure
Of double Pay for all th'endure:
And what they earn in Perſecution,
Are paid t'a Groat in Contribution.
Whence ſome Tub-holders-forth have made
In Powd'ring-Tubs their richeſt Trade:
And while they kept their Shops in Priſon,
Have found their Prices ſtrangely riſen.
Diſdain to own the leaſt Regret
For all the Chriſtian Blood w'have let;
'Twill ſave our Credit, and maintain
Our Title to do ſo again:
That needs not coſt one drop of Senſe,
But pertinacious Impudence:
Our Conſtancy t'our Principles,
In time will wear out all things elſe:
Like Marble Statues, rubb'd in Pieces,
With Gallantry of Pilgrim's Kiſſes:
While thoſe who turn and wind their Oaths
Have ſwell'd, and ſunk like other Froths.

Prevail'd

Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long,
Before from World to World they ſwung:
As they had turn'd from ſide, to ſide;
And as the Changlings liv'd, they di'd.

This ſaid; th' impatient States-Monger
Could now contain himſelf no longer;
Who had not ſpar'd to ſhew his Picques,
Againſt th' Haranguers Politicks?
With ſmart Remarks of Leering Faces,
And Annotations of Grimaces,
After h'had miniſtred a Doſe
Of *Snuff-Mundungus*, to his Noſe;
And powder'd th' inſide of his Skull,
Inſtead of th' outward Jobbernol,
He ſhook it with a ſcornful Look
On th' Adverſary, and thus he ſpoke:
In Dreſſing a Calf's Head altho'
The Tongue and Brains together go,
Both keep ſo great a diſtance here,
'Tis ſtrange, if ever they come near:

For

For, who did ever play his Gambols,
With ſuch unſufferable Rambles?
To make the bringing in the King,
And keeping of him out, one thing?
Which none can do, but thoſe who ſwore
T' as Point blank Non-ſenſe heretofore:
That to Defend was to Invade,
And to Aſſaſſinate, to Aid:
Unleſs becauſe you drove him out,
(And that was never made a Doubt)
No Pow'r is able to reſtore
And bring him in, but on your Score.
A Spiritual Doctrine, that conduces
Moſt properly, to all your Uſes.
'Tis true, a Scorpion's Oyl is ſaid
To cure the Wounds the Vermine made;
And Weapons dreſs'd with Salves, reſtore
And heal the Hurts they gave before:
But whether Presbyterians have
So much Good Nature as the Slave,
Or Vertue in them as the Vermine,
Thoſe who have tri'd 'em can determine.

Indeed

Indeed, 'tis pity you ſhould miſs
Th' Arrears of all your Services,
And for th' Eternal Obligation
Y' have laid upon th' Ungrateful Nation;
B' us'd ſo unconſcionable hard,
As not to find a juſt Reward.
For letting Rapine looſe, and Murther,
To rage juſt ſo far, but no further:
And ſetting all the Land on Fire,
To burn t' Scantling, but no higher:
For vent'ring to aſſaſſinate,
And cut the Throats of Church and State:
And not b' allow'd the fitteſt Men
To take the Charge of both agen:
Eſpecially, that have the Grace
Of Self-denying, Gifted Face;
Who, when your Projects have miſcarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-head,
On thoſe you painfully trepann'd,
And ſprinkled in at Second Hand,
As we have been to ſhare the Guilt
Of Chriſtian Blood, devoutly ſpilt;

For

For ſo our Ignorance was ſlam'd,
To damn our ſelves, t' avoid being damn'd:
Till finding your old Foe, the Hang-man,
Was like to lurch you at *Back-Gammon*;
And win your Necks upon the Set,
As well as ours, who did but Bet:
(For he had drawn your Ears before,
And nick'd 'em on the ſelf ſame Score:)
We threw the Box and Dice away,
Before y' had loſt us at foul Play:
And brought you down to Rook, and Lye,
And Fancy only, on the By.
Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernoles,
From pearching upon lofty Poles:
And reſcued all your Outward Traitors
From hanging up like Allegators:
For which ingeniouſly y' have ſhew'd
Your Presbyterian Gratitude:
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one Rope behind:
Thoſe were your Motives to divide,
And ſcruple, on the other ſide,

To turn your Zealous Frauds, and Force,
To Fits of Conſcience and Remorſe:
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for New again:
For Truth no more unveil'd your Eyes,
Than Maggots are convinc'd to Flies:
And therefore, all your Lights and Calls
Are but Apocryphal, and Falſe,
To charge us with the Conſequences
Of all your Native Inſolences;
That to your own Imperious Wills,
Laid Law and Goſpel Neck and Heels:
Corrupted the Old Teſtament,
To ſerve the New for Precedent:
T' amend its Errors and Defects,
With Murther and Rebellion-Texts:
Of which there is not any one
In all the Book, to ſow upon:
And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews
Held Chriſtian Doctrine forth and Uſe:
As *Mahomet* (your Chief) began
To mix them in the *Alchoran:*

Denounc'd

Denounc'd, and pray'd, with Fierce Devotion,
And bended Elbows on the Cushion:
Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,
And Gifted Mortifying Groans:
Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,
As Pigs are said to see the Wind:
Fill'd *Bedlam* with *Predestination*,
And *Knights-Bridge* with *Illumination*:
Made Children, with your Tones, to run fort,
As bad as *Bloody-Bones* or *Lunsford*.
While Women, Great with Child, miscarri'd
For being to Malignants marri'd:
Transform'd all Wives to *Dalilahs*,
Whose Husbands were not for the Cause;
And turn'd the Men to Ten-Horn'd Cattel,
Because they came not out to Battel:
Made Taylors Prentices turn Heroes,
For fear of b'ing transform'd to *Meroz*;
And rather forfeit their Indentures,
Than not espouse the Saints adventures.

Could Tranſubſtantiate, Metamorphoſe,
And charm whole Herds of Beaſts, like *Orpheus*;
Inchant the King's and Churches Lands,
T' obey and follow your Commands:
And ſettle on a New Free-hold,
As *Marcly-Hill* had done of Old,
Could turn the Covenant, and tranſlate
The Goſpel into Spoons and Plate:
Expound upon all Merchants Caſhes,
And open th' intricateſt Places:
Could Catechiſe a Money-Box,
And prove all Powches Orthodox;
Until the Cauſe became a *Damon*,
And *Pythias*, the wicked *Mammon*.

And yet, in ſpight of all your Charms,
To conjure Legion up, in Arms;
And raiſe more Devils in the Rout,
Than e're y' were able to caſt out:
Y' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe Fools,
Bred up (you ſay) in your own Schools;

Who

Who, though but gifted at your feet,
Have made it plain, they have more Wit.
By whom you have been ſo oft trepan'd,
And held forth out of all Command:
Out-gifted, Out-impuls'd, Out-done,
And Out-reveal'd at Carryings on.
Of all your Diſpenſations Worm'd,
Out-providenc'd, and Out-reform'd,
Ejected out of Church, and State,
And all things, but the People's Hate:
And ſpirited out of th' Enjoyments,
Of precious, edifying Employments;
By thoſe who lodg'd their Gifts and Graces,
Like better Bowlers, in your Places.
All which you bore, with Reſolution,
Charg'd on th' Account of Perſecution;
And though, moſt righteouſly oppreſt,
Againſt your Wills, ſtill acquieſt:
And never Hum'd and Hah'd Sedition,
Nor ſnuffled Treaſon, nor Miſpriſion.
That is, becauſe you never durſt;
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worſt,

Alas, you were no longer able
To raiſe your *Poſſe* of the Rabble;
One ſingle Red-Coat Sentinel
Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell;
And with his Squirt fire, could diſperſe
Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd, and Verſe;
We know too well thoſe tricks of yours
To leave it ever in your Powers:
Or truſt our Safeties, or Undoings,
To your Diſpoſing of Out-goings;
Or to your Ordering Providence,
One farthings-worth of Conſequence,

For, had you Pow'r to undermine,
Or Wit to carry a Deſign,
Or Correſpondence, to trepan,
Inveagle, or betray one Man;
There's nothing elſe that intervenes,
And bars your Zeal to uſe the means,
And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
To bring in Kings, or keep them out:

Brave

Brave undertakers to reſtore,
That could not keep your ſelves in pow'r,
T' advance the Intereſts of the Crown,
That wanted Wit to keep your own.

Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth
To wrong ye) done your Parts, in Both;
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
For 'twas your zealous want of Sence,
And ſanctifi'd impertinence;
Your carrying buſineſs in a Huddle;
That forc'd our Rulers to New Model;
Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, Root and Branch, all out;
To Reformado, One and All,
T' your Great *Croyſado*, General.
Your greedy ſlav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your Clutches Pow'r;
That ſprung the Game you were to ſer,
Before y' had time to draw the Net:

Your ſpight to ſee the Churches Lands
Divided into other Hands,
And all your Sacrilegious Ventures,
Laid out on Tickets and Debentures;
Your Envy to be ſprinkled down,
By under Churches in the Town;
And no Courſe us'd to ſtop their Mouths,
Nor th' Independants ſpreading Growths.
All which conſider'd, 'tis moſt true,
None bring him in ſo much as you;
Who have prevail'd, beyond their Plots,
Their Midnight Junto's, and ſeal'd Knots;
That thrive more by your Zealous Piques,
Than all their own raſh Politicks.
And this way you may claim a Share,
In carrying (as you brag) th' Affair;
Elſe Frogs, and Toads, that croak'd the *Jews*,
From *Pharo*, and his Brick-kilns looſe:
And Flies, and Mange, that ſet them free,
From Task-Maſters, and Slavery:
Were likelier to do the Feat,
In any indiff'rent Man's Conceit;

For who ere heard of Reſtoration,
Until your thorough Reformation?
That is, the King's and Churches Lands
Were ſequeſtred int' other Hands;
For, only then, and not before,
Your Eyes were opened to reſtore.
And when the Work was carrying on,
Who croſt it, but your ſelves alone?
As, by a World of Hints, appears,
All plain, and extant, as your Ears.
But firſt o' th' firſt; The Iſle of *Wight*
Will riſe up, if you ſhould deny't;
Where *Henderſon*, and th' other Maſſes,
Were ſent to cap Texts, and put Caſes:
To paſs for Deep and Learned Scholars;
Although but Paltry, *Ob* and *Sollers*:
As if th' unſeaſonable Fools
Had been a courſing in the Schools;
Until th' had prov'd the Devil Author
O' th' Covenant; and the Cauſe, his *Daughter*:
For, when they charg'd him with the Guilt
Of all the Blood that had been ſpilt;

They

They did not mean, He wrought th' Effuſion
In Perſon, like Sir *Pride*, or *Hughſon*;
But only thoſe, who firſt begun
The Quarrel, were by him ſet on.
And who could thoſe be but the Saints,
Thoſe Reformation-Termagants?
But ere this paſt, the wiſe Debate
Spent ſo much time, it grew too late;
For *Oliver* had gotten Ground,
T' encloſe them, with his Warriers, round:
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely Sophiſts out.
Nor had the *Uxbridge* bus'neſs leſs
Of Nonſence in't, and ſottiſhneſs,
When from a Scoundrel Holder forth,
The Scum, as well as Son o' th' Earth,
Your Mighty Senators took Law
At his Command, were forc'd t' withdraw;
And ſacrifice the Peace o' th' Nation
To Doctrine, Uſe and Application.
So when the Scots, your conſtant Cronies,
Th' Eſpouſers of your Cauſe, and Monies:

Who

Who had so often, in your Aid,
So many ways been foundly paid;
Came in at last, for better Ends,
To prove themselves your trusty Friends,
You basely left them, and the Church,
Th' had train'd you up to, in the Lurch,
And suffer'd your own Tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true *Philistines*.
This shews what Utensils y' have been,
To bring the King's Concernments in:
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you,
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just:
Such as will punctually repay
With double Interest, and betray.

Not that I think those Pantomimes,
Who vary Action with the Times,
Are less ingenious in their Art,
Than those who dully act one Part;

Or

Or thoſe who turn from Side, to Side;
More guilty than the Wind and Tide.
All Countries are a Wiſe Man's Home,
And ſo are Governments to ſome,
Who Change them for the ſame Intrigues
That States-Men uſe in breaking Leagues:
While others in Old Faiths and Troths,
Look odd as in Out-of-faſhion'd Cloaths:
And naſtier, in an old Opinion,
Than thoſe who never ſhift their Linnen,

For true and Faithful's ſure to loſe,
Which way ſoever the Game goes;
And whether Parties loſe or win,
Is always nick'd, or elſe hedg'd in.
While Pow'r uſurp'd like ſtoln delight,
Is more bewitching than the Right.
And when the Times begin to alter,
None riſe ſo high as from the Halter.

And ſo may We, if w' have but ſenſe
To uſe the neceſſary Means,

And not your usual Stratagems
On one another, Lights and Dreams.
To stand on Terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give:
Set up the Covenant on Crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their Clutches;
And dream of pulling Churches down,
Before w' are sure to prop our own:
Your constant Method of Proceeding,
Without the Carnal Means of Heeding:
Who, 'twixt your Inward Sense, and Outward,
Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.

I grant, All Courses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again;
The only way that's left us now,
But all the difficulty's, *How*?
Tis true! w' have Money, th' only Pow'r
That all Mankind falls down before:
Money, that, like the Swords of Kings,
Is the last Reason of all things.

And

And therefore, need not doubt our Play
Has all advantages that way;
As long as men have Faith to ſell,
And meet with thoſe that can pay well.
Whoſe half ſtarv'd Pride and Avarice,
One Church and State will not ſuffice,
T' expoſe to Sale; beſide the Wages
Of ſtoring Plagues to after Ages.
Nor is our Money leſs our own,
Than 'twas before we laid it down:
For 'twill return, and turn t' Account,
If we are brought in Play upon't;
Or, but by Caſting Knaves, get in,
What Pow'r can hinder us to win?
We know the Arts we us'd before,
In Peace and War, and ſomething more:
And by th' unfortunate Events,
Can mend our next Experiments,
For, when w' are taken into Truſt,
How eaſie are the Wiſeſt chous'd?
Who ſee but th' out-ſides of our Feats,
And not their ſecret Springs and Weights;

And

And while th' are buſie at their eaſe,
Can carry what Deſigns we pleaſe:
How eaſie is't to ſerve for Agents,
To proſecute our old Engagements?
To keep the Good Old Cauſe on Foot,
And preſent Power from taking Root?
Inflame them both with falſe Alarms,
Of Plots, and Parties, taking Arms;
To keep the Nation's Wounds too wide
For healing up of Side to Side,
Profeſs the paſſionat'ſt Concerns,
For both their Intereſts, by Turns.
The only way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none;
(As Bowls run true, by being made
Of purpoſe falſe, and to be ſway'd)
For, if we ſhould be true to either,
'Twould turn us out of both together:
And therefore have no other Means,
To ſtand upon our own Defence;
But keeping up our Ancient Party
In Vigor, Confident, and Hearty:

To

To reconcile our late Diſſenters,
Our Brethren, though by other Ventures,
Unite them, and their diff'rent Maggots,
As long and ſhort Sticks are in Faggots:
And make them joyn again as cloſe,
As when they firſt began t' Eſpouſe;
Erect them into Separate,
New Jewiſh Tribes, in Church and State;
To join in Marriage and Commerce,
And only 'mong themſelves Converſe:
And all that are not of their Mind,
Make Enemies to all Mankind:
Take all Religions in and ſtickle,
From Conclave, down to Conventicle;
Agreeing ſtill, or diſagreeing,
According to the Light in Being:
Sometimes, for Liberty of Conſcience,
And Spiritual Miſ-rule, in one Senſe:
But in an other quite contrary,
As Diſpenſations chance to vary:
And ſtand for, as the Times will bear it,
All Contradictions of the Spirit:

Protect

Protect their Emiſſaries, impowr'd
To preach Sedition and the Word:
And when th' are hamper'd by the Laws,
Releaſe the Lab'rers for the Cauſe;
And turn the Perſecution back,
On thoſe that made the firſt Attack.

To keep them equally in awe,
From breaking, or maintaining Law;
And when they have their Fits too ſoon,
Before the Full-Tides of the Moon:
Put off their Zeal t' a fitter Seaſon,
For ſowing Faction in, and Treaſon;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like Hawks from bating on their Perches.
That when the Bleſſed Time ſhall come,
Of quitting *Babylon* and *Rome*,
They may be ready to reſtore
Their own *Fifth-Monarchy*, once more;
Mean while, be better Arm'd to Fence,
Againſt Revolts of Providence;

By watching narrowly, and snapping
All blind sides of it, as they happen:
For, if Success could make us Saints,
Our Ruin turn'd us Miscreants:
A Scandal that would fall too hard
Upon a Few, and unprepar'd.

These are the Courses we must run,
Spight of our Hearts, or be undone:
And not to stand on Terms and Freaks,
Before we have secur'd our Necks.
But do your Work, as out of sight,
As Stars by day and Suns by Night:
All Licence of the People own,
In opposition to the Crown.
And for the Crown as fiercely side,
The Head and Body to divide;
The end of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind:
Be sure to spare no publick Rapine,
On all Emergencies that happen;

For

For 'tis as easie to supplant
Authority, as Men in want:
As some of us, in trusts, have made
The one hand with the other Trade;
Gain'd vastly, by their Joint-Endeavour:
The Right a Thief, the Left Receiver:
And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
The other, by as sly, Retail'd.
For Gain has wonderfull Effects,
T' improve the Factory of Sects;
The Rule of Faith in all Professions,
And great *Diana* of the *Ephesians*:
Whence turning of Religion's made
The means to turn and wind a Trade.
And though some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a Course;
And draw in store of Customers,
To thrive the better in Commerce:
For, all Religions flock together,
Like Tame, and Wild Fowl of a Feather;
And nab the Itches of their Sects:
Jades do one another's Necks.

Hence 'tis, Hypocriſie, as well
Will ſerve t' improve a Church, as Zeal:
As Perſecution, or Promotion,
Do equally advance Devotion.

Let Buſineſs, like ill Watches, go
Sometimes too faſt, ſometimes too ſlow:
For things in order are put out
So eaſie, Eaſe it ſelf will do't.
But when the Feat's deſign'd and meant,
What Miracle can bar th' event?
For 'tis more eaſie to betray,
Than ruin any other way.

All poſſible Occaſions ſtart,
The Weighty'ſt Matters to divert:
Obſtruct, Perplex, Diſtract, Intangle,
And lay perpetual Trains to wrangle:
But in Affairs of leſs import,
That neither do us Good nor Hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and Out-comply:

And ſeem as ſcrupulouſly juſt,
To bait our Hooks for greater Truſt.

But ſtill be carefull to cry down
All publick Actions, though our own:
The leaſt Miſcarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State:
Expreſs the horrid'ſt Deteſtation,
And pity the diſtracted Nation.
Tell Stories, ſcandalous and falſe,
I' th' proper Language of Cabals:
Where all a ſubtil States-man ſays
Is half in words, and half in Face:
(As Spaniards talk in Dialogues,
Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)
Entruſt it under ſolemn Vows
Of Mum and ſilence, and the Roſe,
To be Retail'd again in Whiſpers,
For th' eaſie credulous to diſperſe.

Thus far the Stateſ-man. When a Shout,
Heard at a diſtance, put him out;

And ſtraight another, all agaſt,
Ruſh'd in with equal Fear and Haſte:
Who ſtar'd about, as pale as Death,
And for a while, *as out of Breath*;
Till having gather'd up his Wits,
He thus began his Tale by fits.

That beaſtly Rabble, —— that came down
From all the Garrets —— in the Town,
And Stalls, and Shop-boards —— in vaſt Swarms,
With new chalk'd Bills, —— and ruſty Arms,
To cry the Cauſe —— up, heretofore,
And bawl the Biſhops —— out of Door;
Are now drawn up, —— in greater Shoals,
To Roaſt —— and Boil us on the Coals:
And all the Grandees —— of our Members
Are Carbonading on —— the Embers;
Knights, Citizens and Burgeſſes ——
Held forth by Rumps —— of Pigs and Geeſe
That ſerve for Characters —— and Badges,
To repreſent their Perſonages.

Each

Each Bone fire is a Funeral Pile,
In which they Roaſt, and Scorch, and Broil,
And ev'ry Repreſentative
Have vow'd to Roaſt——and Broil alive;
And 'tis a Miracle, we are not
Already ſacrific'd Incarnate.
For while we wrangle here, and jar,
W' are Grylly'd all at *Temple-Bar*:
Some, on the Sign-Poſt of an Ale-houſe,
Hang in Effigie, on the Gallows,
Made up of Rags, to perſonate
Reſpective Officers of State;
That henceforth they may ſtand reputed,
Proſcrib'd in Law, and Executed,
And while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready Liſted under *Dun*;
That Worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,
And Tinder-box of all his Fellows,
The activ'ſt Member of the Five,
As well as the moſt Primitive;
Who, for his faithful Service then,
Is choſen for a Fifth agen;

(For, ſince the State has made a Quint
Of Generals, he's lifted in't.)
This Worthy, as the World will ſay,
Is paid in Specie, his own way;
For moulded to the Life in Clouts,
Th' have pick'd from Dung-hills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,
A crop'd Malignant Baker gave 'em:
And, to the largeſt Bonefire riding,
Th' have roaſted *Cook* already, and *Pride-m.*
On whom, in Equipage, and State,
His Scare-crow Fellow Members wait;
And March in order, two and two,
As at Thankſgiving th' us'd to do:
Each in a tatter'd *Taliſmane*,
Like Vermine in Effigie ſlain.

But (what's more dreadful than the reſt)
Thoſe Rumps are but the Tail o' th' Beaſt;
Set up by Popiſh Engineers;
As by the Crackers plainly appears:

For

For, none but Jeſuits have a Miſſion,
To preach the Faith with Ammunition;
And propagate the Church with Powder,
Their Founder was a blown-up Soldier.
Theſe Spiritual Pioneers o' th' Whores,
That have the Charge of all her Stores;
Since firſt they fail'd in their Deſigns,
To take in Heav'n by ſpringing Mines;
And with unanſwerable Barrels
Of Gun-powder, diſpute their Quarrels;
Now take a Courſe more practicable,
By laying Trains to fire the Rabble,
And blow us up in th' open Streets;
Diſguis'd in Rumps, like Sambenites;
More like to Ruin and Confound,
Than all their Doctrines under-ground,

Nor have they choſen Rumps amiſs,
For Symbols of State-Myſteries;
Though ſome ſuppoſe, 'twas but a ſhew
How much they ſcorn'd the Saints, the Few:

Who

Who, 'cauſe th' are waſted to the Stumps,
Are repreſented beſt by Rumps.
But Jeſuits have deeper Reaches
In all their Politick Far-fetches:
And from their Coptick Prieſt, *Kircherus*,
Found out this Myſtick way to jear us.

For, as the *Ægyptians* us'd, by Bees,
T' expreſs their Antick *Ptolomies*;
And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,
Held forth Authority and Pow'r:
Becauſe theſe ſubtil Animals
Bear all their Int'reſts in their Tails;
And when th' are once impar'd in that,
Are baniſh'd their Well order'd State;
They thought, all Governments were beſt,
By Hieroglyphick Rumps expreſt.

For as in Bodies Natural,
The Rump's the Fundament of all;
So, in a Commonwealth, or Realm,
The Government is call'd the Helm:

With

With which, like Veſſels under Sail,
Th' are turn'd and winded by the Tail.
The Tail, which Birds and Fiſhes ſteer
Their Courſes with, through Sea and Air;
To whom the Rudder of the Rump is
The ſame thing with the Stern and Compaſs.
This ſhews, how perfectly the Rump
And Commonwealth in Nature jump.
For, as a Fly, that goes to bed,
Reſts with his Tail above his Head;
So in this Mungrel State of ours,
The Rabble are the Supreme Powers,
That Hors'd us on their Backs to ſhow us
A Jadiſh trick at laſt, and throw us.

The Learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write, there's a Bone, which they call *Luez*,
I' th' Rump of Man, of ſuch a Vertue,
No force in Nature can do hurt to;
And therefore, at the laſt Great Day,
All th' other Members ſhall, they ſay,

Spring

Spring out of this, as from a Seed,
All sorts of Vegetals proceed:
From whence, the Learned Sons of Art,
Os Sacrum, justly stile that part.

Then what can better represent,
Than this Rump-bone, the Parliament?
That after several rude Ejections,
And as prodigeous Resurrections,
With new Reversions of nine Lives,
Starts up, and, like a Cat, revives?

But now, alas, th' are all expir'd,
And th' House, as well as Members, fir'd;
Consum'd in Kennels, by the Rout,
With which they other Fires put out:
Condemn'd t' ungoverning Distress,
And Paultry, Private Wretchedness:
Worse than the Devil to Privation,
Beyond all hopes of Restauration;
And parted like the Body and Soul,
From all Dominion and Controul.

We

We, who could lately, with a Look,
Enact, Eſtabliſh, or Revoke;
Whoſe Arbitrary Nods gave Law,
And Frowns kept multitudes in Awe:
Before the Bluſter of whoſe Huff,
All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off.
Ador'd and bow'd to by the Great,
Down to the Foot-man, and Valet.
Had more bent Knees than Chappel-Mats,
And Prayers, than the Crowns of Hats;
Shall now be ſcorn'd as wretchedly,
For Ruin's juſt as low as high;
Which might be ſuffer'd, were it all
The Horrour, that attends our Fall:
For, ſome of us have Scores more large
Than Heads and Quarters can diſcharge,
And others who, by reſtleſs ſcraping,
With Publick Frauds, and Private Rapine;
Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amaſs'd,
Would gladly lay down all at laſt:

And to be but undone, Entail
Their Veſſels on perpetual Jail;
And bleſs the Devil to let them Farms
Of forfeit Souls, on no worſe Terms.

This ſaid, A near and louder Shout
Put all th' Aſſembly to the Rout:
Who now Begun t' out-run their fear;
As Horſes do, from thoſe that bear:
But crouded on, with ſo much haſte,
Until th' had block'd the Paſſage faſt;
And Barricado'd it with Haunches
Of Outward Men, and Bulks, and Paunches:
That with their ſhoulders ſtrove to ſqueeze,
And rather ſave a Cripled piece
Of all their cruſh'd and broken Members,
Than have them Grillied on the Embers:
Still preſſing on with heavy Packs,
Of one another, on their Backs:
The Van Guard could no longer bear
The Charges of the Forlorne Rere;

But born down head long by the Rout,
Were trampled sorely under Foot.
Yet nothing prov'd so formidable,
As the horrid Cookery of the Rabble:
And Fear that keeps all Feeling out,
As lesser Pains are, by the Gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a fresh Supply
Of rallied Force, enough to fly;
And beat a Tuscan Running Horse,
Whose Jocky-Rider is all Spurs.

The ARGUMENT of the THIRD *CANTO.*

The Knight and Squire's Prodigious Flight,
To quit th' Inchanted Bow'r by Night:
He plods to turn his Amorous Suit
T' a Plea in Law, and profecute:
Repairs to Counſel, to adviſe
'Bout managing the Enterprize:
But firſt Reſolves to try by Letter,
And once more fair Addreſs, to get her.

CANTO III.

WHo would believe what ſtrange *Bugbears*
Mankind creats it ſelf, of *Fears?*
That ſpring like Fern, that Inſect Weed,
Equivocally, without Seed;
And have no poſſible Foundation,
But meerly in th' Imagination:
And yet can do more dreadful Feats,
Than *Hags*, with all their *Imps* and *Teats:*

Make

Make more bewitch and haunt themſelves,
Than all their *Nurſeries of Elves.*
For fear does things ſo like a Witch,
'Tis hard t' unridle which is which,
Sets up Communities of Senſes,
To chop and change Intelligences;
As *Ruſi-cruſian Virtuoſo's,*
Can ſee with *Ears,* and hear with *Noſes*:
And when they neither ſee nor hear,
Have more than both ſuppli'd by Fear;
That makes 'em in the dark *ſee Viſions,*
And hag themſelves with *Apparitions*:
And when their Eyes diſcover leaſt,
Diſcern the ſubtleſt Objects beſt.
Do things not contrary alone
To th' Courſe of Nature, but its own:
The Courage of the Braveſt daunt,
And turn Poltroons as valiant;
For Men as reſolute appear
With too much, as too little Fear.
And when th'are out of hopes of flying,
Will run away from Death by dying:

Or turn again to ſtand it out,
And thoſe they fled, like Lions, Rout.
This *Hudibras* had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies, left Perdue,
And haunted with Detachments, ſent
From *Marſhall-Legion's Regiment*;
Was by a *Fiend*, as counterfeit,
Reliev'd and Reſcu'd with a Cheat:
When nothing but himſelf and fear
Was both the *Imps and Conjurer*:
As by the Rules o' th' *Vertuoſi*,
It follows in due *Form of Poſie*.

Diſguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
We left our Champion on his flight:
At *Blind man's Buff*, to grope his way,
In equal fear *of Night and Day*:
Who took his dark and deſp'rate Courſe,
He knew no better than his Horſe;
And by an unknown Devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled.

He

He never was in greater need,
Nor leſs Capacity of Speed.
Diſabled both in Man and Beaſt,
To fly, and run away, *his beſt*;
To keep the Enemy, and Fear,
From equal falling on his Rere.
And though with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd
The further, and the nearer ſide:
(As *Sea-men* ride with all their force,
And *Tug* as if they *Rowed the Horſe*;
And when the Hackney Sails moſt ſwift,
Believe they *lag*, or *run a drift*)
So though he poſted e're ſo faſt;
His Fear was greater than his *Haſte*:
For fear, though fleeter than the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the Morn began to appear,
And ſhift t' *another Scene* his Fear;
He found his new Officious *Shade*,
That came ſo timely to his Aid,
And forc'd him from the Foe t' eſcape,
Had turn'd it ſelf to *Ralpho's ſhape*;

So like in *Perſon, Garb and Pitch,*
'Twas hard t' interpret *which was which.*

For *Ralpho* had no ſooner told
The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But ſhe convey'd him out of ſight,
To entertain th' approaching Knight.
And while he gave himſelf Diverſion,
T' accommodate his *Beaſt and Perſon*;
And put his *Beard* into a Poſture,
At beſt advantage to accoſt her:
She order'd th' *Antimaſquerade,*
(For his Reception) *aforeſaid:*
But when the *Ceremony* was done,
The *Lights put out, and Furies gone*;
And *Hudibras,* amongſt the reſt,
Convey'd away, as *Ralpho* gueſs'd:
The wretched Caitiff all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his Story to himſelf;
The Knight miſtook him for an Elf.

And

And did so still, till he began
To scruple at *Ralph's* Outward Man:
And thought, because they oft agreed,
T' appear in one another's stead,
And act the *Saint's* and *Devil's* Part,
With undistinguishable Art:
They might have done so now perhaps,
And put on one another's Shapes;
And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out;
What art? My Squire, or that bold Sprite,
That took his Place and Shape to Night?
Some busie Independent Pug,
Retainer to his Synagogue?
Alas, *quoth he*, I'm none of those
Your Bosom Friends, as you suppose;
But *Ralph* himself, your trusty Squire,
Wh' has drag'd your Dunship out o' th' Mire;
And from th' Inchantments of a Widow,
Wh' had turn'd you int' a Beast, have freed you,
And, though a Prisoner of War,
Have brought you safe, where now you are.

Which you would gratefully repay,
Your conſtant Presbyterian way.
That's ſtranger (*quoth the Knight*) and ſtranger:
Who gave thee notice of my danger?
Quoth he, Th' Infernal Conjurer
Purſu'd and took me Priſoner;
And knowing you were here about,
Brought me along, to find you out.
Where I, in Hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they ſaid and did,
And though they lay to him the Pageant,
I did not ſee him, nor his Agent;
Who play'd their Sorceries out of ſight,
T' avoid a fiercer, ſecond Fight.

But, didſt thou ſee no Devils then?
Not one, *quoth he*, but Carnal Men,
A little worſe than Fiends in Hell,
And that She-Devil, *Jezabel*;
That laugh'd and teh-hed with deriſion,
To ſee them take your Depoſition.

What

What then (quoth *Hudibras*) was he,
That plaid the Dev'l, to examine me?
A Rallying Weaver in the Town,
That did it in a Parson's Gown:
Whom all the Parish takes for gifted;
But, for my part, I ne're believ'd it;
In which you told them all your Feats,
Your Conscientious Frauds and Cheats,
Deny'd your Whipping, and confess'd
The naked Truth of all the rest,
More plainly than the Reverend Writer,
That to our Churches veil'd his Mitre.
All which they took in Black and White,
And cudgel'd me to under-write.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone;
To act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me of my *Hellish Fear*?
Quoth he, I knew your constant Rate,
And Frame of Sp'rite, too obstinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon
With any Motives of my own:

And therefore ſtrove to counterfeit
The Dev'l a while, to Nick your Wit:
The Devil, that is your conſtant Crony,
That only can prevail upon ye;
Elſe we might ſtill have been diſputing,
And they with weighty Drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find
Th' had left the Enemy behind;
And ſaw no farther harm remain,
But feeble Wearineſs and Pain;
Perceiv'd, by loſing of their Way,
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the Day;
And by declining of the Road,
They had by chance their Rere made good,
He ventur'd to diſmiſs his *Fear*,
That parting's wont to *Rent and Tear*,
And gives the deſperat'ſt Attack
To danger ſtill behind its Back.
For, having paus'd to recollect,
And on his paſt Succeſs reflect,

T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly;
And when no Devil had appear'd,
What else, it could be said, he fear'd?
It put him in so fierce a Rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage;
Tost like a Foot-ball back again,
With *Shame, and Vengeance, and Disdain.*

Quoth he, It was thy Cowardice
That made me from this Leaguer rise;
And when I had half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base,
Was better cover'd by thy New
Arriv'd Detachment than I knew:
To slight my new Acquests, and run
Victoriously, from Battels won.
And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost.
To make me put my self to flight;
And Conqu'ring, run away by Night,

To

To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe,
Durſt never have preſum'd to do.
To mount me in the dark by force,
Upon the bare Ridge of my Horſe,
Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,
Without my Arms and Equipage;
Leſt, if they ventur'd to purſue,
I might th' unequal Fight renew;
And, to preſerve thy Outward Man,
Aſſum'd my Place, and led the Van.

All this, quoth *Ralph*, I did, 'tis true,
Not to preſerve my ſelf, but you.
You, who were damn'd to baſer Drubs,
Than Wretches feel in Powd'ring Tubs:
To mount two wheel'd Carroches, worſe
Than managing a Wooden Horſe:
Dragg'd out through ſtraiter Holes, by th' Ears,
Eras'd, or Coup'd for Perjurers.
Who, though th' Attempt had prov'd in vain,
Yet had not reaſon to complain:

But

But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
To blame the Hand that paid your Ransom;
And rescued your obnoxious Bones
From unavoidable Battoons.
The Enemy was re-inforc'd,
And we disabl'd and unhors'd;
Disarm'd, unqualifi'd for Fight;
And no way left, but hasty Flight.
Which, though as desperate in th' Attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't.

But were our Bones in fit Condition
To re-inforce the Expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,
To think of falling on again:
No Martial Project to surprize,
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As Gamesters tear their losing Cards.
Beside, our bangs of Man and Beast
Are fit for nothing now but Rest,

And

And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove ſerviceable:
And therefore I with reaſon choſe
This Stratagem, t' amuſe our Foes,
To make an Honourable Retreat,
And wave a total ſure Defeat:
For, thoſe that fly, may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain.
Hence timely Running's no mean part
Of Conduct, in the Martial Art.
By which ſome Glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens, by breaking, thrive.
And Cannons conquer Armies, while
They ſeem to draw off and recoyl.
Is held the gallanteſt Courſe, and braveſt,
To great Exploits, as well as ſafeſt:
That ſpares th' Expence of time and pains,
And dangerous beating out of Brains.
And in the end prevails, as certain,
As thoſe that never truſt to Fortune;
But make their Fear do Execution
Beyond the ſtouteſt Reſolution;

As

As Earth-quakes kill, without a Blow,
And only trembling, overthrow.
If th' Ancients Crown'd their braveſt Men
That only ſav'd a Citizen,
What Victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would ſave but one?
Or Fight endanger'd to be loſt,
Where all reſolve to ſave the moſt?
By this means, when a Battel's won,
The War's as far from being done:
For thoſe that ſave themſelves, and fly,
Go Halves, at leaſt, i'th' Victory:
And ſometime, when their Loſs is ſmall,
And Danger great, they challenge all:
Print new Additions to their Feats,
And Emendations in Gazettes;
And when, for furious haſte to run,
They durſt not ſtay to fire a Gun,
Have done't with Bone-fires, and at home,
Make Squibs and Crackers overcome.

To set the Rabble on a Flame,
And keep their Governors from Blame,
Disperse the News, the Pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells:
And though reduc'd to that Extream,
They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*;
Yet, with Religious Blasphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a Lye,
And for their Beating, giving Thanks,
Th' have rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks.
For those who run from th' Enemy,
Engage them equally to fly;
And when the Fight becomes a Chace,
Those win the Day, that win the Race;
And that which would not pass in Fights,
Has done the Feat with easie Slights.
Recover'd many a desp'rate Campaign,
With *Bourdeaux*, *Burgundy* and *Champagne*.
Restor'd the fainting High and Mighty
With Brandy-Wine and Aquavitæ,

And

And made them ſtoutly overcome,
With Bachrach, Hoccamore and Mum,
Whom th' uncontrol'd Degrees of Fate
To Victory neceſſitate.
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return:
Or elſe their Sultan-Populaces
Still ſtrangle all their routed Baſſa's.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I underſtand
What Fights thou mean'ſt at Sea and Land;
And who thoſe were that run away,
And yet gave out th'had won the day:
Although the Rabble ſouc'd them for't,
O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.
'Tis true our Modern way of War
Is grown more politick by far,
But not ſo reſolute and bold,
Nor ty'd to Honour, as the Old.
For, now they laugh at giving Battel,
Unleſs it be to Herds of Cattel:

Or

Or fighting Convoys of Proviſion,
The whole Deſign of th' Expedition,
And not with downright Blows to rout
The Enemy, but eat them out:
As Fighting, in all Beaſts of Prey,
And Eating, are perform'd one way,
To give Defiance to their Teeth,
And fight their ſtubborn Guts to Death,
And thoſe atchieve the high'ſt Renown,
That bring the other's Stomachs down.
There's now no Fear of Wounds nor Maiming,
All Dangers are reduc'd to Famine;
And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Deſign,
Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine.
But have no need, nor uſe of Courage,
Unleſs it be for Glory, or Forage:
For if they fight, 'tis but by Chance,
When one ſide vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i'th' Rear:
And forc'd with terrible Reſiſtance,
To keep hereafter at a diſtance,

To

T' pick out Ground t' incamp upon
Where ſtore of largeſt Rivers run,
That ſerve inſtead of peaceful Barriers
To part th' Engagements of their Warriers.
Where both from ſide to ſide may skip,
And only encounter at Bo-peep:
For Men are found the ſtouter hearted,
The certainer th' are to be parted;
And therefore poſt themſelves in Bogs,
As th' ancient Mice attack'd the Frogs;
And made their mortal Enemy,
The Water-Rat, their great Ally.
For 'tis not now, who's ſtout and bold?
But who bears Hunger beſt, and Cold:
And he's approv'd the moſt deſerving,
Who longeſt can hold out at ſtarving:
But he that routs moſt Pigs and Cows,
The formidableſt Man of Proweſs.
So, th' Emperor *Caligula*,
That triumph'd o'er the Britiſh Sea;
Took Crabs and Oyſters Priſoners,
And Lobſters, 'ſtead of Curaſiers;

Engag'd his Legions in fierce Buſtles,
With Periwinkles, Prawns and Muſcles:
And led his Troops with furious Gallops,
To charge whole Regiments of Scallops;
Not like their ancient way of War,
To wait on his Triumphal Carr:
But when he went to Dine or Sup,
More bravely eat his Captives up;
And left all Wars by his Example,
Reduc'd to victu'ling of a Camp well.

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have ſaid,
And twice as much that I could add,
'Tis plain, you cannot now do worſe,
Than take this out of faſhion'd courſe;
To hope by ſtratagem to woo her,
Or waging Battel to ſubdue her,
Though ſome have done it in Romances,
And hang'd them into amorous Fancies,
As thoſe, who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones:

And ſtout *Rinaldo* gain'd his Bride
By Courting of her Back and Side.
But ſince thoſe times and feats are over,
They are not for a Modern Lover:
When Miſtriſſes are too croſs-grain'd,
By ſuch addreſſes to be gain'd,
And if they were, would have it put,
With many other kind of Bout.
Therefore I hold no Courſe s' infecible
As this of force to win the Jezabel,
To ſtorm her heart, by th' Antick Charms
Of Ladies Errant, force of Arms;
But rather ſtrive by Law to winher,
And try the Title you have in her:
Your caſe is clear, you have her Word,
And me to witneſs the Accord;
Beſides two more of her Retinue,
To teſtifie what paſs'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold:
For which ſo many that renounc'd
Their plighted Contracts, have been trounc'd;

And Bills upon Record been found,
That forc'd the Ladies to compound,
And that, unleſs I miſs the matter,
Is all the buſineſs you look after:
Beſides Encounters at the Bar,
Are braver now, than thoſe in War,
In which the Law does Execution,
With leſs Diſorder and Confuſion:
Has more of Honour in't ſome hold,
Not like the New way, but the Old,
When thoſe the Pen had drawn together,
Decided Quarrels with the Feather,
And winged Arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than Bullets now of Lead:
So all the Combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen;
That does the Feat, with braver Vigours,
In words at length, as well as Figures.
Is Judge of all the World performs
In voluntary Feats of Arms.
And whatſoe'er's atchieved in Fight,
Determines which is wrong or right;

For whether you Prevail or Loſe,
All muſt be try'd there in the cloſe.
And therefore 'tis not wiſe to ſhun,
What you muſt truſt to, ere y' have done.

The Law, that ſettles all you do,
And marries where you did but wooe;
That makes the moſt perfidious Lover,
A Lady, that's as ſafe, recover:
And if it Judge upon your ſide,
Will ſoon extend her for your Bride,
And put her Perſon, Goods or Lands;
Or which you like beſt, int' your hands.

For Law's the Wiſdom of all Ages,
And manag'd by the ableſt Sages,
Who though their Bus'neſs at the Bar
Be but a kind of Civil War,
In which th' ingage with fiercer Dugdeons
Than e'er the Grecians did and Trojans,
They never manage the Conteſt,
T' impair their publick Intereſt;

Or by their Controverſies leſſen
The dignity of their profeſſion:
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common wealth, the Cauſe and Side,
And though w' are all as near of Kindred,
As th' Outward Man is to the Inward;
We agree in nothing but to wrangle
About the ſlighteſt ſingle fangle,
While Lawyers have more ſober ſenſe,
Than t' argue at their own expence,
But make their beſt Advantages,
Of other's quarrels, like the Swiſs;
And out of Foreign Controverſies,
By aiding both ſides, fill their Purſes;
But have no int'reſt in the Cauſe,
For which th' engage, and wage the Laws:
Nor further Proſpect than their Pay,
Whether they loſe or win the Day.
And though th' abounded in all Ages,
With ſundry learned Clerks, and Sages;
Though all their buſineſs be diſpute,
With which they canvas every Suit;

Th'

Th' have no Diſputes about their Art,
Nor in Polemicks controvert:
While all Profeſſions elſe are found,
With nothing but Diſputes t' abound:
Divines of all ſorts, and Phyſicians,
Philoſophers, Mathematicians;
The Galleniſt, and Paracelſan,
Condemn the way each other deals in.
Anatomiſts diſſect and mangle,
To cut themſelves out Work to wrangle;
Aſtrologers diſpute their Dreams,
That in their Sleeps they talk of Schemes;
And Heralds ſtickle, who got who,
So many hundred Years ago.

But Lawyers are too wiſe a Nation,
T' expoſe their Trade to Diſputation:
Or make the buſie Rabble Judges,
Of all their ſecret Piques, and Grudges:
In which whoever wins the day,
The whole Profeſſion's ſure to pay.

Beſide, no Mountebanks, nor Cheats
Dare undertake to do their Feats;
When in all other Sciences,
They ſwarm, like Inſects, and Increaſe.
For what Bigot durſt even draw,
By Inward Light, a Deed in Law?
Or could hold forth, by Revelation,
An Anſwer to a Declaration?
For thoſe that meddle with their Tools
Will cut their fingers, if th' are Fools.
And if you follow their Advice,
In Bills, and Anſwers, and Replies:
They'll write a Love-Letter in Chancery
Shall bring her upon Oath to Anſwer ye,
And ſoon reduce her to b' your Wife,
Or make her weary of her Life.

The *Knight* who us'd with *Tricks* and *Shifts*,
To edifie by *Ralpho*'s *Gifts*,
But in appearance cryed 'em down,
To make them better ſeem his own,

(All *Plagiary*'s Conſtant Courſe
Of *ſinking*, when they *take a Purſe*)
Reſolv'd to follow his Advice,
But kept it from him by diſguiſe:
And after ſtubborn Contradiction,
To Counterfeit his own Conviction,
And by Tranſition, fall upon
The Reſolution as his own.

Quoth he; This Gambol thou adviſeſt,
Is of all others the unwiſeſt;
For if I think by Law to gain her,
There's nothing fillier nor vainer.
Tis but to hazard my Pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' Expence;
To Act againſt my ſelf, and Traverſe
My ſuit and Title to her favours.
And if ſhe ſhould, which Heaven forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the Fidler did;

What after-courſe have I to take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at Stake?

He

He that with Injury is griev'd,
And goes to Law to be Reliev'd,
Is ſillier than a ſottiſh Chouſe,
Who, when a Thief has Robb'd his Houſe,
Applies himſelf to Cunning Men,
To help him to his Goods agen:
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to ſquander more in vain.
And yet I have no other way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her by main Force,
Is now in vain; by fair Means, worſe:
But worſt of all, to give her over,
Till ſhe's as deſp'rate to recover.
For bad Games are thrown up too ſoon,
Until they're never to be won.
But ſince I have no other Courſe,
But is as bad t'attempt, or worſe:
He that complies againſt his Will,
Is of his own Opinion ſtill;
Which he m' adhere to, yet diſown,
For Reaſons to himſelf beſt known:

But

But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For *Sidrophel* reſolves to ſue;
Whom I muſt anſwer, or begin
Inevitably, firſt with him.
For I've receiv'd Advertiſement,
Betimes enough of his Intent;
And knowing, he that firſt complains,
Th' Advantage of the Buſineſs gains:
For Courts of Juſtice underſtand
The Plaintiff to be eldeſt Hand;
Who, what he pleaſes, may averr,
The other, nothing till he ſwear:
Is freely admitted to all Grace,
And Lawful Favour by his Place:
And for his bringing Cuſtom in,
Has all Advantages to win.
I, who reſolve to overſee
No lucky Opportunity,
Will go to Counſel, to adviſe
Which way t' encounter, or ſurprize,
And after long Conſideration,
Have found out one to fit th' Occaſion;

Moſt

Moſt apt, for what I have to do,
As Counſellor, and Juſtice too.
And truly ſo, no doubt, he was,
A Lawyer fit for ſuch a Caſe.

An *Old dull Sot*; wh' had told the Clock,
For many years at *Bridewell-dock*,
At *Weſtminſter*, and *Hicks*'s *Hall*,
And *Hiccius-Dockſius* play'd in all;
Where in all *Governments*, *and Times*,
H' had been both *friend* and *foe* to Crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By *hindring Juſtice*, or maintaining;
To many a Whore *gave Privilege*,
And whip'd, for *want of Quarteridge*,
Cart-loads of Bauds to Priſon ſent,
For b'ing behind a Fortnights Rent.
And many a truſty *Pimp* and *Croney*,
To *Puddle dock*, for want of money.
Ingag'd the *Conſtable* to ſeize
All thoſe, that would not break the Peace;

Nor

Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though ſometimes *Commoners*, *or Lords*:
And kept 'em Priſoners of Courſe,
For being *ſober at ill hours*,
That in the Morning he might Free,
Or bind 'em over for his Fee.
Made *Monſters fine*, and *Puppet plays*,
For leave to practice, in their ways:
Farm'd out all Cheats and went a ſhare,
With th' *Headborough*, and *Scavenger*,
And made the Dirt 'ith' Streets Compound,
For taking up the Publick Ground:
The *Kennel*, and *the King's High way*,
For being unmoleſted, Pay.
Let out *the Stocks*, and *Whipping Poſt*,
And Cage, to thoſe that gave him moſt;
Impos'd a Tax on *Bakers Ears*,
And for *Falſe Weights* on *Chandelers*.
Made *Victuallers*, and *Vintners Fine*
For Arbitrary *Ale*, and *Wine*.
But was a kind and conſtant Friend
To all that *Regularly* offend:

As

As *Reſidentiary Bawds*,
And *Brokers that receive ſtoll'n Goods*;
That cheat in *Lawful Myſteries*,
And pay *Church-Duties*, and *his Fees*;
But was implacable, and awker'd,
To all that *Interlop'd*, *and Hawker'd*.

To this brave Man, the Knight repairs
For Counſel, in his *Law-Affairs*;
And found him mounted, *in his Pew*,
With *Books*, and *Money* plac'd, for Shew,
Like *Neſt-Eggs*, to make *Clients lay*,
And for his falſe Opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,
Put off his Hat, to put his Caſe:
Which he as proudly entertain'd,
As th' other courteouſly ſtrain'd.
And to aſſure him, 'twas not that,
He look'd for; Bid him put on's Hat.

Quoth he, There is one *Sidrophel*,
Whom I have cudgel'd ----- *Very well.*

And

And now he brags t'have beaten me.
Better and better ſtill, quoth he.
And vows to ſtick me to the Wall
Where-e'er he meets me ----- *Beſt of all.*
'Tis true, the Knave has taken's Oath,
That I robb'd him ----- *Well done, in Troth.*
When h'has confeſs'd, he ſtole my Cloak,
And pick'd my Fob, and what he took;
Which was the Cauſe that made me bang him,
And take my Goods again ----- *marry hang him:*
Now whether I ſhould, before-hand
Swear he robb'd me? ----- *I underſtand.*
Or bring my *Action* of *Converſion*
And *Trover* for my Goods? ----- *Ah, Wherſon.*
Or if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his Trial? ----- *Right.*
Prevent what he deſigns to do,
And ſwear for th' State againſt him? ---*True.*
Or whether he that is Defendant
In this Caſe has the better End on't;
Who putting in a New Croſs-Bill,
May traverſe th' Action ----- *Better ſtill.*

Then

Then there's a Lady too. —— *I marry,*
That's eaſily prov'd acceſſary.
A Widow, who by ſolemn Vows,
Contracted to me, for my Spouſe,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all —— *Good Lord!*
Suborn'd th' aforeſaid *Sidrophel,*
To tamper with the *Dev'l of Hell.*
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my Life, —— *Make that appear.*
Made an aſſault, with Fiends and Men,
Upon my body. —— *Good agen.*
And kept me in a deadly fright
And falſe Impriſonment all Night,
Mean while, they rob'd me, and my Horſe,
And ſtole my Saddle, —— *worſe and worſe;*
And made me mount upon the bare-ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miſcarriage:

Sir, quoth the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as Good, and Fair a Battery,

As

As heart can wiſh, and need not ſhame,
The proudeſt Man alive to claim.
For if th' have us'd you, as you ſay;
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy,
I would it were my Caſe, I'd give
More than I'll ſay, or you'll believe.'
I would ſo trounce her, and her Purſe,
I'ld make her kneel for bett'r or worſe;
For Martrimony, and Hanging here,
Both go by deſtiny ſo clear,
That you as ſure, may Pick and Chooſe,
As Croſs I win, and Pile you loſe.
And if I durſt, I would advance
As much, in Ready Maintenance;
As upon any Caſe I've known,
But we that practice dare not own,
The Law ſeverely contrabands,
Our taking Buſineſs off Mens hands;
'Tis common Barratry, that bears
Point blanck an Action 'gainſt our Ears,
And crops them till there is no Leather,
To ſtick a Pin in, left of either;

For which, ſome do the Summer-ſault
And ore the Bar, like Tumblers, vault.
But you may ſwear at any rate
Things not in Nature, for the State:
For in all Courts of Juſtice here
A Witneſs is not ſaid to ſwear,
But make Oath, that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms:
(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
Becauſe 'tis to my purpoſe pat——)
For Juſtice, though ſhe's painted blind,
Is to the weaker ſide enclin'd;
Like Charity, elſe right, and wrong,
Could never hold it out ſo long,
And like blind Fortune, with a ſlight,
Conveys Mens Intereſt, and Right,
From *Stile*'s Pocket, into *Noke*'s,
As eaſily as *Hocus Pocus*.
Plays faſt and looſe, makes Men Obnoxious,
And clear again, like *Hiccius-Doctius*.
Then whether you would take her life,
(Or but recover her for your Wife:

Or

Or be content with what ſhe has,
And let all other matters Paſs,
The Buſineſs to the Law's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon.
And you can want no Witneſſes,
To ſwear to any thing you pleaſe.
That hardly get their meer Expences
By th' Labour of their Conſciences,
Or letting out to hire, their Ears,
To Affidavit-Cuſtomers:
At inconſiderable values,
To ſerve for Jury-men, or Talies,
Although retain'd in th' hardeſt matters,
Of Truſtees, and Adminiſtrators:
For that, *Quoth he*, let me alone,
W' have ſtore of ſuch, and all our own;
Bred up and tutor'd, by our Teachers,
The ableſt of Conſcience-ſtretchers.
That's well! *Quoth he*, But I ſhould Gueſs,
By weighing of Advantages;
Your ſureſt way is firſt to Pitch
On *Bongey*, for a Water-witch:

And when y' have hang'd the Conjurer,
Y' have time enough, to deal with her.
In th' Intrim; Spare for no Trepans,
To draw her Neck, into the Bands;
Ply her with Love-Letters, and Billets,
And Bait, 'em well, for Quirks, and Quillets
With Trains t' inveigle and ſurpriſe,
Her Heedleſs Anſwers, and Reply's:
And if ſhe miſs the Mouſtrap-Lines,
They'll ſerve for other By-Deſigns:
And make an Artiſt underſtand,
To Copy out her Seal, or Hand:
Or find void Places in the Paper,
To ſteal in ſomething to Intrap her.
'Till with her Worldly Goods, and Body,
Spight of heart, ſhe has indow'd ye.

Retain all ſorts of Witneſſes,
That ply th' Temples, under Trees.
Or walk the Round, with Knights ot'h Poſts;
About the Croſs-leg'd Knights, their Hoſts,

Or

Or wait for Cuſtomers, between
The Pillar-Rows in *Lincolns-Inn.*
Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bayl,
And Affidavit-men, ne'er fail
T' expoſe to Sale, all ſorts of Oaths,
According to their Ears, and Cloaths.
Their only Neceſſary Tools,
Beſides the Goſpel, and their Souls.
And when y'are furniſh'd with all Purveys,
I ſhall be ready at your ſervice,

I would not give, quoth *Hudibras*,
A ſtraw to underſtand a Caſe,
Without the admirable skill
To Wind, and Manage it at Will:
To Vere, and Tack, and ſtear a Cauſe,
Againſt the Weather-gage of Laws;
And Ring the Changes upon Caſes,
As plain, as Noſes upon Faces.
As you have well inſtructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee.

I long to practice your advice,
And try the subtle Artifice:
To bait a Letter, as you bid,
As not long after, thus he did,
For having pump'd up all his Wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he Writ.

An Heroical Epistle of Hudibras *to his Lady.*

I Who was once as great as *Cæsar*,
Am now reduc'd to *Nebuchadnezar*,
And from as fam'd a Conqueror,
As ever took degree in War,
Or did his *Exercise in Battel*,
By you turn'd out to *Grass with Cattel*,
For since I am deny'd access
To all my Earthly Happiness,
Am fallen from the *Paradise*
Of your good *Graces*, and fair *Eyes*,
Lost to the World, and you, I'me sent
To Everlasting Banishment

Where

Where all the *Hopes* I had, t' *have won*
Your heart, being daſh'd, will break my own.
Yet if you were not ſo ſevere
To paſs your doom, before you hear,
You'll find, upon my juſt defence,
How much y' have wrong'd my Innocence.
That once I made a *Vow to you*,
Which yet is unperform'd *'tis true*;
But not, becauſe it is unpaid,
'Tis *Violated*, though *delay'd*:
Or if it were, it is no fault
So heinous, as you'ld have it thought,
To undergo the loſs of Ears,
Like vulgar *Hackney Perjurers*,
For there's a difference in the caſe
Between the *Noble*, and the *Baſe*:
Who always are obſerv'd t' have don't,
Upon as diff'rent an account:
The one for *great*, *and weighty Cauſe*,
To ſalve in Honour *ugly Flaws*.
For none are like to do it ſooner,
Than thoſe, wh' are niceſt of their Honour.

The other, for *baſe Gain*, and *Pay*,
Forſwear, and *Perjure*, *by the Day*;
And make th' expoſing, and retailing
Their Souls, and Conſciences, a Calling.
It is no *Scandal*, nor *Aſperſion*,
Upon a *Great and Noble Perſon*,
To ſay, he Nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old faſhon'd Trick, to keep his Word;
Though 'tis perfidiouſneſs, and ſhame,
In meaner Men, to do the ſame.
For to be able to *Forgot*,
Is found more uſeful, to *the Great*:
Than *Gout*, or *Deafneſs*, or *bad Eyes*,
To make 'em paſs for wondrous wiſe.
But though the *Law*, on Perjurers,
Inflict the *Forfeiture of Ears*;
It is not *juſt*, that does exempt
The *Guilty*, *and puniſh th' Innocent*,
To make the Ears, repair the wrong,
Committed by th' *ungovern'd Tongue*;
And when one Member is forſworn,
Another to be cropt or torn.

And

And if you ſhould, as you deſign,
By courſe of Law recover mine.
You're like, if you conſider right,
To Gain but little Honour by't.
For he that for his Lady's ſake
Lays down his Life, or Limbs at *Stake*,
Does not ſo much deſerve her Favour,
As he, *that pawns his Soul* to have her.
This y'have acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now diſdain to own:
But ſentence, what you rather ought
T' eſteem *good Service*, than a *Fault*.
Beſides, Oaths are not bound to bear
That *Literal Senſe*, the Words infer,
But by the practice of the Age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage.
And where the Senſe by Cuſtom's checkt,
Are found *void, and of none effect*.
For no Man takes, or keeps a Vow,
But juſt as he ſees others do;
Nor are th' obliged to be ſo brittle,
As not to yield, and bow a little;

For

For as beſt temper'd Blades are found
Before they break, to bend quite round,
So trueſt Oaths are ſtill moſt tough,
And though they *bow, are breaking-proof.*
Then wherefore ſhould they not b'allow'd
In love a greater Latitude?
For as the Law of Arms approves
All ways to Conqueſts, ſo *ſhould Loves*;
And not be ty'd to true or falſe,
But make that juſteſt, that prevails,
For how can that which is above,
All Empire, *High and Mighty Love*,
Submit it's great Prerogative,
To any other power alive?
Shall Love, that to no Crown gives place
Become the ſubject of a Caſe?
The *Fundamental Law of Nature*,
Be over-rul'd! by thoſe made after?
Commit the cenſure of *its Cauſe*
To any, but it's own *Great Laws?*
Love, that's the World's preſervative,
That keeps all Souls of things alive?

Controuls

Controuls the *Mighty Pow'r of Fate,*
And gives Mankind a longer Date.
The Life of Nature, that reſtores,
And faſt as *Time* and *Death* devours,
To whoſe Free-Gift, the World does owe
Not only Earth but Heaven too:
For Love's the only Trade that's driven
The *Intereſt of State in Heaven,*
Which nothing but the Soul of Man,
Is capable to entertain.
For what can Earth produce, but *Love,*
To repreſent the *Joys above?*
Or who, but Lovers, can converſe,
Like Angels, by the Eye-Diſcourſe?
Addreſs, and complement by Viſion,
Make Love, and Court by Intuition?
And burn in am'rous Flames as fierce,
As thoſe Celeſtial Miniſters?
Then how can any thing offend
In order to ſo *great an End?*
Or Heav'n it ſelf a Sin reſent,
That for its own Supply was meant?

That

That merits in a kind miſtake,
A Pardon for th' Offences ſake,
Or if it did not, but the *Cauſe*
Were left to th' injury *of Laws*,
What Tyranny can diſapprove
There ſhould be *Equity* in Love?
For Laws, that are Inanimate
And feel no ſenſe of Love, or Hate:
That have no Paſſion of their own,
Nor pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge, on Criminals, as ſtrict.
But to have *Power to forgive*,
Is Empire, and Prerogative;
And 'tis in *Crowns*, *a nobler Gem*,
To grant a Pardon, than condemn.
Then ſince ſo few do what they ought,
'Tis great, t' indulge a well-meant fault.
For why ſhould he who made addreſs
All humble ways, without ſucceſs;
And met with nothing in return,
But Inſolence, Affronts, and Scorn,

Not

Not ſtrive by Wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his deſign;
He who was us'd ſo unlike a Soldier,
Blown up with *Philters of Love Powder*;
And after *letting Blood and Purging*,
Condemn'd to *voluntary Scourging*;
Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright,
And claw'd, by *Goblins*, in the Night;
Inſulted on, Revil'd and Jear'd,
With rude Invaſion of his Beard;
And when your Sex was foully ſcand'led
As foully by the Rabble handled;
Attack'd by deſpicable Foes,
And drub'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And after all, to be debarr'd
So much as ſtanding on his Guard;
When Horſes being *ſpur'd* and *prick'd*,
Have leave to *kick* for being *kick'd*;
Or why ſhould you, whoſe *Mother-Wits*
Are furniſh'd with all Perquiſits;
That with your *Breeding Teeth* begin,
And *Nurſing Babies*, that *Lie* in;

B'allow'd

B' allow'd to put all Tricks upon
Our *Cully-Sex*, and we uſe none?
We, who have nothing but frail Vows,
Againſt your Strategems t' oppoſe?
Or Oaths, more feeble than your own,
By which we are no leſs put down?
You wound, like *Parthians*, while you fly,
And kill, with a *Retreating Eye*;
Retire the more, the more we preſs,
To draw us into Ambuſhes.
As *Pyrats* all falſe Colours wear,
T' intrap th' unwary Mariner:
So Women, to ſurprize us, ſpread
The *borrow'd Flags of White and Red.*
Diſplay 'em thicker on their Cheeks,
Than their old Grandmothers, the *Picts*:
And raiſe more Devils *with their Looks*,
Than *Conjurers leſs ſubtil Books.*
Lay Trains of *Amorous Intrigues*,
In *Towrs, and Curls, and Perriwigs*,
With greater Art, and cunning rear'd,
Than *Philip Nye's Thanks-giving-beard.*

Prepoſt'rouſly

Prepoſt'rouſly t' intice, and gain,
Thoſe t' adore 'em they diſdain:
And only draw 'em in, to clog
With idle Names, a Catalogue.
A Lover is, the more he's brave
T' his Miſtris, but the more a Slave,
And whatſoever ſhe commands,
Becomes a Favour from her hands;
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and muſt,
Whether it be unjuſt, or juſt.
Then, when he is compell'd by her
T' Adventures, he would elſe forbear,
Who, with his Honour, can withſtand,
Since Force is greater than Command?
And when neceſſity's obey'd
Nothing can be unjuſt or bad:
And therefore, when the mighty Pow'rs
Of Love, *our great Allie, and yours,*
Joyn'd Forces, not to be withſtood
By frail enamour'd Fleſh and Blood;
All I have done unjuſt or ill
Was in obedience to your Will:

And

And all the Blame that can be due
Falls to your Cruelty and you.
Nor are thoſe Scandals I confeſt,
Againſt my Will and Intereſt,
More than is daily done of courſe
By all Men, when they're under Force.
Whence ſome, upon the Rack, confeſs
What th'*Hang-man and their Prompters pleaſe.*
But are no ſooner out of Pain
Than they deny it all again.
But when the Devil turns Confeſſor,
Truth is a Crime, he takes no Pleaſure
To hear, or pardon, like the *Founder*
Of Lyars, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiſer done.
Nor am I without Precedent,
The firſt that on th' Adventure went:
All Mankind ever did of courſe,
And daily does the ſame, or worſe.
For what *Romance* can ſhew a Lover,
That had a *Lady to recover*,

And did not ſteer a nearer Courſe,
To fall aboard in his Amours?
And what at firſt was held a Crime,
Has turn'd to Honourable in time.
To what a height did *Infant* R*ome*,
By Raviſhing of Women come?
When Men upon their Spouſes ſiez'd,
And freely Marry'd where they pleas'd:
They ne'er *Forſwore* themſelves nor *Ly'd*,
Nor in the Minds they were in, *Dy'd*:
Nor took the pains *t' addreſs* and *ſue*,
Nor plaid the Maſquerade to wooe.
Diſdain'd to ſtay for Friends Conſents,
Nor juggled about Settlements:
Did need no *Licence*, nor no *Prieſt*,
Nor Friends, nor Kindred to aſſiſt;
Nor Lawyers, to *join Land, and Money*,
In th' *Holy State of Matrimony*:
Before they ſetled Hands and Hearts,
Till *Alimony*, or *Death departs*:
Nor would endure to ſtay until
Th' had got the very *Bride*'s Good Will.

But took a wiſe and ſhorter Courſe,
To win the Ladies, *Down-right Force.*
And juſtly made 'em Priſoners then,
As they have often ſince, us Men;
With *Acting Plays*, and *Dancing Jiggs*,
The luckieſt of all Love's intrigues:
And when they had them at their pleaſure,
Then talk'd of *Love, and Flames*, at leiſure.
For, after *Matrimony's* over,
He that holds out but *Half a Lover*,
Deſerves for ev'ry *Minute, more*
Than *half a Year* of Love before:
For which the Dames, in Contemplation
Of that beſt way of Application,
Prov'd Nobler Wives than e'er were known,
By *Suit*, or *Treaty*, to be won:
And ſuch as all Poſterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.
For Women firſt were made for Men,
Not Men for them.——It follows then,
That Men have Right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own:

And therefore Men have pow'r to chuſe,
But they no Charter to refuſe.
Hence 'tis apparent, that what Courſe
So e're we take to *your Amours*,
Though by the indirecteſt way;
'Tis no *Injuſtice*, nor *Foul Play*.
And that you ought to take that Courſe,
As we take you, *for Bett'r or worſe*;
And gratefully ſubmit to thoſe
Who you, before another, choſe:
For why ſhould ev'ry Savage Beaſt
Exceed his *Great Lord's Intereſt?*
Have freer Pow'r, than he, in *Grace*,
And Nature, o'er the Creature has?
Becauſe the Laws he ſince has made
Have cut off all the Pow'r he had;
Retrench'd the abſolute Dominion,
That Nature gave him, over Women,
When all his Pow'r will not extend,
One *Law of Nature* to ſuſpend:
And but to offer to repeal
The ſmalleſt Clauſe, is to rebel.

This, if Men rightly underſtood
Their Priviledge, they would make good;
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives,
T' encroach on their Prerogatives.
For which Sin they deſerve to be
Kept, as they are, in Slavery,
And this, ſome precious *Gifted Teachers*
Unrev'rently reputed *Leachers*;
And diſobey'd in making Love,
Have vow'd to all the World, to prove
And make ye ſuffer, as ye ought,
For that uncharitable Fault,
But, I forget my ſelf and rove
Beyond th' Inſtructions of my Love,
Forgive me (*Fair*) and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my *Flame*,
Since 'tis too much, at once to ſhew
Exceſs of Love and Temper too.
All I have ſaid that's *bad*, *and true*,
Was never meant to aim *at you*;
Who have ſo Sov'rein a Controul
O'er that poor Slave of yours, *my Soul:*

That

That rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd *loſs of Heaven* too,
Both with an equal Pow'r poſſeſt,
To render all that ſerve you beſt:
But none like him, who's deſtin'd, either
To *have*, or *loſe* you, both together.
And if you'll but this fault releaſe
(For ſo it muſt be, ſince you pleaſe,)
I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,
Which you *commanded*, and I *ſwore*,
And expiate upon my Skin,
Th' Arrears in full of all my Sin.
For, 'tis but juſt, that I ſhould pay
Th' accruing Penance for Delay.
Which ſhall be done, until it move
Your equal pity, and your Love,
The *Knight*, peruſing *this Epiſtle*,
Believ'd h' had brought her to *his Whiſtle*;
And read it, like a jocund Lover,
With great Applauſe t' himſelf, twice over;
Subſcrib'd his *Name*, but at a Fit,
And humble diſtance, *to his wit*:

And dated it with wondrous Art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart:
Then ſeal'd it with his *Coat of Love*
A ſmoaking Faggot——and above
Upon a Scroll——*I burn, and weep,*
And near it——*For her Ladyſhip*;
Of all her Sex, moſt excellent,
Theſe to her gentle Hands preſent.
Then gave it to his Faithful Squire,
With Leſſons how t' obſerve and eye her.
She firſt conſider'd which was better,
To ſend it back, or burn the Letter:
But, gueſſing that it might import,
Though nothing elſe, at leaſt, her Sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a ſmile, and leering Flout:
Reſolv'd to anſwer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what ſhe deſign'd.

The Lady's ANSWER *to the* KNIGHT.

THat you're a *Beaſt*, and turn'd to *Graſs*,
Is no ſtrange News, nor ever was;
At leaſt, to me, who once, you know,
Did from the Pound *Replevin you.*
When both your *Sword*, and *Spurs*, were won
In Combat, by an *Amazon*;
That Sword, that did (like Fate) determine
Th' inevitable Death of Vermine;
And never dealt its furious Blows,
But cut the Threads of *Pigs* and *Cows*;
By *Trulla* was, in *ſingle Fight*,
Diſarm'd, and wreſted *from its Knight.*
Your Heels *Degraded* of your Spurs,
And in the Stocks cloſe Priſoners;
Where ſtill th' had lain in baſe Reſtraint,
If I, in pity of your Complaint,

Had not on Honourable Conditions,
Releaſt 'em from the worſt of Priſons,
And what Return thar favour met,
You cannot (though you would) forget;
When being free, you ſtrove t' evade
The Oaths you had in Priſon made:
Forſwore your ſelf, and firſt deny'd it;
But after own'd, and juſtify'd it:
And when y' had ſafely broke one *Vow*,
Abſolv'd your ſelf by *breaking two.*
For while you ſneakingly ſubmit,
And beg for Pardon at our Feet:
Diſcourag'd by your guilty Fears,
To hope for Quarter, for your *Ears.*
And doubting 'twas in vain to ſue,
You claim us boldly as your due.
Declare that Treachery and Force
To deal with us is th' only Courſe.
Who have no Title nor Pretence,
To *Body, Soul or Conſcience:*
But ought to fall to that Man's ſhare,
That claims us for his proper Ware.

Theſe are the Motives, which t' induce,
Or fright us into Love, you uſe,
A pretty new way of *Gallanting*,
Between *Soliciting* and *Ranting*;
Like ſturdy Beggars, that intreat
For *Charity* at once, and *threat*.
But ſince you undertake to prove
Your own Propriety in Love,
As if we were but *Lawful Prize*
In *War*, between two Enemies;
Or *Forfeitures*, which ev'ry Lover
That would but ſue for, might recover,
It is not hard to underſtand
The *Myſt'ry* of this Bold Demand:
That cannot at our Perſons aim,
But ſomething capable of Claim.
'Tis not *thoſe paultry counterfeit*
French Stones, which in our Eyes you ſet,
But our *Right Diamonds*, that inſpire,
And ſet your Amr'ous Hearts on fire.
Nor can thoſe falſe St. *Martins Beads*,
Which on our Lips you lay *for Reds*;

And

And make us wear like *Indian Dames*,
Add Fuel toy our ſcorching Flames.
But thoſe true Rubies of the Rock,
Which in our Cabinets we lock.
'Tis not thoſe Orient Pearls, our Teeth,
That you are ſo tranſported with:
But thoſe we wear about our Necks,
Produce thoſe Amorous Effects.
Nor is't thoſe Threads of Gold, our *Hair*,
The *Perriwigs you make us wear:*
But thoſe bright Guinea's in our Cheſts,
That light the Wild-fire in your Breaſts.
Theſe Love-Tricks I've been vers'd in ſo,
That all their ſly *Intrigues* I know,
And can unriddle by *their Tones*,
Their *Myſtick Cabals*, and *Jargones*.
Can tell what Paſſions, by their Sounds,
Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds,
What Rapture's fond, and Amorous
O'th' *Charms* and *Graces* of my Houſe.
What *Extaſie* and *Scorching Flame*
Burns for my *Money*, *in my Name*.

What

What from th' unnatural Deſire
To *Beaſts* and Cattel, take its Fire,
What *tender Sigh*, and *trickling Tear*,
Longs for a *Thouſand Pound a Tear*;
And Languiſhing Tranſports are fond
Of *Statute*, *Mortgage*, *Bill and Bond.*
Theſe are th' Attracts which moſt Men fall
Inamour'd, at firſt ſight, withall,
To theſe th' Addreſs with *Serenades*,
And Court with *Balls* and *Maſquerades*;
And yet, for all the yearning Pain
Y' have ſuffer'd for their Loves, in vain:
I fear they'll prove ſo nice and coy,
To *have*, *and t' hold*, *and to enjoy*;
That all *your Oaths*, and *Labour loſt*,
They'll ne'er turn *Ladies of the Poſt*.
This is not meant to diſapprove
Your Judgment in your Choice of Love;
Which is ſo wiſe, the greateſt part
Of Mankind ſtudy't as an Art.
For Love ſhould, *like a Deodand*,
Still fall to th' *Owner of the Land:*

And

And where there's Subſtance, for its Ground
Cannot but be more firm, and ſound,
Than that which has the ſlighter Baſis
Of *Airy Vertue, Wit and Graces:*
Which is of ſuch thin Subtilty,
It ſteals and creeps in at the Eye,
And, as it can't endure to ſtay,
Steals out again *as nice a way.*

But Love, that its Extraction owns
From ſolid *Gold, and precious Stones*;
Muſt, like its ſhining Parents prove
As *Solid*, and as *Glorious Love.*
Hence 'tis, you have no way t' expreſs
Our *Charms* and *Graces*, but by theſe:
For, what are *Lips*, and *Eyes*, and *Teeth*,
Which *Beauty* invades, and *conquers* with?
But *Rubies*, *Pearls* and *Diamonds*,
With which a *Philter Love Commands?*

This is the way all Parents prove,
In imagining their Childrens Love;
That force 'em 't *inter-marry and wed*,
As if th' were *Bur'ing of the Dead.*

Caſt

Caſt *Earth to Earth*, as in the *Grave*,
To joyn in Wedlock all they have.
And when the Settlement's in force,
Take all the reſt, *for Better, or Worſe*;
For Money has a Power above
The *Stars* and *Fate*, to manage *Love*:
Whoſe Arrows, Learned Poets hold,
That never miſs, are *tipp'd with Gold.*
And though ſome ſay, the Parents claims
To make Love in their Children's Names;
Who many times, at once, provide
The *Nurſe, the Husband, and the Bride.*
Feel *Darts and Charms, Attracts and Flames*;
And *wooe, and contract in their Names,*
And as they *Chriſten*, uſe to marry 'em:
And, like their *Goſſips*, anſwer for 'em:
Is not to give in Matrimony;
But ſell and *proſtitute* for Money.
'Tis better than their own Betrothing,
Who often do't for worſe than nothing.
And when th' are at their own Diſpoſe,
With greater diſadvantage chuſe.

All

All this is right! But for the Courſe
You take to do't, by Fraud, or Force:
'Tis ſo ridiculous, as ſoon
As told, 'tis never to be done.
No more than *Setters can betray*,
That tell what Tricks they are to play:
Marriage, at beſt, is but a Vow;
Which all Men either *break*, or *bow*:
Then what will thoſe forbear to do,
Who *perjure*, when they do but *wooe*?
Such as, before-hand, *ſwear and lye*,
For *Earneſt* to their Treachery:
And rather than a Crime confeſs,
With *greater* ſtrive to make it *leſs*:
Like *Thieves*, who, after Sentence paſt,
Maintain their Innocence to th' laſt.
And when their Crimes were made appear,
As plain as Witneſſes can ſwear;
Yet, when the Wretches come to die,
Will take upon their Deaths a Lye.
Nor are the Vertues, you confeſs'd
T' your *Ghoſtly Father*, as you gueſs'd;

So

So ſlight, as to be juſtifi'd,
By b'ing, as ſhamefully, deny'd.
As if you thought your Word would paſs
Point-blank, on both ſides, of a Caſe;
Or Credit were not to be loſt,
B'a *Brave Knight-Errant of the Poſt*,
That *eats*, perfidiouſly, his *Word*,
And *ſwears his Ears thr' a two inch Board:*
Can own the ſame thing, and diſown;
And *perjure* Booty, *Pro and Con:*
Can make the *Goſpel* ſerve his turn,
And help him out to be forſworn;
When 'tis *laid hands upon, and kiſs'd,*
To be betray'd, and ſold, like Chriſt.

Theſe are the Vertues, in whoſe Name,
A Right to all the World you claim:
And boldly challenge a Dominion,
In *Grace* and *Nature* o'er all Women.
Of whom, no leſs will ſatisfie,
Than all the Sex, your Tyranny.
Although you'll find it a hard Province,
With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,

To

To govern such a numerous Crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you:
For if you all were *Solomons*,
And *Wise* and *Great* as he was once;
You'll find th' are able to subdue,
(*As they did him*) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own Temptation done:
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the slight.
For, when we find y'are still more taken
With false Attracts of your own making;
Swear that's a *Rose*, and that a *Stone*,
Like Sots to us that laid it on:
And what we did but slightly prime,
Most ignorantly daub in Rhime:
You force us in our own Defences,
To *copy Beams* and *Influences*;
To lay *Perfections* on the *Graces*,
And draw *Attracts* upon our Faces:
And in compliance to your Wit,
Your own false Jewels counterfeit.

For,

For, by the practice of thoſe Arts,
We gain a greater ſhare of Hearts:
And thoſe deſerve in reaſon moſt,
That greateſt pains and ſtudy coſt;
For great Perfections are like Heav'n,
Too rich a Preſent to be given.
Nor are thoſe *Maſter-ſtrokes of Beauty*
To be perform'd without *hard Duty*.
Which, when th' are nobly done, and well,
The ſimple Natural excell.
How fair and ſweet *the planted Roſe*,
Beyond the *Wild* in Hedges, grows?
For, without Art, the Nobleſt Seeds
Of Flowers degenerate to Weeds:
How dull and rugged, e'er 'tis Ground,
And Poliſh'd, looks a Diamond?
Though *Paradiſe* was e'er ſo fair,
It was not kept ſo without Care.
The whole World, without *Art* and *Dreſs*,
Would be but one great *Wilderneſs*;
And Mankind but a Savage Herd,
For all that Nature has conferr'd.

This does but *Rough-hew*, and *Design*,
Leave *Art* to *Polish*, and *Refine*.
Though Women first were made for Men,
Yet Men were made for them agen:
For when (*out-witted by his Wife*)
Man first turn'd *Tenant*, but *for Life*.
If Women had not interven'd,
How soon had Mankind had an end?
And that it is in *Being* yet,
To us alone, you are in *Debt*.
Then where's your liberty of Choice,
And our unnatural *No* voice?
Since all the *Privilege* you *boast*,
And falsly *usurp'd*, or *vainly lost*,
Is now our Right; to *whose Creation*,
You owe your *Happy Restoration*.
And if we had not weighty Cause
To not appear in making Laws,
We could, in spight of all your *Tricks*,
And *Shallow*, *Formal Politicks*,
Force you, our *Managements* t' obey,
As we to yours (in shew) give way.

Hence

Hence 'tis, that while you vainly ſtrive
T' advance your *high Prerogative*,
You baſely, after all your Braves,
Submit, and own your ſelves our Slaves.
And 'cauſe we do not make it known,
Nor publickly our Int'reſts own;
Like Sots, ſuppoſe we have no ſhares
In *ord'ring you*, and *your Affairs*:
When all your Empire and Command
You have from us at *Second Hand*.
As if a *Pilot*, that appears
To ſit ſtill only, while he ſteers:
And does not make a noiſe and ſtir,
Like every common *Marriner*:
Knew nothing of the *Card*, nor *Star*;
And did not guide the *Man of War*.
Nor we, becauſe we don't appear
In *Councils*, do not govern there.
While like the mighty *Preſter John*,
Whoſe Perſon none dares look upon;
But is preſerv'd in *Cloſe Diſguiſe*
From being made *cheap* to *vulgar Eyes*,

W' enjoy as large a Pow'r unseen,
To *govern him*, as *he does* Men:
And, in the Right of our *Pope Joan*,
Make *Emp'rors* at our feet fall down.
Or *Joan the Rutel's* braver Name,
Our Right to *Arms* and *Conduct* claim,
Who, though a *Spinster*, yet was able,
To serve *France* for a *Grand Constable*.
We make and execute *all Laws*;
Can *judge the Judges*, and the *Cause*.
Prescribe all Rules of *Right* or *Wrong*,
To th' *Long Robe*, and the *Longer Tongue*:
'Gainst which the World *has no Defence*,
But our more *pow'rful Eloquence*.
We manage things of greatest weight
In all the World's *Affairs of State*.
Are Ministers of War and Peace,
That sway *all Nations* how they please.
We rule *all Churches*, and *their Flocks*,
Heretical, *and Orthodox*,
And are the *Heavenly Vehicles*
O' th' *Spirit*, *in all Conventicles*.

By

By us is all *Commerce* and *Trade*
Improv'd, and *Manag'd*, and *Decay'd.*
For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that Price, *as what we sell.*
We rule in ev'ry *Publick Meeting*,
And make Men do what we think fitting:
Are Magistrates in all Great *Towns*;
Where Men do nothing, but *wear Gowns.*
We make the *Man of War strike Sail*,
And to our braver Conduct *vail.*
And, when h' has chas'd his Enemies,
Submit to us upon his Knees.
Is there an *Officer of State*,
Untimely rais'd; or *Magistrate*,
That's *Haughty and Imperious?*
He's but a *Journey-man* to Us.
That as he gives us cause to do't,
Can *keep him in*, or *turn him out.*
We are your *Guardians*, that *increase*,
Or *Waste* your Fortunes how we please:
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your Matters, *Ill or Well.*

'Tis

'Tis We that can diſpoſe alone,
Whether your *Heirs* ſhall be your *own*,
To whoſe Integrity you muſt,
In ſpight of all your Caution, truſt.
And 'leſs you *fly beyond the Seas*,
Can fit you with what Heirs we pleaſe:
And force you t'own 'em, tho' begotten
By *French Valets*, or *Iriſh Footmen*.
Nor can the rigorouſeſt Courſe
Prevail, unleſs to make us worſe.
Who, ſtill the harſher we are us'd,
Are further off from b'ing reduc'd:
And ſcorn t'abate for any Ills,
The leaſt *Punctilio of our Wills*.
Force does but whet our Wits t'apply
Arts, born with us, for Remedy:
Which all your *Politicks*, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat,
For when y' have try'd *all ſorts of Ways*,
What Fools d' we make of you in Plays?
While all the Favours we afford
Are but to girt you with the Sword,

To

To fight our Battels in our ſtead,
And have your Brains beat out o' your Heads:
Encounter in deſpight of Nature;
And fight at once with Fire and Water,
With Pyrats, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,
Our Pride and Vanity t' appeaſe.
Kill one another, and cut Throats,
For our good Graces, and beſt Thoughts;
To do your Exerciſe for Honour,
And have your Brains beat out the ſooner;
Or crack'd, as Learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known:
And ſtill appear the more induſtrious,
The more your Projects are prepoſtrous,
To ſquare the Circle of the Arts;
And run ſtark mad to ſhew your Parts.
Expound the Oracle of Laws,
And turn them which way we ſee Cauſe.
Be our Solicitors, and Agents,
And ſtand for us in all Engagements.
And theſe are all the *Mighty Powers,*
You vainly boaſt, to cry down ours.

And what in real Value's wanting.
Supply with vapouring and Ranting:
Becauſe your ſelves are terrify'd,
And ſtoop to one another's Pride:
Believe we have as little Wit
To be *Out-hector'd*, and *Submit*:
By your *Example*, loſe that Right
In *Treaties*, which we gain'd in *Fight*:
And terrify'd into an Awe,
Paſs on our ſelves a *Salick Law*,
Or, as ſome Nations uſe, give place,
And truckle to *your Mighty* Race:
Let Men uſurp th' unjuſt Dominion,
As if they were *the better Women*.

FINIS.

HUDIBRAS.

The First PART

Written in the time of the

Late Wars.

Corrected and Amended,

With several

Additions and Annotations.

LONDON,

Printed by *Tho. Warren*, for *Henry Herringman*; to be Sold by *Jacob Tonson*, and *Thomas Bennet*, 1700.

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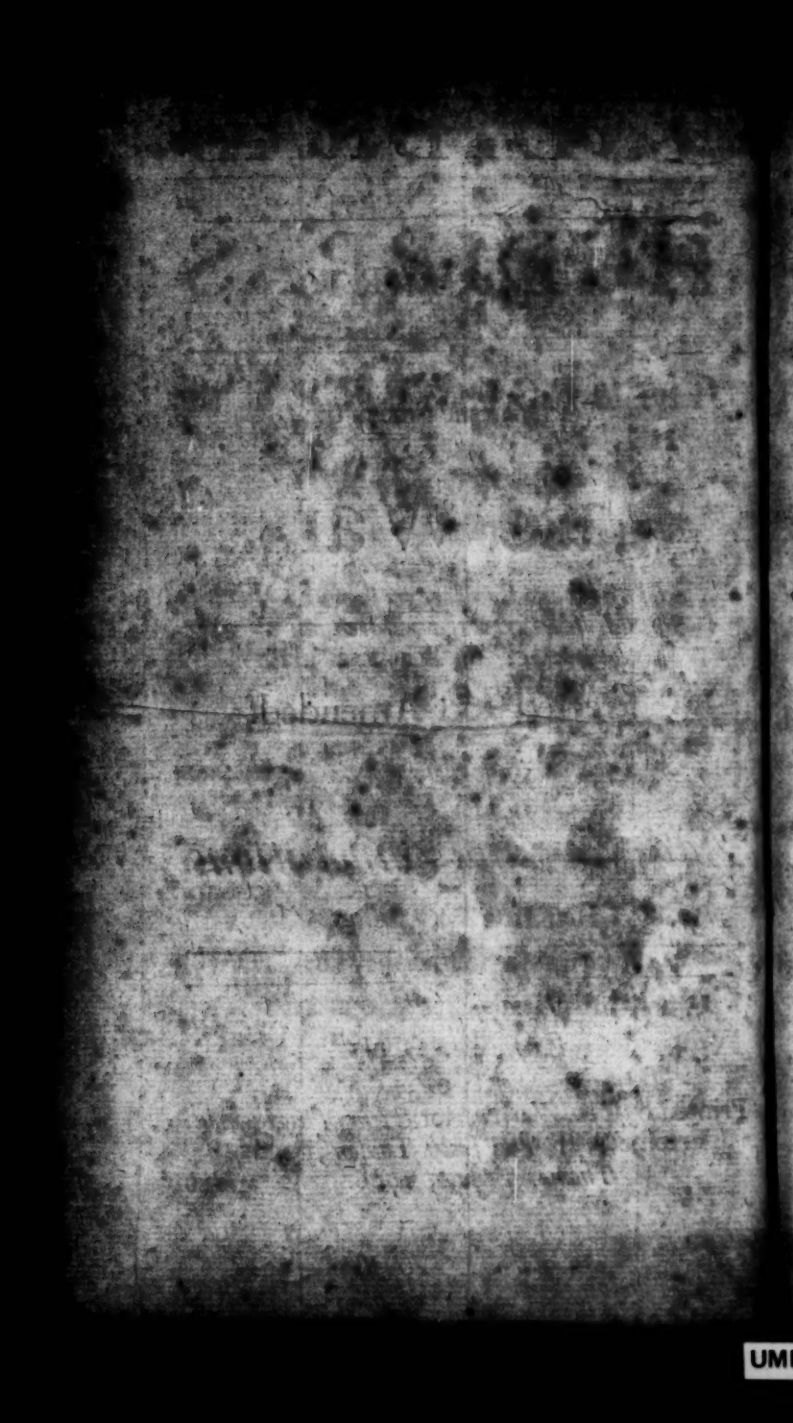

HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST *CANTO*.

Sir Hudibras *his passing worth,*
The manner how he sally'd forth:
His Arms and Equipage are shown;
His Horse's Vertues, and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear *and* Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

CANTO. I.

WHen *civil* Fury first grew high,
And Men fell out they knew not why;
When hard Words, *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
Set Folks together by the Ears,
And made them fight like mad or drunk,
For Dame *Religion* as for Punk,

Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a Man of them knew wherefore:
When *Gospel-Trumpeter*, surrounded
With long-ear'd Rout, to Battel sounded,
And Pulpit, Drum Ecclesiastick,
Was beat with Fist, instead of a Stick:
Then did Sir *Knight* abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a Colonelling.

A Wight he was whose very sight wou'd
Entitle him *Mirror of Knight-hood*;
That never bent his stubborn Knee
To any thing but Chivalry,
Nor put up Blow, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on Shoulder-blade:
Chief of Domestick Knights and Errant,
Either for Chartel or for Warrant:
Great on the Bench, Great in the Saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle.
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of *War* as well as *Peace*.

(So

(So some Rats of Amphibious Nature,
Are either for the Land or Water.)
But here our Authors make a Doubt,
Whether he were more wise, or stout.
Some hold the one, and some the other:
But howsoe'er they make a Pother,
The difference was so small, his Brain
Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain;
Which made some take him for a Tool
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool;
And offer to lay Wagers, that
As *Montaigne*, playing with his Cat,
Complains she thought him but an Ass,
Much more she would Sir *Hudibras*,
(For that's the Name our valiant Knight
To all his Challenges did write.)
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no such,
We grant although he had much Wit,
H' was very shie of using it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about.

Velis, & Remis, omnibus Nervis,
And all t' advance the *Cauſe*'s Service?
And ſhall all now be thrown away
In peculant inteſtine Fray?
Shall we that in the *Cov'nant* ſwore,
Each Man of us to run before
Another ſtill in *Reformation*,
Give *Dogs* and *Bears* a Diſpenſation?
How will *diſſenting Brethren* reliſh it?
What will *Malignants* ſay? *Videlicet*,
That each Man ſwore to do his beſt,
To damn and perjure all the reſt:
And bid *the Devil take the hindmoſt*,
Which at this Race is like to win moſt.
They'll ſay our Buſineſs to *reform*
The Church and State, is but a Worm;
For to ſubſcribe, unſight, unſeen,
T' an unknown Church Diſcipline,
What is it elſe, but before-hand,
T' ingage, and after underſtand?
For when we ſwore to carry on
The preſent *Reformation*,

According

According to the pureſt Mode
Of Churches, beſt Reform'd abroad.
What did we elſe but make a Vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what Churches theſe ſhould be.
And is indeed the ſelf-ſame Caſe
With theirs that ſwore t' *Et cætera's*;
Or the *French League*, in which Men vow'd
To fight to the laſt Drop of Bloud.
Theſe Slanders will be thrown upon
The *Cauſe* and *Work* we carry on,
If we permit Men to run headlong
T' Exorbitancies fit for *Bedlam*,
Rather than *Goſpel-walking* times,
When ſlighteſt Sins are greateſt Crimes.
But we the Matter ſo ſhall handle,
As to remove that odious Scandal,
In Name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment.
This feud, but keep the Peace between
Your Brethren and your Country-Men;

And

And to thoſe Places ſtraight repair
Where your reſpective dwellings are.
But to that purpoſe firſt ſurrender
The *Fidler*, as the Prime offender;
Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and Enginier of miſchief;
That makes diviſion between Friends,
For prophane and malignant ends.
He and that Engine of vile noiſe,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall *(dictum factum)* both be *brought*
To condign Puniſhment as they ought.
This muſt be done, and I would fain ſee
Mortal ſo ſturdy as to gain-ſay:
For then I'll take another courſe,
And ſoon *Reduce* you all by force.
This ſaid, he clapt his Hand on Sword,
To ſhew he meant to keep his word.

But *Talgol* who had long ſuppreſt
Enflamed Wrath in glowing Breaſt,

Which

Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as Flame in Furnace,
Thus answer'd him. Thou Vermin wretched,
As e'er in Meazel'd Pork was hatched;
Thou Tail of Worship that dost grow
On Rump of Justice as of Cow;
How dar'st thou with that sullen Luggage
O' th' thy self, old Ir'n and other Baggage,
With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather
Has broke his Wind in halting hither;
How durst thee, I say, adventure thus
T' oppose thy Lumber against us?
Could thine Impertinence find out
No Work t' employ it self about,
Where thou, secure from Wooden Blow,
Thy busy Vanity might'st show?
Was no Dispute a-foot between
The *Caterwauling Brethren*?
No subtle Question rais'd among
Those *out-o'-their Wits*, and those i' th' Wrong?
No Prize between those Combatants
O' th' time, the Land and Water-*Saints*;

Where thou might'st *stickle without Hazard*
Of Outrage to thy Hide and Mazzard,
And not for want of bus'nels come
To us to be thus troublesome,
To interrupt our better Sort
Of Disputants, and spoil our Sport?
Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
Cut-purse, or Burglary abroad?
No *Stolen Pig*, nor *Plunder'd Goose*,
To tye thee up from breaking loose?
No Ale unlicens'd broken hedge,
For which thou Statute might'st alledge,
To keep thee busie from foul evil,
And shame due to thee from the Devil?
Did no Committee sit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee;
And set th' a task, with subornation,
To stitch up *sale* and *sequestration*;
To *cheat* with *Holiness* and *Zeal*
All Parties, and the Common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;

Or

Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th' hast Brain enough in Skull
To keep within it's lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of Stones
And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;
Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
At this the *Knight* grew high in wroth,
And *lifting Hands* and *Eyes up* both
Three time he smote on stomach stout,
From whence at length these words broke out:
Was I for this entit'led *Sir*,
And girt with trusty Sword and Spur,
For Fame and Honour to wage Battel,
Thus to be brav'd by Foe to Cattel?
Not all that Pride that makes thee swell
As big as thou dost blown-up Veal;
Nor all thy tricks and slights to cheat,
And sell thy Carrion for good meat;
Not all thy Magick to repair
Decay'd old Age in tough lean ware,

Make Natural Death appear thy Work,
And ſtop the Gangreen in ſtale Pork;
Not all that Force that makes thee proud,
Becauſe by Bullock ne'er withſtood;
Though arm'd with all thy Clevers, Knives,
And Axes made to hew down Lives;
Shall ſave or help thee to evade
The hand of Juſtice, or this Blade,
Which I, her Sword-Bearer, do carry,
For civil Deed and Military.
Nor ſhall theſe Words of Venom baſe,
Which thou haſt from their Native place,
Thy Stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreng'd, though I am free.
Thou down the ſame Throat ſhalt devour 'em,
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor ſhall it e'er be ſaid, that Wight
With Gantlet blue and Baſes white,
And round blunt Dudgeon by his ſide,
So great a Man at Arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than Wormwood,
That would in *Job* or *Grizel* ſtir mood.

Dogs

Dogs with their Tongues their wounds do heal;
But Men with hands, as thou ſhalt feel.
This ſaid, with haſty rage he ſnatch'd
His Gun-ſhot, that in Holſters watch'd;
And bending Cock, he level'd full
Againſt the outſide of *Talgol*'s Skull;
Vowing that he ſhould ne'er ſtir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murther.
But *Pallas* came in ſhape of Ruſt,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thruſt
Her *Gorgon*-ſhield, which made the Cock
Stand ſtiff as if 'twere turn'd t' a ſtock.
Mean while fierce *Talgol* gath'ring might,
With rugged Truncheon charg'd the *Knight*.
And he his ruſty Piſtol held
To take the blow on, like a Shield;
The Gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to ſuch a kind of fight,
And ſhrunk from its great Maſter's gripe,
Knock'd down and ſtunn'd with mortal ſtripe.
Then *Hudibras* with furious haſte
Drew out his Sword, yet not ſo faſt,

For *Talgol* firſt with hardy thwack
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.
But when his nut-brown Sword was out,
Couragiouſly he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal Foe the Truncheon,
The truſty Cudgel did oppoſe
It ſelf againſt dead-doing blows,
To guard its Leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd it ſelf again.
And though the Sword (ſome underſtood)
In force had much the odds of Wood;
'Twas nothing ſo, both ſides were ballanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'ſt.
For Wood with Honour b'ing engag'd,
Is ſo implacably enrag'd,
Though Iron hew and mangle ſore,
Wood wounds and bruiſes Honour more.
And now both *Knights* were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot purſuit of Death;
While all the reſt amaz'd ſtood ſtill,
Expecting which ſhould take, or kill.

This

This *Hudibras* obſerv'd, and fretting
Conqueſt ſhould be ſo long a getting,
He drew up all his force into
One Body, and that into one Blow.
But *Talgol* wiſely avoided it
By cunning ſlight; for had it hit,
The Upper part of him the Blow
Had ſlit, as ſure as that below.

Mean while th' incomparable *Colon*,
To aid his Friend began to fall on.
Him *Ralph* encountred, and ſtraight grew
A fierce Diſpute betwixt them two:
Th'one arm'd with Metal, th'other with Wood;
This fit for bruiſe, and that for blood.
With many a ſtiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang;
While none that ſaw them could divine
To which ſide Conqueſt would encline;
Until *Magnano*, who did envy
That two ſhould with ſo many Men vye,

By ſubtle ſtratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap having found
Where Thiſtles grew on barren ground,
In haſte he drew his weapon out
And having crop'd them from the Root
He clapp'd them under th' Horſe's Tail
With prickles ſharper than a Nail.
The angry Beaſt did ſtraight reſent
The wrong done to his Fundament,
Begun to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beſide his ſenſe,
Striving to diſingage from Smart,
And raging Pain, th' afflicted Part;
Inſtead of which he threw the pack
Of *Squire* and Baggage from his back;
And blundring ſtill with ſmarting rump,
He gave the Champions Steed a thump,
That ſtagger'd him. The *Knight* did ſtoop
And ſate on further ſide aſlope.
This *Talgol* viewing, who had now
By flight eſcap'd the fatal blow

He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For catching him by nearer foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out.
But *Mars* that still protects the stout,
In Pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the *Bear* convey'd;
The *Bear*, upon whose soft Fur-Gown
The *Knight* with all his weight fell down.
The Friendly Rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong *Knight* from bruise or wound:
Like Feather-bed betwixt a Wall,
And heavy brunt of Cannon ball.
As *Sancho* on a Blanket fell,
And had no hurt; ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty Spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The *Bear* was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worsted by the *Knight*.
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout.

His

His wrath enflam'd, hurl'd o'n, and from
His jaws of Death he threw the foam:
Fury in ſtrange poſtures threw him,
And more than ever Herauld drew him.
He tore the Earth, which he had ſav'd
From ſquelch of Knight, and ſtorm'd and rav'd;
And vext the more, becauſe the harms
He felt were 'gainſt the Law of Arms:
For Men he always took to be
His Friends, and Dogs the Enemy:
Who never ſo much hurt had done him,
As his own ſide did falling on him.
It griev'd him to the Guts, that they
For whom h' had fought ſo many a Fray,
And ſerv'd with Loſs of Bloud ſo long,
Should offer ſuch inhumane wrong;
Wrong of unſoldier-like Condition:
For which he flung down his Commiſſion:
And laid about him, till his Noſe
From Thrall of Ring and Cord broke looſe.
Soon as he felt himſelf enlarg'd,
Through thickeſt of his Foes he charg'd,

And

And made way through th' amaz'd Crew,
Some he o'er-ran, and some o'er-threw,
But took none; for by hasty Flight
He strove t'avoid the Conquering *Knight*,
From whom he fled with as much Haste
And Dread as he the Rabble chac'd.
In Haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his Fear a sev'ral Way.

Crowdero only kept the Field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down and wounded sore
I' th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
One side of him, not that of Bone,
But much its betters, th' wooden one.
He spying *Hudibras* lye strow'd
Upon the Ground like Log of Wood,
With fright of Fall supposed Wound,
And loss of Urine, in a Swound,
In haste he snatch'd the wooden Limb
That hurt in th' Ankle lay by him,

And fitting it for ſudden Fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the *Knight*.
For getting up on Stump and Huckle,
He with the Foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
Of Crowd and Shin upon the wretch,
Sole Author of all Detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But *Ralpho* (who had now begun
T' adventure reſurrection
From heavy ſquelch, and had got up
Upon his Legs with ſprained Crup)
Looking about beheld the Bard
To charge the *Knight* intranc'd prepar'd,
He ſnatch't his Whiniard up, that fled
When he was falling off his Steed,
(As Rats do from a falling Houſe,)
To hide it ſelf from rage of blows;
And wing'd with ſpeed and fury, flew
To reſcue *Knight* from black and blew.
Which e'er he could Atchieve, his Seonce
The Leg encounter'd twice and once;

And

And now 'twas rais'd to ſmite agen,
When *Ralpho* thruſt himſelf between.
He took the Blow upon his Arm,
To ſhield the *Knight* from further Harm;
And joying Wrath with Force, beſtow'd
On th' Wooden Member ſuch a Load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it prop'd before.
To him the *Squire* right nimbly run,
And ſetting his bold Foot upon
His Trunk, thus ſpoke: What *deſp'rate Frenzy*
Made thee, (thou Whelp of *Sin*) to fancy
Thy ſelf and all that Coward Rabble
T' incounter us in Battle able?
How durſt th', I ſay, oppoſe thy Curſhip
'Gainſt Arms, Authority, and Worſhip?
And *Hudibras*, or me provoke,
Though all thy Limbs were Heart of Oke,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out Blows as that of Wood?
Could not the Whipping-Poſt prevail
With all its Rhet'rick, nor the Gaol,

To

To keep from flaying Scourge thy Skin,
And Ankle free from Iron Gin?
Which now thou ſhall—but firſt our care
Muſt ſee how *Hudibras* doth fare.
This ſaid, he gently rais'd the *Knight*,
And ſet him on his Bum upright:
To rouze him from Lethargick Dump,
He tweak'd his Noſe with gentle Thump,
Knock'd on his Breaſt, as if t' had been
To raiſe the Spirits lodg'd within.
They, wakened with the Noiſe, did fly
From inward Room to Window Eye,
And gently op'ning Lid, the Caſement,
Look out, but yet with ſome Amazement.
This gladded *Ralpho* much to ſee,
Who thus beſpoke the *Knight*: quoth he,
Tweaking his Noſe, you are, great Sir,
A *Self-denying* Conqueror;
As high, victorious and great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give your ſelf but leave
To make out what y' already have;

That's

That's Victory, the Foe, for dread
Of your Nine-Worthineſs, is fled,
All, ſave *Crowdero*, for whoſe ſake
You did th' eſpous'd *Cauſe* undertake;
And he lies Priſ'ner at your Feet,
To be diſpos'd as you think meet.
Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,
The Gallows, or perpetual Jayl.
For one wink of your pow'rful Eye
Muſt ſentence him to live, or dye.
His Fiddle is your proper purchace,
Won in the Service of the *Churches*;
And by your doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a *Crowd*.
For though ſucceſs did not confer
Juſt Title on the Conquerer;
Though *diſpenſations* were not ſtrong
Concluſions whether right or wrong;
Although *Out-goings* did not confirm,
And *Owing* were but a meer term:
Yet as the *wicked* have no *right*
To th' Creature, though uſurp'd by might,

The

The property is in the *Saint*,
From whom th' injuriously detain't;
Of him they hold their Luxuries,
Their Dogs, their Horses, Whores and Dice,
Their Riots, Revels, Masks, Delights,
Pimps, Buffoons, Fidlers, Parasites;
All which the *Saints* have *Title* to,
And ought t' injoy, if th' had their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before.
For we are their true *Landlords* still,
And they our *Tenants* but at Will.

At this the *Knight* begun to rouse,
And by degrees grow valorous.
He star'd about, and seeing none
Of all his Foes remain, but one,
He snatcht his Weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make *Crowdero* pay
For all the rest that ran away.

But

But *Ralpho* now in colder Blood,
His Fury mildly thus withstood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit
Is rais'd too high, this Slave does merit
To be the Hangman's Bus'ness, sooner
Than from your hand to have the Honour
Of his Destruction, I that am
So much below in Deed and Name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit Carcass,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Case.
Will you, Great Sir, that Glory blot
In cold Bloud, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your Conqu'ring Sword,
To break a Fiddle and your VVord?
For though I fought, and overcame,
And Quarter gave, 'twas in your Name.
For Great Commanders always own
What's prosperous by the Soldier done.
To save, where you have Power to kill,
Argues your Pow'r above your Will?
And that your Will and Pow'r have less
Than both might have of Selfishness.

This Pow'r which now alive with Dread
He trembles at, if he were dead,
Would no more keep the Slave in Awe
Than if you were a Knight of Straw:
For Death would then be his Conqueror:
Not you, and free him from that Terror.
If Danger from his Life accrue,
Or Honour from his Death to you;
'Twere Policy and Honour too,
To do as you resolv'd to do,
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your Valour much,
To say it needs or fears a Crutch.
Great Conquerors greater Glory gain
By Foes in Triumph led, than slain:
The Laurels that adorn their Brows
And pull'd from living, not dead Boughs,
Are living Foes the greatest Fame
But y' of
Of Cripple slain can be but lame.
One half of him's already slain,
The other is not worth your Pain.
Th' Honour can but on one side light,
As Worship did when y' were dubb'd *Knight*.

Where-

Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him Priſoner of War;
And let him faſt in Bonds abide,
At *Court of Juſtice* to be try'd:
Where if h' appear ſo bold or crafty,
There may be Danger in his Safety;
If any Member there diſlike
His Face, or to his Beard have Pike;
Or if his Death will ſave, or yield,
Revenge or Fright, it is *reveal'd*,
Though he has Quarter, ne'ertheleſs
Y' have Pow'r to hang him when you pleaſe.
This hath been often done by ſome
Of our great Conquerors, you know whom:
And has by moſt of us been held
Wiſe Juſtice, and to ſome *reveal'd*.
For Words and Promiſes that yoke
The Conqueror, are quickly broke,
Like *Sampſon*'s Cuffs, though by his own
Direction and Advice put on.
For if we ſhould fight for the *Cauſe*
By Rules of Military Laws,